

Retirement Ode (Prod. by Driver)

Busdriver

The used during the seven days in which perfect hair was recorded cost roughly
EverythingHi, I'm Regan
I don't rap for free
And yes I've got a bachelors degree but you knew that, come on
And still you never would admit how sick I've becomeThis year my pigment's bluer
What am I, a cripple from Hoover?
Oh no, It's a malignant tumour!
Oh, I knew it. Come on!
And still you never would admit how sick I've becomeThis is "Perfect Hair" by Busdriver
It costs .146 million US dollars to make
The musical accompaniment on tracks 5 through 12 cost 6000 euros each
The backup singers used on tracks 1 through 3 cost 3500 US dollars per take
The studio time at our home studios cost half a million Brazilian reals per lockout session
I'm a frequent flyer
And a decent liar
And that's a lie in itself but you knew that, come on
And still you never would admit how sick I've becomeI eat my food raw
Grew up bourgeois
Never run game like a cue ball
But you knew that, come on
And so you'll never admit how sick I've becomeI'm not a cool dad
Nor a new fad
I'm my daughter's own private enigma, come on
And still she never could admit how sick I've becomeI'm dope as fuck
I know what's up
And I did not blow up but you knew that, come on
And so you never would admit how sick I always was
My clothes are dirty
And I'm over thirty
And you can't quit me cold turkey but you knew that, come on
It's about time we've admitted how sick this has becomeI'm no one
And everywhere I only breathe heavy air
But you knew that, come on
Why can't we admit how sick this has become?I used to wake up at noon
To punch the moon
And fuck my life in her puncture wound
Come onCome on
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>