

Optimus Rhyme, Fuzzy Dice

"[Wheelie]"

Look at me, I'm a taxi cab driver.
Go down the street, scope potential riders.
Hey girl, where you going? What's up dude?
I'll take you there if you got that loot.

"[Broken English]"

Yo! You checkin' me? I'm just a taxi cab driver.
I charge a fee: it's credits or saliva.
Yo bot, just keep your grill off the leather
We'll go through two time zones here together.

"[Wheelie]"

I got my boss on my back for a little hit-and-run,
I light up meteorites for fun.
I work through the night, yo I never see the sun.
Channeling dead bots, they took my solar panelling for fun.
Those fuckers! Now I gotta re-fuel more frequently.
I plan my route about a week in advance.
There's no chance for a bot like me
I never should've been let off of the assembly line.

I'm missing gears like you wouldn't believe.
I cheated on my cabbie exam for fake pedigree.
Now, here's a fare that I think I should take;
these human females, man they always tip great.
"Hop on in. What's happenin? Where you headed, ladies?"
They pointed straight up, I hit the helium pedal.
I don't mean to meddle girls, but this neighborhood is grimy.
"Whatcha doing here with your nice and shiny boots?"
I heard a *tee-hee-hee* and I turn to look behind me--
These Earth girls melted down to molten magma dudes.
Those fuckers! Always leaving lava on my floor mats
as they morph from one lifeform to another.
But I'm gonna get the last laugh.
I got a door that's electric.
I'll shock them down to blubber, ha!

Now that I'm done I think I'll stop by the depot.
My boss checks out around two and it's three, so
I think I'm safe, I hit the keypad. 8-7-8
<tt>SECRET PASSCODE DENIED</tt> -- Oh great!
Man, that's all I need. Did I forget my cabbie fee?
I grab me three batteries they leave out for free.
Then I hit the speed. I got a call.
The Imperial Guard got some drunk bots at the Queen's ball
<tt>YES! YES! YA'LL!</tt> Those upper-class bots are stacked.
They'll tip you 20 credits and not even look back.
So I'm gone. Alright, this night might prove beneficial.
Some face time with some well-off officials.

"[Broken English]"

Hey, yo! Look at me, I'm a taxi cab driver.
Go down the street, scope potential riders.
Hey girl, where you going? What's up dude?
I'll take you there if you got that loot.

"[Wheelie]"

Yo! You checkin' me? I'm just a taxi cab driver.
I charge a fee: it's credits or saliva.
Hey bot, just keep your grill off the leather
We'll go through two time zones here together.

"[Broken English]"

I'm pushing my Grand Marquee across 520.
Seattle's fares ain't shit, Eastsiders have plenty
To spare, square away with that bastard dispatcher
I'm still making more than I did with that rap shit.
I'm well known by the cops in this section
My expired tags gives them all an erection.
The intersection is packed with other cabbies
Collecting the cheese, yo, exploiting the Japanese.

I got clearance to land on Earth Beta
because my fake data comes from the best makers.
I've got a cab to rent, any takers?
If not I'll just sit right back and read the paper.

Bootleggers and pimps, black as the market.
Around the block kids, circling my cockpit.
I got a Glock, cocked, inside my pocket.
No matter how cocky you are, you can't stop it.

Picked up a couple at a bar up on 35th.
"I'll be back folks, unless you got a cigarette."
Went inside, grabbed a carton of Carltons.
Came back out, holy shit! My fucking car's gone!
Now, you can skip on my tip; I'll be alright, yo
And maybe ride without paying, hey! I'll let it go.
But if you're jacking my ride, I'm playing hero:
Reanimate Kubrik, I feel like DeNiro.

Gun-toting, smoking, wide-opened my eyes
penetrate the disguise of freeloading-ass criminals.
Now under the impression I'm gonna let'em go.
I ain't Eastwood, but this shit is unforgivable.

Not a word to say, I took all of their clothes away.
Stashed the heat in the ashtray, slid up to Broadway.
It's OK kids, I know you ain't gay,
So I'm gonna end this with a "Fuck you, but have a nice day";

"[Wheelie]"
Artificial intelligence is overrated
I'm never gonna make it but I hate it out here.
I wish I was a toaster oven in some dude's basement.
Oh, what the fuck, man, I'm stuck in fourth gear.
Those fuckers, I paid them just to iron-plate my break pads.
But I can tell that they had a transmission fetish.
I could see it in their shifty eye balls, it was sad.
They saw my seven speed and probably busted out the relish.

Yo, I'm never gonna make it, man, I hate it out here
"I hate it out here, I hate it out here"

Yo, I'm never gonna make it, bot I hate it out here
"I hate it out here, I hate it out here."

I'm never gonna make it, bot I hate it out here.
"I waited all year and I still get up and take it."
Yo, I'm never gonna make it, bot I hate it out here.
I'll swallow my fear, then I'll step up and I'll take it
"Someday..."

I'm gonna step up and I'll take it
"Someday..."

I'm gonna step up and I'll take it
"Someday..."

I'm gonna step up and I'll take it
"Someday..."