

# 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 shoes  
Abstract 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 rhymers  
 Busdriver 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 style  
 Ellay 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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