

## Busdriver

### "Casting Agent And Cowgirls"

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Hey.... Hey...Hey

You did it, you got it  
You wowed the world  
Of casting agents and cowgirls  
Dress up you're dressed up to kill yourself

Girl, I'm a walking plan-crash to your moms and dads  
Ostentatious and crass pulling the gauze off your  
scabs  
Bitch, I negate the myth of the 'great black boyfriend'  
In the Polaroid at the get-together  
Wearing a corduroy vest-sweater  
So don't get that engagement ring engraved  
Cuz before we met you thought that hoodrats laid eggs  
And that rappers were just sky-pirates with peg legs  
But I kick it with you simply for the shits and giggles,  
playful innuendos

You thought, "he's just an uber-dred for the federal  
fiscal cap"  
but after brunch, you'll need 2 Sudafed's and a disco  
nap  
After I drain your insides with a crazy straw  
You ain't my baby doll- "cuz nigga you reek of coffee  
shop blend"  
My body's a lollipop that caters to the miss polyglot's  
whim  
With addictive agents that outweigh oxycodones  
And our phobias perfectly fit  
It takes a quirky chick with curvy hips to petrify this  
working-stiff

You did it, you got it  
You wowed the world  
Of casting agents and cowgirls  
Fess up you're dressed up to kill yourself  
While I'm still on shelf  
They want an everyman milking the oldest gags  
Spilling the contents of a Pepsi can on folded flags  
They want an everyman milking the oldest gags

Spilling the contents of a Pepsi can on folded flags

I'll be today's avatar of the prefab  
Then end up a child star in rehab  
It's like a bed-and-breakfast I'm sending a text  
message on my key pad  
Saying, "I hav no more to say to my ex-  
manager(/)sea hag divorcee  
Except eat shit and die"  
My daily commute ends with a fender-bender  
Cuz no one acknowledges my ten-year tenure  
I've got the know-how the thrill your scene  
But they want someone lowbrow, a philistine  
With iron-on irony for Viacom's white honkies  
They'll send you a girl wearing tight thongs under  
nylon gi's  
"let's all hit!"  
but I'm not for the gaudy gangbang  
the thought of it turns my member to a soggy plantain  
and shit, I get off on news leads  
and you eat pet mouse meat, set and poised with sex  
toys  
in your penthouse suite believing you're Lou Reed  
I spit used reeds out the wet mouthpiece  
Even when sex appeal is taboo, electric bills are past  
due  
My head is clear of engineered, election year snafu

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I used to say, fuck it  
Wouldn't placate the functionaries  
To busy making playdates with buxom secretaries  
but I hope that my homies don't laugh, my  
choreographed dance steps  
Are a little effeminate for a sociopath  
We've been airbrushed so much we look like a  
claymation zoo  
I'm a voice over on your Playstation 2  
But in my hey-day my ethical fiber would turn stages  
into firewood

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