

Busdriver, The Troglodyte Wins

I should just (get up)
And treat these itchy bedsores
(get up) to making my indie-cred soar
my witty thread bores your kiddy pool party
this self-absorbed crowd is dull and foolhardy
(get up) to face that's like a homepage
(get up) in a day as long as a stone age
I'm a quadruped pulling your dogsled
Yet in my mind we are all dead

I'm always telling them to (get up)
But they stand-by like bystanders until I (get down)
They're camera-shy giant pandas and when they (get up)
They can't comply to my standards especially when I (get down)
They're camera-shy giant pandas

Your retro hair band's gonna blow up
Cuz gay is the new black
And when you stray LA won't take you back
I'm supposed to spearhead this Christian rap record
And not the musings of a winded fact-checker
So I feel about an inch tall
And I got pre-teens to enthrall
So I pimp all the cost shares, install the software
But still I feel like my back is against the wall

I'm always telling them to (get up)
But they stand-by like bystanders until I (get down)
They're camera-shy giant pandas and when they (get up)
They can't comply to my standards especially when I (get down)
They're camera-shy giant pandas
You can ward off U.S. wars
By fingering warped fret boards
See we exploit our talents so we can raise kids
Like my homie Trey, he's the poor women's Taye Diggs
But when it comes to love I stain the bedding
Catching bouquets at the wedding
But this don't go hand and hand with your Volkswagon van
Because you voted in a defrosted Cro-Magnon man

The Trogdolyte wins
Because you voted in a defrosted Cro-Magnon man
The Trogdolyte wins
Because you voted in a defrosted Cro-Magnon man

We don't believe in you