Reheated Pop!

Busdriver

Buy my posthumous full-length
My colorfully packaged disembodied shriek
Converted to ring tones used in car ads
Sung by winged gnomes over the head of Dick Clark
Cover pages graced by the chiseled hard abs
Of this now charred slab of dead pop diva
Recreated as the head of Biz Mark
Spliced on top of Hello Kitty
On a virtual land mass with a hip-kink
It's lip-synched to my song and committed to telecine
And the nothing left of me is left to bask in a camera flashI've never been so successful 'till I died
And my label wished my heavenly chariot
Pre-board defunct
I didn't die in a hail of gunfire
I died doing extreme sports at a resort
On a bungee cord on a ski jump
No need to ask how a dead rapper can be a label's cash cow
They just record me months before on G-funk string chords
Add an R&B chorus
Hit a keyboard key to punch
Even though I'm deadI was booked on a fortnight
To exhaust notes dressed like a cockroach
Now I'm cooked and ate with a fork and knife
As your reheated pop sensationI'm framed under a caption reading "prog-rap"
And given open-handed god smacks
By partisan zealots who not only think I draft-dodged Iraq
But that my back catalog is wack
And for it I should be flogged and smacked
But little do they know I'm dead already
And their complaints are small and petty
My autopsy was broadcast and shot on a webcam
I'm a dead man with golden blood in my bedpanBut still my pop song climbs
And you can buy it when you shop online
Prop my lifeless body up next to the podium as I accept applause
I'm an award-winning dead dude
With a tour pending and a celebrity love interest
I signed a movie deal to play a starring role
The film crew doesn't even suspect I'm dead
I'm your own martyr

I'm dead but don't unplug my phone charger

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