

Bus Stop

"Casting Agents And Cowgirls"

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Hey... Hey... Hey...

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

Girl, I'm a walking plane-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 innuendo's
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 lollypop 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 the 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 have no more to say
To me 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
"Lets 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 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
Too 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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