

More Than Life

"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

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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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