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 cueI 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 fireplaceIt'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 pitsOh 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 sceneIt'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

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