

Del The Funky Homosapien, Virus

"Global controls will have to be imposed
and a world governing body, will be created to enforce them.
Crises, precipitate change."

(Del)

Secretly.. plotting your demise

I wanna devise a virus

To bring dire straits to your environment

Crush your corporations with a mild touch

Trash your whole computer system and revert you to papyrus

I want to make a super virus

Strong enough to cause blackouts in every single metropolis

Cause they dont wanna unify us

So f**k it total anarchy and can't nobody stop us

You see late in the evening

F**ked up on my computer and my mind starts roaming

I create like a heathen

The first cycles of this virus I can send through a modem

Infiltration hits your station

No Microsoft or enhanced DOS will impede

Society thinks thier safe when

Bingo! Hard drive crashes from the rending

A lot of hackers tried viruses before

Vaporize your text like so much white out

I want it where a file replication is a chore

Lights out shut down entire White House

I don't want just a bug that could be corrected

I'm erecting immaculate design

Break the nation down section by section

Even to the greatest minds it's impossible to find

(Repeat 2X)

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(Kid Koala scratching:)

"We have already planned."

"The plan is programmed into every one of my thousand rrobots."

"We will not hesitate; we will destroy the" -- "Homosapien!"

"Please, stay where you are."

(Psst ay, I'm makin some shit in my basement

Bout to do it to 'em, don't tell 'em though

Alright I love you, peace)

(Del)

I want to develop a super virus

Better by far than that old Y2K

This is 3030 the time of global unification

Break right through they.. terminals

Burn 'em all, slaves to silicon

Currupt politicians with leaders and their keywords

F.B.I and spys stealin bombs

Decipitate their plans in thier face and catch the fever

Everybody loot the stores get your canned goods

Even space stations are having a hard time

Peacekeepers seek to take our manhood

Which results in the form of global apartheid

Ghettos are trash dumps with gas pumps

Exploding and burnt out since before the great union

The last punks walk around like masked monks

Ready to manipulate the database or break through 'em

Human rights come in a hundreth place

Mass production has always been number one

New Earth has become a repungnant place

So it's time to spread the fear to thunder some

(Kid Koala scratching:)

"Too long have we tried
to extend our glorious empire out to the stars."
"Only to be drive back."
(Repeat 2X)
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