

Busdriver

"Kill Your Employer"

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With long armpit hair
Sticking out like a sore thumb, smelling like dinosaur
dung
These hippies are holier than thou at poorly attended
peace marches holding cold veggie dogs
I'm not your homie or pen pal though I unload ink
cartridges as Red State demigods
Cause smearing a salad on a SUV cant
Save the black faces at the refugee camp
There is your sterling Sputnik
To compliment your unfurling drug fix
Youve been hoodwinked the secret brotherhood winks
as your heroes push it with a
Branded buttocks
Now he's an action-pose doll
Clad in the latest fashion faux-pas
Just another rapping know-it-all trying to de-politicize
those big business ties
Let me guess, youre a macrobiotic cuisine prep-cook
With a text book liberal outlook in an oppressed nook
Couch surfing, but your dads got employment history
at Halliburton
While you dress like wild mermen

Cause recreational paranoia
Is the sport of now, so
Kill your employer
Cause recreational paranoia
Is the sport of now, so
Kill your employer

Riddled with neo-expressionism omitted words and
arty erasure
You pass out your Green Party favor
Smoking on cush-hash algae at the Bush-bash rally
Mocking army brigade verve
Bar-b-qing sorts of meat substitutes
Arguing at your bleak study group
Shunning pop art in your turtle-neck
Shopping carts with turbo jets
Write Red Cross personal checks

Yet no relief monies are en route
You exchange wistful ki-bi-bos while they prep the
missile silos
And Ill fortify the Lefts patron saint
With anti-war cries and face paint
When the GOP appoints a man in tights to read
protestors their Miranda rights
This is an anger pact, a teen scratch post
That boast a paperback zine pathos
Unsheathe the saber says thee blasphemers acting
coach
And torment the Scientologist at the Cineplex
They are bonafide clansmen in dinner dress
Giving your art loft undertows the thumb and nose

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I don't join the ranks of ordinary men, uh-huh
I burn flags not oil reserves, uh-huh
I'm no ex-football player Iraqi combatant, uh-huh
Who the fuck do you think youre talking to, uh-huh
I don't join the ranks of ordinary men, uh-huh
I burn flags not oil reserves, uh-huh
I'm no ex-football player Iraqi combatant, uh-huh
Who the fuck do you think youre talking to, uh-huh
It's me fucker, uh-huh
It's me

Production: Boom-Bip
Vocals recorded by: Daddy Kev at the Echo Chamber

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