

Bug Powder Dust

Bomb the Bass

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Check it, yo, I always hit the tape with the rough road styles

You heard the psychedelic and ya came from miles

Keep my rhymes thick like a Guinness brew

So you could call me black and tan when I'm a wreckin' a crew I'm like Bill Lee writing when he's in Tangier's

And now I'm on a soul safari with my Beatnik peers

Analog reel and a little distortion

Smokin' on somethin's you could say I'm scorchin'

(Smokin' on suckers?) I never been the type to brag but beware

I'll make a man burn his draft card like it was Hair

Send ya up the river like you lookin' for Kurtz

I got the mugwump jism up in every verse I always hit the apple when I'm going to shoot

So you can call me William Tell or Agent Cooper to boot

Mr. Mojo Risin' on the case again

So tell your mother and your sister and your sister's friends Like an exterminator running low on dust

I'm bug powder itchin' and it can't be trussed

Inter zone trippin' and I'm off to Annexia

I gotta get a typewriter that's sexier

(Tight bite of dyslexia?) My name is Justin and that's all that's it

And I'll be spittin' rhymes wicked like it ain't for this shit

Houses of the Holy like Jimmy Page

But the song remains the same so I'm stuck in a rage Just like Jane when she's going to Spain

I think I'm going away tomorrow, just a fool in the rain

Light up the candles and bless the room

I'm paranoid, snow blind, just a black meat fool Bug powder dust an' mugwump jism

And the wild boys runnin' 'round Inter zone trippin'

Letter to control about the Big Brother

(Led into control, learning to control, Lenin to control)

Try like hard to not blow my cover Bug powder dust an' mugwump jism

And the wild boys runnin' 'round Inter zone trippin'

Letter to control about the Big Brother

(Led into control, learning to control, Lenin to control)

Try like hard to not blow my cover Never been a fake and I'm never phony

I got more flavor than the packet in macaroni
Rock drippin' from my every vowel
I've got the soul of the sixties like Ginsberg's HowlShootin' mad ball and I'm always jukin'
Take you to the hole and I'm surely hoopin'
Top of the pops like the Lulu's show
I'll take a walk on Abbey Road with my shoes unsold
(Shoes off, so, shoes of soul?)I got a splinter though, damn, you know man it hurt
I got a Vegemite sandwich from Men at Work
I keep minds in line, but time sublimes,
So when you search you find something like a gold mineA psychedelic meanderings in the poem
I got a patter, patter anyplace that I roam
Waiting for the sun on a Spanish caravan
Solar eclipse and I'm feeling like starin' manBug powder dust an' mugwump jism
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Letter to control about the Big Brother
(Led into control, learning to control, Lenin to control)
Try like hard to not blow my coverWho's that man in the windowpane
Got somethin' on his tongue and it's startin' to stain
Sho' nuff equip so wop an' get down
Step up on my ladder and you'll get beat downHash bar style so I'm singin' day glow
Wakin' up the dead like Serpent and the Rainbow
Jeff Spicoli roll me another hay
The Fish that Saved Pittsburgh with Dr. JShockin' your ass like a faulty vibrator
Hear me now, but you'll probably get the vibe later
Who knows where the wicked wind blows
Que sera sera just leave it alone
Great Space Coaster toast up the town [unverified]Makin' midgets with my man Dr. Shrinker
Pass the hookah, throw down the pillows
Cloth on the ceiling, blow rings that billow
Kick off the shoes and relax your feet
Now roll up your sleeves for this lyrical treatBug powder dust an' mugwump jism
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