

Optimus Rhyme, Autobeat Airbus

(AutoBeat Lifestyle.)

AutoBeat allies roll, undercover bots ride in to the next rap show.

(Protecting you is what we do.)

Slide through the door, step out through the scene, scope enemy strongholds quickly.

(Be an AutoBeat ally.)

Destructive, decomposing leaks drip out dead when the enemy speaks.

(Call us.)

Grimrock got a bot ID'd.

(To save.)

Hit it at warp speed.

(Your neighborhood.)

That blast brought him down to his knees, chalk that up AutoBeat victory.

See you can't hear it.

Sit back, put your hand on the wheel and steer it.

Wheelie got a fax from the queen.

AutoBeat Airbus, waxed and clean.

Badass spaceship a dude ever seen.

Move fast straight through the galaxy.

PuBotCs, well they ride for free.

A bot's got needs on a long journey.

Fat parsecs, no gasoline.

I got mad energy.

(Hey!)

The enemy would love it just to see my specs.

Leave 'em open with a broken neck.

Hopin' that they make that AirBus wreck.

Leave 'em chokin' when they least expect.

Automated pilot, we're the most hi-tech.

Open up the trunk and release the mech.

Increase the power to the shield to protect.

I never hit eject.

(Hey!)

AutoBeat allies sink with the ship.

Toss back drinks with a stiff upper lip.

Portable wet bar, fully equipped.

Stabilized coasters for when the bus dips.

Streak through storms, this is a five-star whip.

Hit transform and make a solar eclipse.

Top-notch robots keep things fixed.

It's the only way to travel, take it on every trip.

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See you can't steal it.

Sit down to the vibrating chair and feel it.

Powerthighs' duty is to drive that bus.

Wheelie keeps things clear of dust.

Grimrock handles all the customs fuss,

Cuz the Bee delivers designer drugs.
If you got a problem then come see us.
Born leaders with the gears you can trust.
If you know a bot you gotta turn into dust.
There's no need to discuss.

(Hey!)

15 billion on the paint alone.
Snakeskin ceiling with the inlaid bone.
The true top speed? Well it's just not known
But we hit 550 in the Red Star Zone.
No tickets, cuz it's government owned.
Not lifted cuz alarms get blown.
The logo's sewn on the flag that's flown.
It's home sweet home.

(Hey!)

Once every year we get it updated.
See a lot of crap so the paint gets faded.
When we get it back, weapons upgraded.
New speakers, cockpit elevated.
Ordered up a studio, yep they made it.
98 tracks so the hooks stay baited.
Loudass back so we're anticipated.
Mac on tap so we're all irrigated.

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