

# Cibo Matto, Sci-Fi Wasabi

What's up B? Wa-sa-bi  
I'm searchin' the city for sci-fi wasabi  
The start button has been pushed already  
Obi-Wan Kenobi is waiting for me in Union Square  
My wheel needs repair. The bike lane's glowing all over the city  
My bike "specializes" in the nitty-gritty  
New York City never had equality, it's reality, economic duality  
Where are my amenities  
Tell me my sanity  
Ain't no analogy for individuality, I got immunity from multiplicity  
That's how we do it. We got your harmony.  
Where's your identity?  
Our name is stereotype with an A  
I got to get the shit straight  
Your vision of stupidity's made of vanity  
Keep your quality up in the sky  
There is a hole on Broadway, no control, it's in my way  
I feel no goal. Where is my soul?  
I got no reset for this game  
A.O.K. gotta find an alley anyway  
My hair turns grey day by day  
Don't erase your points, you've got your pace  
Don't waste your days, get your innerspace  
Don't give me chase, I'm at St. Marks Place  
Feeling Stromboli, not ravioli  
I'm charging my energy fresh as a daisy  
Biologically let your system know what's up  
Here comes your twin hopper  
Yuka Honda knows her water - "Pass the Volvic"  
No wonder her fingers are smooth like butter  
It's specific. No mind traffic  
CIBO MATTO 1999!  
I'm Miho Hatori straight outta purgatori  
Ai? Ai? Alright? I'm passing on your right  
Don't be snobby with me  
Not aioli, surely not Moby  
Obi-Wan Kenobi told me in the lobby  
Technically I'm free and I can find the key  
Our name is stereotype with an A  
I've got to get the shit straight. Can you relate, my mate?  
Don't be late, my gate is open  
Downtown still sends me up in the sky