

Del The Funky Homosapien, Turbulence (Remix)

I envision turbulence and murder since it's an everyday occurrence
It's 3030, yo, I get my hands dirty
They think they the pure breed, medically insured weed
F**k the system, non-conformist humans
Walk around because of their ordinance, just ornaments
Super-thugs use computer bugs, all ignoramuses
Reduced to savage half-beasts off a crack piece
Not me, I'm shit-faced, which way but loose
In a hovercraft, not no bubble-bath, turbo-boost
F**k Earth, I want to live on Mars so I'm closer to the stars
And farther away from dumb civilization with no mental stimulation
They changed the constitution for your red white and blue friends
Exterminate nuisance, no one listens to what you said
The online is touching your head
With brainwashing, with propaganda about your fearless leader
Who got two hundred bodyguards so you can't touch him either
Bodies disappear, obviously of fear
Lobbyists can't get near shit
Everybody's spirits are under control
Computers run with the soul
Elitists defeat us, they live by the beaches
Bubbledome over the hemisphere, so you can't enter here
We live in the dumps with mutant rodents
With blood red eyes, saliva drips for opponents
Scratch your ID chip off 'cause everybody own it
I envision turbulence and murder since it's an everyday occurrence (3x)
They only teach high-tech in private portables
That float above commoners, they'd soon as bomb it first
Advanced safety features, from contact with creatures
Who either slave their lives away in outdated factories
Or may be bounty hunters in a land of apathy
I'm Butch Cassidy, style wild, uncontained
I steal computer disk files, drink water from drains
Metal detectors check ya, with reflectors in every sector
While I drink electric nectar
No one believes inspectors and spooks
They just lecture the youth about having respect and couth
Toward the US, and you guessed it
The rest get imprisoned or incisions in their medulla
No president, we have a ruler
"You are to be inside by 9 o'clock or we will shoot ya"
Missile launchers haunt ya in your nightmares
It ain't quite fair, little tykes ain't prepared
They've got your wife naked bare in the subway
For some thug play, neo-punks with cerebral pumps
For enhanced recognition of politicians and witches
Senior citizens are disposed against their wishes
Aliens landed and said our planet wasn't worth invadin
'cause all the natural resources are fadin
I envision turbulence and murder since it's an everyday occurrence (3x)