Map Your Psyche

Busdriver

Busdriver:
I did that record before you
And sure of course it was a tour de force
Now you can afford a Porsche
Go to the Source awards
Get some tour support
Do all sorts of warped things
Get a smorgasbord
With a horde of whores
Snort some more
Leave a horrid corpse
You're so corporate endorsed that when I record a chorus
You said you co-wrote the grand corpus
With no ifs, ands, or buts
To listen to derivative works of this art-fag
I need to be in arms reach of a barf bag
Using a bland sci-fi lab kit
No fan's hands will go sky-high for that shit
It's too anti-climactic
I'll put my bad reviews on your happy shoesAbstract Rude:
Derivative of creative initiative
Uninhibited in no particular fashion
Indicative of an atypical mic-smashing
Considered the title class of the fiercest survivalist
Paralyzing psychoanalyst
Magnetizing soul catalyst
Out of a cocoon
A platoon would form and how did it happen
Sprouting like alfalfa poison mushrooms out of the grass
Boys to men of this vast network of allies
That were sent to the rally point for the joint venture
Henchmen with a long-standing friendship
Based on both surviving a lynching
From those striving against them
Rise to any length
Spread through every width, area, and circumference
It's a heavy load to lift but I was never known to quit nothing
I use a dolly, pulley, lever, conveyer belt
On the assembly line where all of the steel melts

I weld them a chopper
Tap on a chakra to get 'em back in order
And mail them a document to tell 'em retreat back over the border for his aura's sake
To make more, innovate, and record a great album
For our styling cipher out for the Driver
I'm a clocker
As much of an actor as Mekhi Phifer's a rhymerBusdriver and Abstract Rude:
We've mapped your psyche
We know what you do before you do
Packaged it nicely and sold it to who feeds off the styleEllay Khule:
You couldn't break my chops with an axe
Take you time, make it fat, talking shit, take it back
Mad when you kick that crap
Weak wack raps, where the real writers at?
Over here, over there, everywhere that I peep
Follow the elite, every style that I freak
Beat a nigga down when I bound to a beat
Microphone's parts what they found in the street
Pick 'em up, dust, kick it up, time to rip it up
Having fun with my tongue, when I'm done, give it up
Time to demonstrate how I penetrate
Hot incinerate, biting like a dinner date
It's a twist that I missed, what part of the game is this?
Where the losers go and the winners wait
To take the beginner's place, keep my face placed on how to win the race
If they'd run, I would never chase
Hit 'em with the boom because they set up base
This ain't Texas but this the west's Chainsaw Leather Face
Keep the golden mic in a leather case
When it's battle time, I'm a set a pace
Every line that you find, already been mine
When you rhyme, man, what a waste
You would think I'd busted a nut in every hip-hop slut because there's too many Mini-Me's
And some of y'all cats is finicky
So y'all quickly change to enemies
Blowing up in the industry so they remember me in their memory for original chops
So you better give spiritual props to your lyrical pops
Speed seeds, I delivered a flock
Busdriver, Ellay Khule, and Ab Rude
A few Goodlife emcees on the prowl
They get beat up every time they want to eat up and try to feed up on my style

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