

Busdriver

"Befriend The Friendless Friendster"

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Let's make friends
And not refer to rap monikers and astronomers
And be fun-loving
I'll give you roses, about one dozen
Everyone one at this party is so dumb and aloof
But you pry open closed minds like a sunroof
And you're interplanetary
And they're hindered while you're candid and carefree
Your impression of that political figure was done with
cynical vigor
And it was so fucking funny
You're a conduit of impromptu skits
If your karma's bad
You need to disrobe
That armor-clad xenophobe that resides in your
innards
Before you die and wither
Your inner playground's full of cobwebs
But I'll help you reach that obtainable godhead
Through Tai Chi stretching
And improvised rapping
So what if the posh are wed to the idea
That we're bastardized and crossbred?
They can't hint the live acts' whim
Or synthesize the vaccine

They await the star's hardened prick
And his guitar pick made of arsenic
But my sardonic wit goes far beyond it
Let's forget the rock star ethos
And go to the underground celebrity roast
And make some friends
And forsake the trends
We'll throw rocks at tanks
Erase the programs
Leave the robots blank
And curb spending habits
Through serendipity
Let's make friends

Is it all ages or 21 and over?
Because Miss Honey Bun is older than a pre-teen TV

screen
I suggest let's run with the sun at our shoulders
I have money in my gun holster
And several drink tickets
But by the end of our interaction
You'll probably think I need to pay a shrink a visit
Because tonight I'll treat you like girl meat
Dressed in a sesame seed bun
Asking you and your homegirl if you're interested in a
threesome
But I'm out of line
Because you're an under-sexed lady cop
But you rubbernecked when I came in the spot
I gave you enough respect or maybe not
You're the cashier at Wal-Mart kissing the traveling
man
I'll give you a papsmear a la carte
In our 15-passenger van at my show
The ephemeral girlfriend with extra baby fat
Courtied by the LA megalomaniac
And you're much more friendly than the rats I know

I tried to foster a newfound love that a kiss led to
Oh how I misread you
And I just tried to be the downest homie
But our friendship was short-lived you weren't
supportive
And saw I had a speech impediment like Pork Pig
But to say we can't be friends is not so
We can go to a hip-hop show and join arms
In unison at the soy farm

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