

Del Tha Funkee Homosapien, Cyberpunks

"It is the year 2387

Man has relieved an overcrowded Earth

By the establishment of planetary colonies

In other star systems of the milky way galaxy

The most successful of these colonies

Is on Maris, a planet so Earthlike, that many call it Earth 2"

(CHORUS)(2x)

Cyberpunks, MegaDel, ultra violences when I adjust

Future phenomenon, you need to try it once

MegaDel Cyberpunk technology such as cyberbots

Check the rhymes I concocted, private stock

While you jock I set a ultra security

For MC intelligents who wanna murder me

It's like the third degree

The way I question my sanity

I work on cybernetics as a form of vanity

To protect my circuitry I stay under the canopy

I send the special ships to finish my fantasy

To become a bionic commando, monitor scandals

Solar panels reflect, energy enters me

MC's energy in the 21st century

Soling temper release, fusable alloys like musical cowboys

Super bomb raps, capable of alien contact

With rhyme pacts, create galactic soundtracks

Profound facts to word classify invoke for several decades

By the C.I.A. or now pedal death codes on the internet

The center's flesh, I smoke a pinner of bless and can't remember next

Transmission control, you better listen to your soul

When your carbon base creatures connects with technology

Brand new species, devoid of ecology

Totally electronic they monitor and follow me

(CHORUS)

Escape the cold flu, still down with kung fu

Back then they hung you, but now they fun chew

I touch the escape key, a blue light envelopes me

Covers me with energy and sucks me in the screen

I met Tron, he said don't let out about the cyber universe

Because you the first human to discover us

Neon lasers with colorful photons

I felt like voltron my hands turned to silver

Probably woulda killed ya, I just lost my sanity

My brain was enhanced with super intelligence

Shoot the elements, we stowed with a charged beam

Victory was our theme, packed more silicon than sardines

Transformed into a plane like star screens

Cyberpunk, rockin' the mic with auto targeting

5th element, the strength of six elephants

It was miraculous the way they pashed me in

Quick with the lecture remains

Testin' my phaser, I melted some glaciers, wow this great stuff

Powered with voltage, a technofile armed with explosives

Missiles, a crystalizer

To freeze MC's and then shatter them with super bases

Around relentless pound against the ground

Like an asteroid, a metal bohémive

More than you can dream of, a morval team of

Both sides of the brain

Transmuted to my physical form to ride the train

My eyes had a neon green glow, I seen foes

Instruments self destruction, made for huntin'

(CHORUS)

Controllin' cyberspace like a girl's private place

With a chassity belt, I has to be felt

Futuristic crucifixing super diction

With computer victims, terminated through the symptoms
To virus', sophisticated and bizaare
Enthrawling, I even serve smart drinks at the bar
Bonzai, mechanical tentacles hard times
For small fry who tried to hog the mic
You saw the light, took all the stripes
Stop the spying theives
That I percieve when my optics turn lime green
In this industrial environment, there's certain requirements
The mental training that helps you see the Leviathon
I'm pilotin' a giant mecca in my private sector
My invisible forcefields of course yields
The inner sanctum, better do the interface
Master programmers create aircrafts that look like dinner plates
The Zen tribe me, mob me
I did concert on their planet for 5 G's
Space the last frontier
Another make you pass on beer, we hellucinagetics with speed
(CHORUS)