

## 8-Bit "I-Deez"

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Robots don't got no driver's license,  
So we gotta get fake IDs.  
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I need a can of beer.  
I need it right now.  
I need a can of beer so that I can freestyle.  
But this grocery store clerk is getting all up in my case,  
Telling me that I need an I'd to get some booze in this  
place.  
I get out of there, go to 6th and Alvarado.  
See a guy standing by, pull over and I spot him.  
At sixty, I say twenty.  
Give 'em thirty,  
Yeah, it's money.  
Original stock, DMV can't stop that.

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I tried to get into El Tropicico's  
So I could see some girlies take their clothes off,  
But Crazee threw me out.  
I snuck around the back door  
And slipped Hector a twenty.  
He ordered watered-down drafts  
And payed a dollar for a honey.  
After I proceeded to get tore the hell up,  
I grabbed a mic and began to MC.  
The whole place was jumpin' and boppin',  
"Who the fuck is Anti-log?"  
All up in the place,  
So get the hell out of my face.

L-E-F-R-O-S-T,

Model number X5673.  
Go into the gas station to get some cigarettes,  
Camel White Lights hard-packed, to be exact.

You want a passport, bitch?!  
I got a laser gun.  
You wanna stop me?  
Well, you better run!  
Gettin' so jealous of my infinite lifespan.  
Step on up, I'll throw your ass in a fryin' pan.

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Gettin' drunk off Tecate,  
That a human-bot mixed.  
Chillin' in the casino  
'Cause they forgot to card me.  
Now when they'll get me on my way out,  
If they knew I was a robot,  
They be like, "Get out and stay out!"  
I'm paid out my robotic ass  
For calculating the odds of roulette and craps,  
And now I'm making the rounds  
Slapping bitches on the ass.  
If worst comes to worst,  
I'll teleport back to my pad and crash.

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