

Prodigy "Bug Powder Dust"

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Firstly the original song is by Bomb the bass

Here are the complete lyrics to their original plus the chopped up version that the prodigy used below it. These lyrics make sense because of the references in them to the book/movie 'Naked Lunch' and various other music history of the time it was written.

[I think it's time to discuss your â€¦ ah â€¦
Philosophy of drug use as it relates to artistic endeavors]

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 Tangiers
And now I'm on a soul safari with my Beatnik peers
Analog reel and a little distortion
Smokin' on suckers you could say I'm scorchin'
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 could 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 I can't be trust
Interzone trippin' and I'm off to Annexia
I gotta get a typewriter that's sexier
My name is Justin and that's all that's it
And I'll be spittin' rhymes wicked like it ain't no 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

(Refrain 2x)

Bug powder dust an' mugwump jism
And the wild boys runnin' 'round Interzone trippin'
Letter to control about the Big Brother
Try like hard to not blow my cover

Never been a fake and I'm never phony
I got more flavour than a packet of 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 Show
I'll take a walk on Abbey Road with my shoes off, so
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

(Refrain 2x)

Who's that man in the windowpane
Got somethin' on his tongue and it's startin' to stain
Sho' nuff equip so wop n'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, I just leave it alone
Great Space Coaster toast up the town ticker
Makin' midgets with my man Dr. Shrinker
Pass the hookah, throw down the pillows
Cloth on the ceiling, blow rings that billows
Kick off the shoes and relax your feet
Now roll up your sleeves for this lyrical treat

[I think it's time for you boys to share my last taste of
the true black meat. The flesh of the giant aquatic

brazillian centipede]

Prodigy version

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