

Busdriver

"Note Boom"

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I was in a Hip Hop hair band, when I was watching 'Yo,
MTV Raps'
Then I went to this CV shack... and I burned my
unpublished books
And invented my young rugged looks, wrote a verse
holding your CD rack
When I became a star, now girls show me their bikini
wax
And shower me in vaginal secretions for no rational
reason
Whatever happened to the undying purist's fuel? the
young wistful rants?
The rap quiz bowl champ? now I go to afterparties
where girls have
Good snatch and nipple clamps
I'm supposed to be protesting at a missile plant
I'm supposed to be casting an unpopular vote
Instead of basking in a sauna, in the water in a swim
trunk
There's a skin chunk on my salad fork
There's an inconsistency in my valid retort
You can dig in an underground t-shirt bin, but you're
just
On the outside looking in
So I poured formaldehyde under your cooking skin
Because I'm from L.A., which means I'm a style snob
I can't imagine that there's any rapper who can put me
out of a job
Because while they were reading 'Calvin and Hobbes'
We filled ????
With lyrics and loops
But I'm not from your favorite group, put up your
cypher circle's sacred hoop
Because I'm a hoola-hooper, bazooka-shooter, new
recruiter
Of a daisy-dukes-wearing lone groupie
Astroglide and ???? play a big part in my home movies
Because I'm a scene slut, you facetious fucks, if y'all
don't make
Some noise I'll be applying for employment at Pizza Hut
Let's be level-headed, you can probably see through

me

I'm the white man's character's nigger friend in the
ethnocentric teen movie

Well ?shut your mouth? just pay him for the green
smoothie

Hold on- I'm still important. I was the clumsy co-author
Of your celebrated mantra for your movement
Then my felt pen turned into a cold spoon, and I want
my love back
So I await a note boom

Want to see my live performance? No!
How about a ???? verse? No!
Want an unedited television appearance? No!
Want to hear some exclusive tracks? No!

Damn, tough crowd. I thought they would always
Touch clouds when I bust styles, but what now?

What kind of name is Busdriver? Is it just a wack
allegory?
And it can't be justified by any background story?
I heard he sucks live. only appeals to hipsters who
Dress like Russian spies, who are painfully cool and
have button-eyes
A fan will squeeze a pint of fresh juice, and it'll
discompose a recluse
But no childhood sex abuse can explain my terrible
habits
That is why single is my marital status
That is why I'll happily take cash advances from
charitable half-wits
And being that I'm from the Project Blowed I'm
constantly probed
By the weak and the dull
With poor and boring things asked, I'll put a breach in
the hole
Of their exploratory space craft with oratory weight
mass, bleach for skulls
Because recent polls... a black rapper's viewed as a
voyeuristic dunce
Who doesn't care about the B-Boyer's intrinsic hunch
And now indie music is instant lunch, at industry
parties I piss in the punch
And won't take a business card, I have a disregard for
life
I'm not on a mission to Mars or leave satellite-dish
shards in the night

Hold on- I'm still important. I was the clumsy co-author

Of your celebrated mantra for your movement
Then my felt pen turned into a cold spoon, and I want
my love back
So I await a note boom

Want to see my live performance? No!
How about a ???? verse? No!
Want an unedited television appearance? No!
Want to hear some exclusive tracks? No!

Damn, tough crowd. I thought they would always
Touch clouds when I bust styles, but what now?

I thought they would always go buck wild, but now
They want a nigga with a plucked brow
Wow... tough crowd... the room is fucking loud

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