Micro Chip

Tarrus Riley

GREETINGS EARTHLINGS! D-D-D-DONT L-L-L-LET THE COMPUTERS DESTROY YUH LIFE!
CAREFUL OF THE GAMES YUH PLAY, WITH THE MODERN TECHNOLOGY.
OH, OH,.OH LET ME TELL YUHIn this new age, Babylon culture, don't worship technology and bow to confuters.
Cuz the micro chip is gone chip and fail ya, and bring ya straight forward to creation.
In this new age, Babylon culture, don't worship technology and bow to computers.
Cuz the micro chip is gone chip and fail ya, and bring ya straight forward to creation.And now we slowly depending on the ma-chin-ery,
Man make the machine and get trap inna it.
Slowly depending on the tech-no-logy,
Caught in the web and cyaan come outta it.Inna 1999 unno deh ah fret and worry
Wonder if the clock did ah go stop in the air
Counting down the time, New Years Eve,
2000 come and gone and now yuh think tings sweet?MINDDD! You'll catch a virus on the internet!
And be careful of the e-mails that you collect.
I see the whole world gone computer literate.
And to the birds and the bees them is illiterate.You've got access to everything on the internet.
But experience, teach at wisdom comes from round yuh desk.
Cuz the micro chip is gone chip and fail ya, and bring ya straight forward to creation.Young Junior got a sad story
Stayed awake late nights inna text glory
Long letters long lines night after night
Anticipated meet ah blind date Stacy.Full of anxiety and butterflies in belly;
He wanted to make a first impression and real memory.
So the morning of the date, that boy nuh rise early
Got to get ah prepared, looking fashion ready.But when he meet Stacy, him almost go crazy
Couldn't believe what his eyes did ah take plac-e
OH ALL THE EMAILS! She was a he-male.
And juss a disguise online, what a shame ole chile.New age, Babylon culture, don't worship technology and bow to confuters.
Cuz the micro chip is gone chip and fail ya, and bring ya straight forward ah creation.
In this new age, Babylon culture, dont worship technology and bow to computers.
Cuz the micro chip is gone chip and fail ya, and bring ya straight forward to creationSlowly depending on the ma-chin-ery,
Man make the machine and get trap inna it.
Slowly depending on dem tech-no-logy,
Caught in the web and cyaan come outta it.Now let manual days be a thing of the past
Yuh clock in and yuh clock out, clock wise and clock cross.
Site mah bredren way at farm, Ask him wha happen to di grass?

Him sey Yuh nah see everyting gone digital boss?!?!And too much digital head ache, critical physical loss
Slowly yuh getting lazy and yuh dont know the half.
What ah day when yuh dead, that bases dem crash
And everyting come to ah stop-p-p-ppp

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/