

# Unemployed Black Astronaut

## Busdriver

It's the resurgence of the happy black rappers  
But now African medallions are handicap placards  
And we're alphabetized in the modernized retro  
And my press photos are wallet-size  
My rent's low  
Why don't you shape me  
I'm malleable fleshy putty  
In a salad bowl with dill dressing  
In simulated urban field testing  
Dressing thuggy  
Accompanied by a sexy bunny  
Straight out of a burlesque show  
She'll sever the ring finger of the lead singer  
And stir a fresh bowl  
Of the bitch's brew with bee stingers  
But Leimert's fresh though  
It's home of the black speed-reader  
Perplexed our blurbs stretch  
To suggest that I'm spacy  
But the bird nest is low  
Which means I'm commonplace  
To the point we travel the country in wooden spaceships  
On the phone cursing at the booking agents  
I wield words and I pilfer the country with the underground's who's who  
But I feel like I've been sodomized with a billiard's pool cue I am the first black astronaut  
To walk the bare moon  
From my air balloon  
Pound my beliefs into the desired shape  
Then put them sound asleep in a fireplace It's the return of the unpopular dope rappers  
Who retreat to holes in the sky  
Climbing up rope ladders  
And will sell you a silver disc soaked in laughter  
Because you've been brainwashed  
Out of your ears leaks soap lather  
Why don't you deify me  
I'm Buckaroo Bonsai  
I don't know what to do  
I'm the wrong guy  
I touch crews like Krush Groove on DVD

And I got my start doing songs with CVE  
But now you're like:  
Chilling Villain who? Project what?  
Persona non grata  
No wristband for the popsicle stick man  
He's a wad of hot lava  
Drip crayon on your clipped glands  
Won't squander top dollar  
Twists strands to enrich fans  
But there's not a lot of offers  
They give grands to kitsch bands  
I water lawns  
For the ADD D&D role players  
And we got along  
So we formed a commonwealth  
And you hear me through random sightings and file sharing  
And you tell me that songwriting's like childbearing  
No it's not  
It's self-indulgence  
Elfin culprits watch their egos melt in charcoal pits Oh my  
Sorry I left my acceptance speech  
In the back of the private car  
And I rewrote the Hollywood ending  
Fluxed the motion picture screen  
Made it so the black guy doesn't die by the opening scene It's the decline of the cathartic writer  
And the label's who couldn't market a Lifer  
I've been outsold and my style's old and lame  
I'll spark a lighter to the carpet fiber  
Because I'm not a household name  
I'm a tax write-off  
I signed a deal with no exit clause  
My label's like Mrs. Santa Claus during menopause  
So I'm banging on padded walls  
Because I'm trying to make hits  
But I keep hitting pop flies  
I don't eat out anymore  
I thaw out chicken pot pies  
But I used to be on the list of the top five  
Fresh hip-hop guys

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