

## Random

# "Robot City"

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Welcome to your guided tour of Robot City, the  
birthplace of complacency  
The weather is dreary, the system is ever  
Meet your first tour guide, Mr. YT Cracker

I'm released from my chamber, stiff from the cryo  
Put on my uniform, live in denial  
Another drone in stark free zone  
Function is one never function alone  
Do what they tell me, buy what they sell me  
Trapped as a clone please somebody help me  
I've been programmed to be like them  
Uhh, programmed to behave like them  
Remove my implant, black & white golden color  
See Robot City in all of it's wonder  
See the fearful fall in line  
To the masses perception of space and time  
See the copycats, massive rocks  
Your man YT Cracker think outside the box  
And Random, generate straight in tandem  
Robot City look out, this the anthem

Welcome to Robot City, where everybody's nobody  
And ain't nobody gettin busy just  
Fall in line or fall behind  
Different day, same thing, we do this all the time

So what's the one thing clones are useful for?  
Euphoria or, reproducin who the youth adore  
Movie stars or, legends of musical yore  
Losin all integrity dealin with Luci-fore

Now youse the bore, in white T's long enough to be  
adressed  
My attention span ain't short enough to be impressed  
with

Clones posin as hair-brained criminals  
Swear they's originals, right? (Right, right...)  
Swear they scary as DeNiro in "Cape Fear"  
In a stero but watered down like grape beer

If ain't clear, it should be apparent then transparent  
Fantastically average and just can't bear it  
You, blendin in for them Benjamins  
Don't even own the skin you in, it's the City, c'mon

I heard a brother say he tryin to stack paper like  
Doubleday  
But when it went down that brother went the other way  
(pyoom~!)

Yeah another day but just the same as yesterday  
Robot City, the place nobody wanna stay  
But can't leave cause of fear of the unknown  
And stay on your J.O. cause everybody wants clones  
Independent thought's gone in the 21st  
All you gotta do is bite somebody if you want a verse  
And don't mind the radio transmissions  
It'll probably be the same song every time you listen  
But the styles come highly recommended  
And if you think we look alike, I won't get offended  
And if you can't afford it, go on and grab the bootleg  
But whatever you do, don't drink the Kool-Aid

Welcome to Robot City...

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