

3030

Deltron 3030 & Del Tha Funkee Homosapien

Yo, it's 3030, I want y'all to meet Deltron Zero
Hero, not no small feat, it's all heat in this day and age
I rage your grave, anything it takes to save the day
Neuromancer, perfect blend of technology and magic
Use my rapping so you all could see the hazards
Plus entertainment where many are brainless
We cultivated the lost art of study and I brought a buddy
Automator harder slayer fascinating combinations
Cyber warlords are activating abominations
Arm a nation with hatred we ain't with that
We high-tech archaeologists searching for knickknacks
Composing musical stimpacks that impacts the song
Crack the motor what you think you rapping for?
I used to be a mech soldier but I didn't respect orders
I had to step forward, tell them this ain't for us
Living in a post-apocalyptic world morbid and horrid
The secrets of the past they hoarded
Now we just boarded on a futuristic spacecraft
No mistakes black it's our music we must take back
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Del, I'm feeling like a ghost in a shell
I wrote this in jail playing host to a cell
For the pure verbal, they said my sentence was equivalent to murder
Kust another hurdle, I bounced through a portal
I knew they had the mind state of mere mortals
My ears morphed to receptors to catch ya
Every word about gravity control
And the families they hold for handsome ransoms
On the run with a handgun, blast bioforms, I am warned
That a planet-wise manhunt with cannons
Will make me, abandon, my foolish plan of uprising
Fuck dying, I hijack a mech
Controlling with my magical chance so battle advance
Through centuries of hip-hop legacy, mega speed
Hyper warp to Automator's crib and light the torch
They can't fight the force
Victory is ours once we strike the source
Enterprising wise men look to the horizon
Thinking more capitalism is the wisdom
And imprison, all citizens empowered with rhythm
We keep the funk alive by talking with idioms
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Isn't eternal evil concerned with thievery
Medieval prehistoric rhetoric well we ahead of thatLay it down with sound waves that pound
pavement
Original minstrels my central processing unit
Is in tune with my heart for this art
Not artificial 'cause that makes it hard to miss youCopycats finish last in the human race
Staying glued to safes too pride to take a buddah break
We got espers that let us bless with fresh shit
Undetected by yes men questing for five fleeting nanoseconds of fameProtecting the brain from
conspiracies against my cosmos
While I float to Neo-Tokyo with Opio
Or discuss combustible rust clusters with Plus
Evade cyber police in a computer crib confuse the kidsBut I can make a kicking rhymes thats
sacred
Telepathic mind that takes its greatness from the Matrix
Esper rhyme professor rushes in ultra pressures
With correction measuresWhy half the world's a desert
Cannibals eat human brains for dessert
Buried under deap dirt, mobility inert
I insert these codes for the cataclysmEver since I had the vision use my magnetism
In this modern metropolis they tries to lock us up
Under preposterous laws thats not for us
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