

## **Busdriver**

# **"Map Your Psyche"**

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Busdriver:

I did that record before you  
And sure of course it was a tour de force  
Now you can afford a Porsche  
Go to the Source awards  
Get some tour support  
Do all sorts of warped things  
Get a smorgasbord  
With a horde of whores  
Snort some more  
Leave a horrid corpse  
You're so corporate endorsed that when I record a  
chorus  
You said you co-wrote the grand corpus  
With no ifs, ands, or buts  
To listen to derivative works of this art-fag  
I need to be in arms reach of a barf bag  
Using a bland sci-fi lab kit  
No fan's hands will go sky-high for that shit  
It's too anti-climactic  
I'll put my bad reviews on your happy shoes

Abstract Rude:

Derivative of creative initiative  
Uninhibited in no particular fashion  
Indicative of an atypical mic-smashing  
Considered the title class of the fiercest survivalist  
Paralyzing psychoanalyst  
Magnetizing soul catalyst  
Out of a cocoon  
A platoon would form and how did it happen  
Sprouting like alfalfa poison mushrooms out of the  
grass  
Boys to men of this vast network of allies  
That were sent to the rally point for the joint venture  
Henchmen with a long-standing friendship  
Based on both surviving a lynching  
From those striving against them  
Rise to any length  
Spread through every width, area, and circumference  
It's a heavy load to lift but I was never known to quit  
nothing

I use a dolly, pulley, lever, conveyer belt  
On the assembly line where all of the steel melts  
I weld them a chopper  
Tap on a chakra to get 'em back in order  
And mail them a document to tell 'em retreat back over  
the border for his aura's sake  
To make more, innovate, and record a great album

For our styling cipher out for the Driver  
I'm a clocker  
As much of an actor as Mekhi Phifer's a rhymer

Busdriver and Abstract Rude:  
We've mapped your psyche  
We know what you do before you do  
Packaged it nicely and sold it to who feeds off the style

Ellay Khule:  
You couldn't break my chops with an axe  
Take you time, make it fat, talking shit, take it back  
Mad when you kick that crap  
Weak wack raps, where the real writers at?  
Over here, over there, everywhere that I peep  
Follow the elite, every style that I freak  
Beat a nigga down when I bound to a beat  
Microphone's parts what they found in the street  
Pick 'em up, dust, kick it up, time to rip it up  
Having fun with my tongue, when I'm done, give it up  
Time to demonstrate how I penetrate  
Hot incinerate, biting like a dinner date  
It's a twist that I missed, what part of the game is this?  
Where the losers go and the winners wait  
To take the beginner's place, keep my face placed on  
how to win the race  
If they'd run, I would never chase  
Hit 'em with the boom because they set up base  
This ain't Texas but this the west's Chainsaw Leather  
Face  
Keep the golden mic in a leather case  
When it's battle time, I'm a set a pace  
Every line that you find, already been mine  
When you rhyme, man, what a waste  
You would think I'd busted a nut in every hip-hop slut  
because there's too many Mini-Me's  
And some of y'all cats is finicky  
So y'all quickly change to enemies  
Blowing up in the industry so they remember me in  
their memory for original chops  
So you better give spiritual props to your lyrical pops  
Speed seeds, I delivered a flock  
Busdriver, Ellay Khule, and Ab Rude

A few Goodlife emcees on the prowl  
They get beat up every time they want to eat up and try  
to feed up on my style

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