

Deltron 3030

"Madness"

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In the year three thousand and thirty
Everybody wants to be an MC
In the year three thousand and thirty
Everybody want to be a DJ

In the year three thousand and thirty
Everybody want to be a producer
In the year three thousand and thirty
Everybody want to tell ya the meaning of the music

I must appeal to you people with your faculties
'Coz everybody else is gonna laugh at me
People try to get over and take a crack at me
The universe is one and I can see what rap can be
glorious

Put in the Smithsonian, my podiums for holy hymns
But you see who's controlling them
Fuck myself off 'coz of the egotistical mode I'm in
No, I can't slap you no five

When you and your cutty is talkin' shit about me
outside
People take pride in what they have no hand in
Sorta like a phantom holographic handsome
But deep inside he wants to do what his man done

Just because his peers jeer and and clown
When your six foot deep no one hears you now
They say we're not compatible like deers and cows and
owls
So many rules and regulations say you're not allowed

I'm caught in the grip of the city madness
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I'm caught in the grip of the city madness
I'm caught in the grip of the city madness

If I had to describe the way I survive, it's like vice
squeezin'
The reason I'm black and still breathin'
Heathens will breed heathens so

Everybody's suspect I must check your ID

'Coz you lookin' sheisty, you might be intelligence
Someone that Del's against, opposite or positive
When I drop the law against nature be faithful

Why should I hate you, we ain't that different?
We may act different in some ways
But we still grouped together like a fuckin' survey
Sufferin' and fuck 'em all's the motto

I'm trapped in a bottle, my music's gettin' hollow
That's what happens when humanity you follow
Where every leak or info is hard to swallow

Sell your Marlboro's and car insurance
Put niggas on the moon and can't pay your burdens
I smoke herb and rock a turban
Meditate on the world and what's occurin'

A lot of white boys like the style and copy
Dig in something deeper and you'll peep that we're not
free
It's not about the separation, it's about the population

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Simple minded people always point the finger
To bring it to a close as if life is their role, their path
When all paths are intersections
It all depends on the persons perception

When I'm mad as fuck you get shot
And to some it's bad luck
I believe you held something back for too long
It grew strong

And energy got its own will
And people think they make music still
But music is there without you or me, we just
manipulate
For better or worse, so let it situate

I get to make records and dough
Paid out the asshole
And still seen as another face on the totem pole
Conquer, my sponsors are monsters

And everybody thinks that I owe them one
I'm glad I love music and life
'Coz it's easy to see the pain and strife and end it all
tonight

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