

Analog Technics

Analog Brothers

Ay Mister, aren't you a rapper, what's your name? Keith Korg, Analog Brothers, get out of here kid
Get off the man's dick man
Back the fuck up you lil' motherfucker, back the fuck up!
New York City from cyborg, Keith

Korg

More flow than the average Joe, get off the stamina
Peein off the top of the Empire State Building, urinate on pedestrians
Walkin past West 4th Street lesbians
28th Street flashin drivin Dodge dashin free man
Sport Superman underoos with a six-pack of O'

Douls

Move in sparkplugs, come aboard walkin butt naked with gloves
Throwin feces at celebrities at the Billboard Awards
Make Jerry Springer jump on my balls, take a recess
Kunta test stop your region like the X-Men, liberty legion
Got you sayin that's it, pull G strings out of old ladies like Angela Bassett
Warm up Swanson, jump over 7 foot rappers like David Thompson
With a bank shot like Alex English I get distinguished
Block rap like Joe C, Merriweather with a brown leather
Bald head like Sam [?] from Marquette, drivin a lime green Corvette
With a flat butt white girl like Pamela Anderson with a Chia Pet
Skatin on feces like Wayne Gretzky, yo forget the jazz and thin drums
Don Sylvester coulda killed my feet in Baltimore, Maryland
Or on the street standin next to Ben Grimm from the Fantastic Four with a Stetson brim
Open your fossils, leave you constipated with bad meals at Roscoe's
Keith Korg, from cyborg
Now could this be the Analog techniques you heard of
Microphone murder, no win, the Ampex spins
Now could this be the Analog techniques you heard of
Microphone murder, no win, the Technic spins
Ay, ay Mister, what's your name?
Aren't you an Analog Brother?
C-c can I be down?
Sil Synth, yo back off kid
Now tap into the track enhances, feedback flanges with a 90 percent delay.
delay.

EQ technology in a multi-track recorders projectile

For phrases spit at the strike of lightning

To power amp rhymeologists it's, sent to various temporal vortexes

Exiting all elements to supplement the decrease in programming by choice, we choose to play Sega Saturn at the
roundtable of the time travelling Rolls Royce

To represent an ill visual, we select the "gee whiz" factor

Interfacing advanced sound links, fully functional hardware specializing in features simultaneously optical
Visually connects the console to poetics on ADAT
Combination of analog equipped with a 3-band dynamic
playback

Engineered by Sil Synth

Processing instantaneous controls, spontaneously edits all algorithms
And allows the physical antenna to rise like musical steam
Scan it to analyze the defrost mode on icicle power cords
By amplified the winning conductor of illogical harmonics
To scrutinize Sil Synth, the ventriloquist
With a hundred watts of phonics, to skip phonetic fact on format zero
Eliminating any excess rigidity, the puzzle solver, mainframe a solution
Maintain spit range reflections at high resolutions
Further disintergrating defractions guaranteed
Serialized 20K printouts lifesize
Then the endless intelligent autopress simulator [?] itself to walk to the next verse
Yo, gimme a lil' more of that
Ay, Sil, can I rap? I move the mechanical elements while y'all, light sherm
Scope elephants, bacterial feedback, watchin Toto sing in t-backs
With fantasies of me hittin tight cracks
While Tommy laughs Keith, Keith Korg, Keith Korg (alright man go ahead)
Can I rap? (go ahead) Step back, into, two inches of steel
The only real, that I speak of, on this here
Doubling down no dub, first rhyme
One take Jake to hear Snake that claim on top of the universe with the flag saying I brag
Kick back and relax, don't lag
Might be misconstrued, sometimes make oil like crude and get slick, I'll split your crew like a pap smear with a 2x4 stick
Coming through your galactic, to perspectives not seen before
Inside the membrane when the spectrum, insane explodes with supernova power coming to you in the shower
The meteorites, splitting your whole world apart as everybody fights for the last bit of barbaric food to eat
To relax, pull up my sleeves, and start to rhyme with ease
Yo we the Analog Brothers kid Get out of here white boy, close the door
Hurry up, security's coming [x4: with beat down in the background
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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