Analog Brothers Intro

Analog Brothers

Whiteys, Niggaz, Blacks, Crackas
Jews, Latinos, Pimps, playas, and hustlers
The Analog BrothersWild scannin the technological rhythm laser vibo meter
Connected into the time laps per metric spectrometer
You witness landscapes of lyrics at a helio-optic compression
Rate of written symmetrics for power profits fit shifting
And any tririledium composition recorded today
Silv Synth the rhythm laser, analog brother
We intake on internet systems as if focus right D2 12 equalizer
Per 101 frequency
To surround sound the performance you click to many express
With 16 presets, connect the Mac or PC now plug and play
The electronic interface barrier boogie supplier on a 128 channels
With reliable software, baby
Analog brother, numero uno
Silver Synth, y'all, give it up for Silver Synth
Now exciting my vortexMark Moog to your tube7000 horsepower racing machine erasing your dream
To be the sickest, MC's you fulla politics with a gimmick
Fans, they wanna melate my space lyric, I take your brain to the space limit
Wait a second, I'll be done in one New York minute
You get the middle digit production small figured out in 3 seconds
You never listen MC's be runnin they fuckin mouth I start checkin
The truth is, you useless
Adolescents tryin to run a dull rap cars
They crash and now they shit in my garbage barge
Mark Moog outlaw at large, thought you all stay large
5 dollar sacks to keep my head cloudy
Meet all mainframes, shut down your aimframe with brain waves
CD-Rom strange days make you see me
Thats right Mark, yeah Mark Moog
Give it up for Mark Moog, y'all, give it up give it up
Now exiting the vortexIce Oscillator, enter your tubeMister Mister, hellmost, Oscillator
Check your data, calculate your loss the crime boss
The overlord, documented with more flows and tramp hoes
Everyone knows digital blows, watch the flying elbows
And he goes the prime analog brother here to trungate
As I oscillate subtones rooms vibrate, hoes gyrate
Eeries pulsate, analog fate destruct and conduct a new click track
Ya hearda that? Bring that beat back, mattera fact delete the whole track

Where's my fuckin Roland at? 808 destort the kick
Its 6 in the morning, you're on my motherfuckin dick
Analog fan the conspiracy, ya hearda me?
This machine does not read simpty, that beats feed me
Cassette not cd, believe me microphone pultrates, speedy
So far ahead we're behind you, analog brothers, we design you
Need I remind you, techinal eclipse don't look we will blind youOh shit that was dope, Oscillator Ice y'all
Give it up for Oscillator Ice y'all c'mon now
Now exiting his vortexKeith Korg enter your tubeAnd here he is, man where's Keith?Keith Korg, mad vocalist, spittin from the key like San Antonio Spurs
George Gervin girls start to wet me, how I'm servin
Through this comic book skit, pissed on
I'm not Jerry Lewis green man, Calvin Murphy, point guard
With shooting range like Kelly Tripucka
My testicles connected to a bazooka
Dangerous criteria, we mess up your whole rectal interior
Stack nature digestive system with a Puerto Rican switchblade
That penetrate afros and braids, green man, the board is foreman
Fuckin call me Norman when I urinate out the window
You're shaufferin the doorman
My penis gets hard, I ejactulate with the products mastered
Tyrants got the seat I can see my soul jerkin off in the swap meet
To a soon album and comin 3-D say I'm cooked out
With a buncha reals, ampex and the graveyard
My dick stay hard, 4000 mega
Hallucinatin gorillas froze and serve em, Vega's ultimate warrior Enok
Walkin up like the lost in space robotAnd I'm Rex Roland
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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https://damnlyrics.com/