

Futuristic Sex Robotz, Back To The Future

If my calculations are correct,
When this baby hits eighty-eight miles per hour,
You're going to see some serious shit.

My flows hit you at straight eighty-eight,
Miles per hour that's enough to generate,
One point twenty-one gigawatts son,
And I'm on the run, from the Libyans,
It was a straight-jack move for plutonium,
And when the van rolls up it's pandemonium,
One eighteen AM at Twin Pines Mall,
Is when I can pinpoint my total downfall,
Now they say Doc Brown, he was a lonely man,
But his time machine was a DeLorean,
He said "You're gonna go back, you gotta do it in style,
Or take your ass on back down to 8 mile."
My life is flashin' before my eyes,
And the bullets is flyin' across the skies,
They got my homie, Doc, and yo he ain't gonna make it,
The Libyans is comin' back around, I gotta take it,
Jam in the keys, then I slam it into gear,
Stomp the gas to get the fuck outta here,
And if this wasn't enough of a disaster,
Libyans on my tail, I'm goin' faster and faster,
Happened to be plutonium in the Flux Capacitor.

And now I'm headed back to '55 with no passenger,
I wish that I had packed myself a travel kit,
'Cuz Doc was right, hit 88 and saw some serious shit,
I roll up quick and I bust into a farm,
And then I'm like "Hey, sorry, about your barn"
About this time I had the realization,
That it was '55 in the U.S. nation,
Now I gotta find out what the fuck I'm facin',
Without destroyin' history in the makin',

Gotta find some time to collect my thoughts,
So I dip into a diner and analyze my plots,
A guy walks up, "Can I take your order?"
I musta sounded like I had a mental disorder,
He said "I can't give you a Pepsi, free,
You gotta pay for that shit, see?"
Just about then, a man walks by,
And he's like "Yo, I'm talkin' to you, McFly"
I try to hold back a reaction that's knee-jerk,
And Biff is like "Yo McFly, where's my homework?
Don't trick me around, or I be fightin',
How's it gonna look, my homework in your handwritin'?"

So I dip out the diner, my coffee, I swallow,
Keep a low profile, my father, I follow,
When I find him, he's peeping on my mom in a tree,
Like hidden camera sluts.mpg,
He falls into the street, to my disdain,
So I tackle him outta the way, like ESPN,
So I'm hit by a car and I gotta sustain,
Gramps busts out "They jumped out in front of my car again!"
I don't yet know it but I'm not in luck,
Seein' my dad has made the timeline totally fucked,
I wake up in a room, am I goin' insane?
A hot slut says "Howdy, my name is Lorraine,"
I'm like "What the fuck? Is this my mom?
Definitely is, and she is comin' on strong."
It's been a common scene, but I made it out alive.

Now I'm headin' on over, to Riverside Drive,
Gotta meet the doc, Emmett Brown,
And find out what's really goin' on in this town,
You couldn't believe me, if you're so inclined,
Doc opens the door and tries to read my mind,
I said "I'm from the future, I know it sounds demented.
I came here in a time machine that you invented.
And now it's come down to stayin' alive.
I gotta get back to 1985."
Eventually I manage to convince the old man,
We head out to where I hid the delorean,
I hook up the camera from the video shoot,
and we see this old doc in a radiation suit.
He says "Radiation suit, of course!
Because the fallout from the atomic wars!"
We keep movin' on and he's like "Great Scott!
One point twenty-one gigawatts?!?
The proposition at hand is very frightenin'
For that kinda power, would need a bolt of lightnin'.
You never know when or where it's gonna strike"
Just like my devastatin' flows on the mic.
It might have seemed as if, the fates had conspired,
because I happened to have information on a flier.
Now I just have to wait to saturday,
so I can chill out and smoke weed every day.

It might seem sad but I'm sorry to say,
Story just doesn't happen to end that way,
I say "The fact, bears repeatin', that i happened to interfere,
with my parents' first meeting.
Gotta lay low and make this right,
So my parents can hook up at the dance at night."
But I run into some problems in this quest,
'Cuz my dad is a total idiot at best,
how can I get my mom to give him a chance,
so they can hook up at the undersea dance?"

The only way that I can get rid of all this friction,
Is to use a little bit of science fiction,
Break into his house and scare him with [[Van Halen]].
And tell him "This dance you better not be bailin'."

The long story short, it worked out in the end,
And my mom's honor, he did defend.
Turns out that Biff was out of luck,
Ran his brand new car into a manure truck,
In the end I found out at last,
That my mom's a drunken slut who takes it in the ass,
And all of Biff's homies I found out that they were,
To pussy to mess with those addicts of reefer,
And at the dance, I rocked everybody,
Played guitar until my hands were bloody,
Lightning struck the tower, 4 after 10,
and I made it back to the future, again.

So why don't you make like a tree, and get outta here?

It's so hard nowadays, with all the gangs and rap music.
What about robots?
Oh, they're everywhere.
I don't even know why the scientists make them.