

## **Black Clint**

### **"Computer Love"**

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(Pete):

The world's at the tip of your touch  
So clutch that mouse in from your home  
Roaming alone, just you and your portable phone  
Can surf the world of mass production, it's like  
seduction  
Being enticed by flashy lights and a thousand and one  
functions  
And that something? To drive a disk that won't miss  
With precise right info  
Sports, or news reports, or chat with an overseas  
nympho  
Advanced technology means progressed ecology (it  
ain't crack)  
Fools is hooked on IBM, AT&T and it's cool  
It all happened sitting at a desk, and I'll bet  
The freaks won't come out at night, they too busy  
workin' the internet  
For real, might as well pay Packard Bell  
Too many crosswires, frequently your frequency's a  
living hell  
In a nutshell, the ways of pushing buttons came far  
Got computers warning me, 'don't get too close to that  
car'  
Computers asking 'leave a message, cuz nobody's at  
home'  
Computers sequencing beats, so we can grab the  
microphone  
So plug in, information dumping past human  
assumption  
But I mean, man made machine, that should tell you  
something  
Pumping computerized versus manual health  
People outta work, families hurt after cards is dealt  
And like I said, you can keep in tune from your living  
room  
Satellite scatter, big brother, ear hustles, chitter chatter

Chorus:

Shooby doo wop, shoo doo bop...I wanna love you  
In a nutshell, the ways of pushing button came far

(Computerized....I wanna love you)  
Got computers warning me, 'don't get too close to this car'  
(Computerized....I wanna love you)  
Computers asking 'leave a message, cuz nobody's at home'  
(Computerized....I wanna love you)  
Computers sequencing beats so I can rock the microphone  
(Computerized....I wanna love you)

(N8 The Gr8):

Caught up in this worldwide web; user friendly  
E-mail me, I check 'em on the daily  
My connections, verifications with other nations  
In certain sections, evaluations by quotations  
Yahoo! Ride 'em now boy, clear your cache  
Doing two hundred and eighty three styles per hour  
Down the information highway  
Central location sideways  
Navigating, escape for the internet mindwaves  
Browsing, over a thousand heads I could be housin'  
Corrupted styles, stackin' up micro files  
Mental drug entail, experimental thugs could sell  
Think straight, passwords, over bills, Monopoly game  
and go to jail  
No unread messages, yes I guess it is  
Nobody beats the music biz, like them indie kids  
Illegal operation, system crash  
Drive hard like C's and my colon backslash  
Spin your address cuz I hack fast jackass  
Always hot box, windows up, skip the skat past  
The motherboard fingerbanger  
Angered Americans online, wrong time, right place  
Resigned to the second chamber  
????? save as filename  
Style game retreat, no escape, Alt/Ctrl/Delete

CHORUS

(Crush):

IBM-ARC at the party to start to spark  
We hardly impart all emcees that were ripped apart  
Try to focus on providing for the future  
Enter your brain, then re-boot 'cha  
Get rid of what pollutes ya, troubleshoot ya  
Just to let you know what you should change  
What's going wrong, also what you need to rearrange  
And download it in a dumpster, trash it  
Don't ask, it's something that we do, and never present  
it with wackness

Attack this track like a virus through ya back  
It's not strong enough to combat this  
The fact is your sloppy and your lip's floppy  
You see me doin' things, knowin' ain't a human being  
can stop me  
Poetry programmer and thought technician  
Making people wanna listen without commercial  
intermission  
Hip-hop is my plight, that's why I write  
To minimize manipulation of megabytes  
Then let you in my memory bank  
If you remember when rank first to disperse with a  
verse  
We stemming from the dirt  
Skipped earth and hit space (what?)  
Moved the paddle right  
You see, we came to keep it bouncin' like a satellite  
And after that, look, get caught up on a hook  
Better yet, you can catch a lot more in a net  
So DJ's, B-Boys, and all microphonists  
You need to respect more collectors of components

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