

## **Bobby Goldsboro**

### **"Positive Contact"**

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[Del]

Transmutation, brand new statements  
I'll have you gapin, open  
Check it out y'all

Now let's see -- Deltron Z  
Art avenger, let's start the adventure  
Hit ya with nerve gas, absurd blasts  
Crashin space craft, I'm bio-enhanced  
Hiero advanced series, monstrous evolution  
Headed, tooth and nail, scoop the trail  
Super-sleuth, a new race  
Mad creator, savage nature  
World Wide Web, the ebb and flow  
Light years from watchful eyes while my thoughts  
provide  
objectives to ostracize the pompous prophecies  
Underground societies are hard to lead  
Asteroid surfing, castor-oil burping  
The darkest side of humanity animated  
The grand awakening, plan to take it in  
I demand your patronage, mobilize my battletanks  
With clusters small, NTR's to empty Mars  
Many MC's cruise low earth orbit  
Easier for me to use my search warrant  
Drift by a star, absorb it, and store it  
Leave tourists pourous, my galaxy's gorgeous  
Quantum jump - I'm right at your doorstep

[Kid Koala cuts:]

Positive contact  
(wait a minute)  
Positive contact  
(I know perfectly well what it is you're talking about)  
Positive contact  
(wait a minute)  
Positive contact  
(even if the record skips, I still rip)

[Del]

Now I catch more wreck with fast ignition

My last decision, pulse amplification  
Terror with napalm, I want y'all to stay calm  
Alien annihilation, I stay armed to the grill piece and kill  
beef  
20 percent matter, 30 percent is energy  
Assimilating to become a living being  
Evaporative radiation fades your station  
I get high as aviation

[Kid Koala cuts:]  
Positive contact  
(wait a minute)  
Positive contact  
(reactors on)  
Positive contact  
(wait a minute)  
Positive contact  
(even if the record skips, I still rip)

[Del]  
I rise like helium, you're falling rapidly  
Trapped in apathy, while I track your speed  
I'm what you call a legend, dominance with  
armageddon  
Gives me a warm reception  
Verbal war with weapons, installation  
Blowin the star dust, distance twelve parsecs  
Enthuse your phalanx with my literary talents  
Just a bit of balance, rip the silence  
in space, all-star systems are our victims  
Atomics, anonymous with ominous  
implications of information, or information, and  
entertainment  
Cyber-tech dialect, you gotta earn my respect  
I'm like Gamera to amateurs, hit em with a cannonball  
And in all this confusion  
The fusion of music and mind precipitates translucent  
illusions  
Search the ruins with Automator  
Hit the walls with a carbonator  
Hit-or-missiles, just regenerate  
The sonic soldiers allow us to demonstrate  
Emergency dispatch, skyscrapers ripped back  
from the impact, their flow is mismatched  
My style's protected by heat shields and ceramics  
Don't panic, I landed on planet Mercury  
Gave it atmosphere, set up my headquarters  
I'll never get captured here  
Rap your tear clap your ear with Soulsonic Mantronik  
phonics  
Turn your brain to an omelette

I'll hold a comet in bondage, with my dominance  
Take a space shuttle to escape trouble  
Bounce through the Milky Way  
Not many MC's feel this way

[Kid Koala cuts:]  
Positive contact  
(wait a minute)  
Positive contact  
(yeah yeah, what is it now)  
Positive contact  
(wait a minute)  
Positive contact  
(even if the record skips, I still rip)

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