

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