

# Ego Death (feat. Aesop Rock & Danny Brown)

## Busdriver

Yeah, no, I understand what you're saying, but... is it sexier than torture?  
(shah, yeah, Los Angles)  
(Under the cellulite laden thigh of the night)  
(Yeah, oh shoot, lemme see if I can finish this)  
(Okay, lets go, yeah)  
(We can make this better) Under the cellulite laden thigh of the night  
I slip miniature mantras between my cries and gripes  
Jewel-flavored crystals in the red, blue, and white stripes  
While crowds throw numbers at me like The Price is Right  
And downtime is never met with an overjoyed grin  
Cause sleep and death have always been conjoined twins  
You'd rather lick the red gills of pop art  
Than your cement-filled pock marks  
The withering tendrils from my wrought heart  
Reach for a Benadryl like it was a lost ark  
Cause my average day is for the body of aegis, they're prompting these sieges  
We cry to these seniors, living inside of splotchy Adidas  
Serving consecutive sentences  
My corrective lenses is ruby quartz  
Yet m vision ain't worth a jigging of booty warts  
Circumstances trap writers like Kathy Bates  
Under a decolorized happy face  
So my car ain't covered in candy paint  
But still the nanny state can't fix the diaper rash  
I'm pinging this on a cyber cast  
Questioning news items playing pattycake with Ira Glass  
The fact that this pony show's racist  
Stirs the colloquial cake mix and charges the homeostasis  
Of all the homies who await us like we some Smokin' Joe Fraziers  
But my unchecked whining's like some ceremonial plate shift We can make this better, but we're  
not, yes we will  
We're just looking for something inside us to kill  
We can make this better, but we're not, yes we will  
We're just looking for something inside us to kill  
We can make this better, but we're not, yes we will  
We're just looking for something inside us to kill  
We can make this better  
Before long, boil the bones  
A little celery chop  
A little pepper, a little milk of the poppy  
Little posse in effect  
Analog mono-poly Man'o'War

Walloping the auto-poly avatar  
Mind on his Mallomars  
Money on the iron lung  
Clumsy with the can of worms  
Usher you behind the sun  
He shoots he whores, truly stupid troubadours and elders  
Stock the shelter with frijoles and blueberry New York Seltzers  
Roll up in a pa-diddle like a doofus  
Hit the corner like the devil is a cubist  
I'm ruthless, the sigil is dog with a cone, feeling foolish  
Seven hells calling all foreseeable futures  
Be it obtained culprit  
Crippling migraine and strange stomach  
Or a stray bullet through his gray mullet  
I am ivy up the god damn lattice  
March to the math rock  
Raw, no cartoon mascot  
The Mario pajama bottoms clumsily rappelling  
Under a gibbous moon  
Hunting for shitty food  
Gunning, too tough, embedded in bad magic  
Duckboy, shit is quacktastic  
I'm not done yet  
I'm not done yet  
I'm not done yet  
I'm not done yet  
We can make this better, but we're not, yes we will  
We're just looking for something inside us to kill  
We can make this better, but we're not, yes we will  
We're just looking for something inside us to kill  
We can make this better, but we're not, yes we will  
We're just looking for something inside us to kill  
We can make this better  
Rap Marilyn Manson, about as hot as a Vanson  
With two hoodies on the beach with two bitches crump dancin'  
Rappers put your bets in, last man standin'  
Bars hit so hard you ricochet off the planet  
The motherfucking hybrid, tell Miley Cyrus text me  
When I holler to her private I'm tryna get them privates  
Parts, don't start, take heart like Kano  
Remember when I told to you niggas drink all the Dran-o  
Pop all the pills, take all the lines  
Chop through a window with some sawblade blinds  
Back on that shit, guess what this time?  
Half a stick of dynamite where the sun don't shine  
Any nigga disrespecting, chin check 'em 'til he's slinky-neck  
Blowing dope, eyes low and chinky like I'm Mannie Fresh  
Countdown to extinction, no nigga not Megadeath  
So many dead rappers, can't even take baby steps  
Walking over carcasses of artists in my garden  
Been nice with this shit since Nas was writin' past the margin

Any nigga wanna start it, I fuckin' beg your pardon  
I'm with arson, I'm the firestarter; Prodigy invent the art  
Smack my bitch up in the mouth with my dick  
And it's not domestic violence cause she likes that shit  
There's no sentence to describe it, homie  
Except she sucked it like her fucking life depended on it  
We can make this better, but we're not,  
yes we will  
We're just looking for something inside us to kill  
We can make this better, but we're not, yes we will  
We're just looking for something inside us to kill  
We can make this better, but we're not, yes we will  
We're just looking for something inside us to kill  
We can make this better  
Aes Rizzo ain't got that perfect hair  
Danny Brown ain't got that perfect hair  
Driver ain't got that perfect hair  
Jeremiah Jae ain't got that perfect hair

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>