

# Bliss Point

## Busdriver

All you do is harness  
An electric impulse  
As you plant that withering body  
In the rich mulch And just leave behind  
That glittery hindrance  
Exhume that body  
Take your insides out  
Then get those innards rinsed Now you can talk about more pressing issues  
Like what's up with the state of hip hop?  
Where exactly is hip hop going?  
And did hip hop have breakfast this morning?  
Does hip hop really have the body type to pull off that outfit?  
Who is hip hop dating?  
A holographic rendered Pac?  
Or what does hip hop check in the gender box?  
And other inane fluff  
Your mind becomes an arcane tusk  
So what you inveigh stuck  
And overrides the brain trust (And I'm about to get so rough  
I'm about to get so rough) It's what you say when you come through door Some like to  
Shoot the unheard  
In the theatre company  
Of the plucked nerve  
And then maybe you can access one third of your mind  
Some like the  
Recipes for what lightning eats  
On characters of my typing teeth  
So I stay a skywriting links  
To you show you to  
Your enlightened peak  
We, we always knew  
How to reach the bliss point Ooh La La  
Goo Goo Gah  
Inter-a-personal  
Coup-de-gras Loosen sod  
Under the  
Gall-o-ping  
Hoof and paw New gods get  
Huge applause Plutonium replace  
Unleaded fuels And you're lifting from  
Tepid pools  
As all the

Wreckage cools  
Now you're a  
Happy fuck  
Cradled in hood famous  
Khaki cuffs So when corporate  
Lucky grunts  
Violate antitrust  
I won't back  
Hydrofracked  
Grounds under  
White snowcaps  
But I will support the nuptials  
Between punctual live show acts  
(You've gotta be kidding me)

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