

Optimus Rhyme, Incogni2

Yo, it's 29 hours since the time my cover blew
39 minutes till they jack me up with a new
hard drive. See, they want to see what I've been through;
training program, where I've been and who I talk to.
Drilled a hole in my chin to jack-in.
Sent microscopic elemental rockets who don't stop at nothin',
Love to state their mission:

"1." Your target is expendable;
"2." No matter how minimal the data, you record it;
"3." Never come back, if it escapes then go subliminal;
"3.A" Win at all costs;
"3.B" If the war is lost, fuck it. Man, the bot said multiply;
"4." Get by, generate life, evolve a general;
"5." Minimal output to exist;
"6." Don't die. Now you see what I'm up against?

Another 30 minutes just think of this shit?
Optimus, scattered individual elements,
I gotta self-destruct, it's been coded: six minutes.
Penetrated shield generators, dude, I'm finished.
Undercover ops, final moment for symbolic flares.
Nobody knows, so I'm aware nobody cares

Stare down, steel nerves, solid oil stream
Fifteen seconds before my life becomes a dream.

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<tt>
"Megatron"
SOUNDWAVE! SEND AN AUTOScout INTO THE CREVICE.
"(AutoScout activated)"
IT IS PROGRAMMED TO ANALYZE AND REPORT.
</tt>

StarScam snuck up chucklin', I was buckled in
fucked up from the symbiotic truth serum.
He held a syringe, brought it up to my chin,
I heard the tick-tock of my countdown clock begin.
It went "ten", then -- ""What's up friend?""
Stumblebee coming through communicator skin!
I said we got seven seconds -- ""So check it""
Now it will begin. When the fuck Powerhighs'
gonna step up then? -- ""Dude, I'm in""
two seconds now -- ""StarScam's down!""
I look around, countdown's stuck at one second -- ""Check it""
It reads negative, hydraulics all norm--
Let's get out of here -- ""Wheelie, can you transform?""
Yo, I think so, here it goes <tt>*TRANSFORMER SOUND*</tt>
Let me get what I came here for then hit the road
Go two doors down snatch the Wackacon clones,
Grab twenty-five PuCBots, hit the south globe.
We rode two thousand miles to hit the Pike Drive System
""Wait a minute"" -- What is it? -- ""Dude, they're jammin' our transmission!""

You know, they're jammin' our transmission!
I think they're jammin' our transmission!
You know, they're jammin' our transmission!
"G Dub, take us out..."

Yo, I think we made it out, I think we're in the clear
I think we're safe now, lets get the fuck out of here!

Hey! Hop in the hovercraft, blaze to the base
Drop off the clones, roam home, clean my face
We were summoned by Imperial Queen
she had a case of PBR and got us all glistening.
Decorated us, debated Copernicus and said: "choose
from five-ribbon Silver Star AutoBeat tattoos."
And yo, we got inked, got lit, winked and said we're out.
There's twenty-five Wackacon PuCBots about
to be reprogrammed; new alignment: AutoBeat.
There's five for each of us sitting down at our feet
Yo, I broke another mic *heh, heh* psyche!
Wheelie, ready to let loose, release gunk all night.
So alright, right? Yeah! We're alive, right? Yeah!
We done won our fight, so it's time to ignite the pink hair
Smoke it out of StumbleBee's prosthetic colon cells
It kinda smells, but it gets the job done, so oh well.

Tell tribal tribunals that we knew where that we were goin'
Yell. Open lungs, guzzle, muzzle Wheelie before blowin'
Gums knockin', rockin' parties, yo, it's been a long day.

It's the "A" and the Optimus, no stopping us, OK.
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Incogni2, no sunshine.
AutoBeat commandos strapped with battle rhymes.

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