Neva Dinova, Supercomputer

With my silicone jacket and my flat glass screen
I got the facts and the figures
Typed 'em in with my fingers
Got to Google a question 'bout the QuickTrip's nitrate
Fair it ain't with the mud and the paint
You created the world
From the dirt to the girl
Impressive I'm colored so I can't get a job
And I'm embarassed, I said it
But you can see where it's headed
I want a new world and I'm gonna try
To type in the numbers right and build us a sky
And then divide it by seven so we can get us some light
So we can see what we're doin' when we're doin' what we're doin'
I want a new world, and I feel terrible
I was punching the figures in and forgot a variable
But, fuck it, it's done, it's time to make me a son
I got the fear and the pain, it's time to pass it on

Whoa, supercomputer please grant me my wishes
Take care of my granny and plant me some fishes
Oh, mercy mercy, I'm on my knees,
You make me a world all just to please you
We're starving beneath you, them zeroes can't cut it
But I'm a fan of the ones but you're all so fickle 'bout
Watching the veins as the blood just trickles out

I'm gonna sing a song,
And it will break your soul