Futurama

TV Theme Players

[Ill Bill]
They got AIDS infectin' the globe, Laser weapons and Clones
Comfortable as Presidents, Death, Artificial intelligence
Frozen organs, post-mortem, alien ?
Get your vibe together
Who decides truth? guys in ties and suits?
Violent coups from private schools?
We got rules of taunt, duals of war, using thoughts like swords
Pay for groceries, the DNA clothes in your vocal cords
The order of the world has already been bought
Robocops programmed to kill and ready for war
Drink your cocaine 'cause drugs is legal
Androids rule, the streets of New York, screamin' "Fuck the people"
Even a priest can fall in love with evil
If a bitch to suckin' his dick, swallow nothing, gulp the semen
Election day, young americans will vote for demons, overachieving
Yo we sniff blow, or blow up pieces[Chorus]
Welcome to futurama, where the cyborgs will shoot ya mama
A cross between terminator 3 and Tutankhamun
This is I'll Bill reporting for a new assignment
Ready to rock with the ruger nine shinin'
This is futurama, where the cyborgs will shoot ya mama
A cross between terminator 3 and Tutankhamun
This is I'll Bill reporting for a new assignment
Ready to rock with the ruger nine shinin'[Goretex]
The noose is tightening, news of sightings, the truth's frightening
Kabbalah studies in 51 produced by the titans
Follow the sergeant, the one handle and largest, the vents
Made the top of department, fire bomb and projects intent
Video farewells off to majesty is all for salary
Ya never hold a grudge, they can judge us to Applebee's
My team's fast, the IRS be thuggin' with masks
On the run for war games, bugs, and funneling cash
I rob anyone, a lawyer with a gun in his stash
Beneath, the remains of human ash, the gun and the ?bag?
Gangsta, Sherry Ketamine the medicine Pirelli spin, the new water
(Speakin through television like Benny Hin?)
We rock blazin', pop collars like hockey raids
'Pac was framed, they cloned him in the spot near the caves

To vegetate, claimin credit to detonate
Human bombs, nuclear arms, super market, cancer and farms[Chorus][Ill Bill]
At the fight club, fist, knives, and guns
Tribes are ?, cannabalistic humanoid
Underground drugs, rainin' blood
Sorta like slayer did in '86, communicate with aliens, there he is
I made run DMC sell me, the devil's soul, make your head explode
With the planable chip, by remote control, I told them all what to expect
Fuck love and respect, when you're on your knees with a gun to your head
See masonic temple's lost truth, god's that were size proof
Nickel plated 9's shoot, crimes loot
I recruit the true mistics, I turn goon's futuristic
We too sadistic, comin' at you with 2 biscuits[Chorus]

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