Analog Technics

Analog Brothers

Ay Mister, aren't you a rapper, what's your name?Keith Korg, Analog Brothers, get out of here kidGet off the man's dick manBack 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 lesbians28th 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 Grimmfrom the Fantastic Four with a Stetson brim
Open your fossils, leave you constipated with bad meals at Roscoe's
Keith Korg, from cyborgNow 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 spinsAy, 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 flangeswith a 90 percent delay.
delay.
EQ technology in a multi-track recorders projectile
For phrases spit at the strike of lightning
To power amp rhymeologysts it's, sent to various temporal vortexes
Exiting all elements to supplement the decrease in programmingby choice, we choose to play Sega Saturnat 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 hardwarespecializing in features simultaneously optical
Visually connects the console to poetics on ADATCombination 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 scruitinze 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 [?] itselfto walk to the next verseYo, gimme a lil' more of thatAy, 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 laughsKeith, 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 topof the universe with the flag saying I brag
Kick back and relax, don't lag
Might be misconstrued, sometimes make oil like crudeand get slick, I'll split your crewslike a pap smear with a 2x4 stick
Coming through your galactic, to perspectives not seen before
Inside the membrane when the spectrum, insane explodeswith supernova power coming to you in the shower
The meteorites, splitting your whole world apart as everybody fightsfor the last bit of barbaric food to eat
To relax, pull up my sleeves, and start to rhyme with easeYo we the Analog Brothers kidGet out of here white boy, close the doorHurry up, security's coming[x4: with beatdown in the background
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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