

Bobby Goldsboro

"Deltron 3030"

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Yo its three thousand thirty
I want y'all to meet Deltron Zero, hero, not no small feat
It's all heat in this day and age
I rage your grave, anything it takes to save the day
Neuromancer, perfect blend of technology and magic
Use my rappin so you all could see the hazards
Plus entertainment where many are brainless
We cultivated the lost art of study and I brought a
buddy
Automator harder slayer fascinating combinations
Cyber warlords are activating abominations
Arm a nation with hatred we ain't with that
We high-tech archeologists searching for nicknacks
Composing musical stimpacks that impacts the song
Crack the motor what you think you rappin for?
I used to be a mech soldier but I didn't respect orders
I had to step forward, tell them this ain't for us
Living in a post-apocalyptic world morbid and horrid
The secrets of the past they hoarded
Now we just boarded on a futuristic spacecraft
No mistakes black it's our music we must take back

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Del I'm feeling like a ghost in a shell
I wrote this in jail playing host to a cell
For the pure verbal, they said my sentence was
equivalent to murder
Kust another hurdle, I bounced through a portal
I knew they had the mindstate of mere mortals
My ears morphed to receptors to catch ya
Every word about gravity control
and the families they hold for handsome ransoms
On the run with a handgun, blast bioforms; I am
warned
that a planet-wise manhunt with cannons

will make me, abandon, my foolish plan of uprisin
Fuck dyin, I hijack a mech
Controllin with my magical chance so battle advance
through centuries of hip-hop legacy, megaspeed
Hyperwarp to Automator's crib and light the torch
They can't fight the force
Victory is ours once we strike the source
Enterprisin wise men look to the horizon
Thinkin more capitalism is the wisdom
and imprison, all citizens empowered with rhythm
We keep the funk alive by talking with idioms

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Isn't eternal evil concerned with thievery
Medieval prehistoric rhetoric well we ahead of that
Lay it down with soundwaves that pound pavement
Original minstrals my central processing unit
is in tune with my heart for this art
Not artificial cause that makes it hard to miss you
Copycats finish last in the human race
Staying glued to safes too prude to take a buddha
break
We got espers that let us bless with fresh shit
Undetected by yes men questing for five fleeting
nanoseconds of fame
Protecting the brain from conspiracies against my
cosmos
While I float to Neo-Tokyo with Opio
or discuss combustibile rust clusters with Plus
Evade cyber police in a computer crib confuse the kids
but I can make a kickin rhymes thats sacred
Telepathic mind that takes its greatness from the
Matrix
Esper rhyme professor rushes in ultra pressures
with correction measures
Why half the world's a desert
Cannibals eat human brains for dessert
Buried under deap dirt, mobility inert
I insert these codes for the cataclysm
Ever since I had the vision use my magnetism
In this modern metropolis they tries to lock us up
Under preposterous laws thats not for us

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