

## **Bomb The Bass "Bug Powder Dust"**

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Check it, yo, I always hit the tape with the rough road  
styles  
You heard the psychedelic and ya came from miles  
Keep my rhymes thick like a Guinness brew  
So you could call me black and tan when I'm a wreckin'  
a crew

I'm like Bill Lee writing when he's in Tangier's  
And now I'm on a soul safari with my Beatnik peers  
Analog reel and a little distortion  
Smokin' on somethin's you could say I'm scorchin'  
(Smokin' on suckers?)

I never been the type to brag but beware  
I'll make a man burn his draft card like it was Hair  
Send ya up the river like you lookin' for Kurtz  
I got the mugwump jism up in every verse

I always hit the apple when I'm going to shoot  
So you can call me William Tell or Agent Cooper to boot  
Mr. Mojo Risin' on the case again  
So tell your mother and your sister and your sister's  
friends

Like an exterminator running low on dust  
I'm bug powder itchin' and it can't be trussed  
Inter zone trippin' and I'm off to Annexia  
I gotta get a typewriter that's sexier  
(Tight bite of dyslexia?)

My name is Justin and that's all that's it  
And I'll be spittin' rhymes wicked like it ain't for this shit  
Houses of the Holy like Jimmy Page  
But the song remains the same so I'm stuck in a rage

Just like Jane when she's going to Spain  
I think I'm going away tomorrow, just a fool in the rain  
Light up the candles and bless the room  
I'm paranoid, snow blind, just a black meat fool

Bug powder dust an' mugwump jism  
And the wild boys runnin' 'round Inter zone trippin'

Letter to control about the Big Brother  
(Led into control, learning to control, Lenin to control)  
Try like hard to not blow my cover

Bug powder dust an' mugwump jism  
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Never been a fake and I'm never phony  
I got more flavor than the packet in macaroni  
Rock drippin' from my every vowel  
I've got the soul of the sixties like Ginsberg's Howl

Shootin' mad ball and I'm always jukin'  
Take you to the hole and I'm surely hoopin'  
Top of the pops like the Lulu's show  
I'll take a walk on Abbey Road with my shoes unsold  
(Shoes off, so, shoes of soul?)

I got a splinter though, damn, you know man it hurt  
I got a Vegemite sandwich from Men at Work  
I keep minds in line, but time sublimes,  
So when you search you find something like a gold  
mine

A psychedelic meanderings in the poem  
I got a patter, patter anyplace that I roam  
Waiting for the sun on a Spanish caravan  
Solar eclipse and I'm feeling like starin' man

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Who's that man in the windowpane  
Got somethin' on his tongue and it's startin' to stain  
Sho' nuff equip so wop an' get down  
Step up on my ladder and you'll get beat down

Hash bar style so I'm singin' day glow  
Wakin' up the dead like Serpent and the Rainbow

Jeff Spicoli roll me another hay  
The Fish that Saved Pittsburgh with Dr. J

Shockin' your ass like a faulty vibrator  
Hear me now, but you'll probably get the vibe later  
Who knows where the wicked wind blows  
Que sera sera just leave it alone  
Great Space Coaster toast up the town [unverified]

Makin' midgets with my man Dr. Shrinker  
Pass the hookah, throw down the pillows  
Cloth on the ceiling, blow rings that billow  
Kick off the shoes and relax your feet  
Now roll up your sleeves for this lyrical treat

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