

Album: Language Arts, Volume One
Song: Buggin' (The Metamorphosis)
Written by: R. Jarbo and D. Carey
Produced by: EOM

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Lyrics:

My name is Gregor, I live with my parents
this year they're celebrating 20 years of marriage
and my sis Greta? yeah, we get along pretty well
but she's on lockdown, sort of like the city jail
she plays the violin, a true virtuoso
and i'm not an expert, but I just know so
anyway I must've been having a bad dream
I was sweating and wrestling like I was just tag teamed
and after all the fussing and squirming
I woke up transformed into a monstrous vermin
looked in the mirror--I can't believe what I'm seeing
an 8-legged bug, I used to be a human being!
now this is a headspinner, I can't go to work like this,
but can't stay home, I'm the breadwinner
so I'm getting back in the bed,
sooner or later we'll see that this is all in my head,
i hope

CHORUS

I can't believe what has happened to me
I'm a bug that no one is happy to see
I don't think it could get any worse than this
this, is... the metamorphosis

I was awakened from my nap by a knock on the door
it was loud; startled me so I fell over on the floor
I heard--"Gregor, wake up!"--it was my boss the chief clerk
his slogan is "you get vacation when you're six feet in dirt
see I'm a traveling salesman, but he's just lazy
Instead of coming here, he could've replaced me
And so I ask, "yessir what do you want?"
and he responded with "Open this door at once!"
and so I did, and when he saw this grotesque sight,
he screamed, and proceeded to run for his life
and my parents and my sister were there too,
too shocked to scream, but they shoo me right back in the room
shut the door, and I just sit up on the ceiling
where I spend the rest of my days, thinking and chilling
thank God for Greta who brings me food
and recognizes, vermin gotta eat too

CHORUS

Since I'm an insect and I can't work
it's about time for the family to prove their worth
'cause it's the only way that we can keep the house we've got
so my Pop gets a job at the valet lot
Greta and mom work too so they got no time
to bring me milk and those used watermelon rinds
so if I need it, I guess I've gotta go for self
I can go to the fridge, I don't need any help
but as I got to the kitchen I heard a key in the latch
it was Dad, in his hand were a bushel of apples;
he threw each one at me, it landed on my back
got stuck, made a gash, as I tried to make a dash
to the room, i'm in pain, the only thing that could soothe me
was Greta on violin, but she got new on me
went back to my room, met my demise
my family was relieved and went on with their lives...

CHORUS