

## MC Lars Horris "Escape From Robot Island"

Visit "[Escape From Robot Island](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

LARS: August 4th, 1990, kicking it across the bay,  
when we went straight to that island  
on that momentous day.  
To explore it, not ignore it, like Christopher C.  
MNP and Lars H., pioneers adrift at sea.  
And so we went ashore,  
knowing not what was in store,  
'till there came a crazy noise that we could not ignore.  
Fourteen robo-primates, they came straight for us,  
nasty and ugly, like a zit brimming with puss.  
So we hopped into our boat, hoping it would float,  
'till we found a robo-monkey had chewed it like a goat.  
And a big hole remained at the bottom of our craft,  
as it began to sink, the robo-creatures laughed.  
Then out of the woods came more robots by the  
dozens,  
daddies, mommies, aunts, and uncles, grandmas,  
grandpas, and cousins -  
whole robo-families, thirsting for blood.  
Vampiric evil machines caked in oil, grease, and mud.

### CHORUS

Escape from Robot Island,  
we'll take them to the desert  
trip their circuits and fry them.  
Can't stay in Robot Island,  
these robots are maniacal,  
I'll sweep them up and hide them.  
Get out of Robot Island,  
don't want to be your robo-lunch,  
your robo-canned-food-blend.  
Delete Robot Island, you evil R2D2's,  
now it's time to meet your end.

MNP: What's that you say, boy haven't you heard?  
Call me a stupid-ass white boy, flip me the bird?  
I want to smack you right now in the face,  
but they're locked on me, stalking this place.  
Today has been a scary day,  
these robots they don't want to play,  
their bodies are metallic gray,  
their wires look like plastic hay.

These robots chased us through the night,  
 everybody knows that I put up a fight  
 to the different kinds, they blow my mind,  
 giant eyeball watching me reading my mind.  
 There are fury ones with blades  
 coming out of their fur,  
 robots riding chariots just like Ben-Hur,  
 a ton that will toss you in a chasm,  
 balls that drill you like in Phantasm.  
 Tall ones, short ones, round ones, long ones,  
 little ones, green ones, right ones, wrongs.  
 Batteries not included, these things attack,  
 Model ZX goes for your sack.  
 Big metal teeth ain't too friendly.  
 Mechanical death? That's not for me!  
 All the different Doomsday Machines,  
 we have to stop them with live-or-die means.  
 They have their cold metallic hearts,  
 soulless just like Kinkade's art,  
 we need to learn to play the part,  
 getting out alive is where we'll start.  
 Saving ourselves, see that is our mission,  
 like I'm running from the firm in the novel by Grisham.  
 Or Tommyknockers, by Mr. King,  
 on the run and this ain't no dream.

#### REPEAT CHORUS

MNP: Hiding out on the tree house floor,  
 evil bots knocking at the door.  
 LARS: We climbed up here to get away  
 and we've been stuck all night and day.  
 MNP: We built a gun, quadruple barreled,  
 quiver filled with acid arrows.  
 LARS: There was a chainsaw that we found,  
 like Ash we wielded it around.  
 MNP: We used it like a robot shank,  
 little did we know the chain would break.  
 LARS: We had a copper melting pot,  
 filled with oil very hot.  
 MNP: It burned right through the wooden planks,  
 they climbed up and they said,  
 "Thanks." "Thanks."  
 LARS: They want violence, not harmless pranks.  
 MNP: Run, Lars, run, just like Tom Hanks.  
 ROBOT: Foolish humans, time to die,  
 we'll gobble you up like ham on rye.  
 LARS: We've done everything that we can do;  
 it was up to me, now it's up to you.  
 MNP: The arrows, we still have those,  
 let's fire them and see how it goes.

ROBOT: Foolish humans, that won't work.  
We'll get you both, prepare to hurt.  
Your blood will drip,  
your blood will spurt and  
you'll be six feet under dirt.

MNP: So this is what it feels like being the prey?  
The early bot gets the human, or so they say.  
LARS: Wait! It's time to die? I don't want to go yet!  
I never went to Russia or owned a private jet.  
I never kissed a lion or went bowling nude,  
I've never gone hang gliding or had hamster food.  
MNP: Pull yourself together man,  
you're getting me annoyed.  
Let's not go out in shame!  
Let's go out shooting droids.  
You forgot about my Remington  
taped to my Smith & Wesson,  
my aim is next to perfect,  
let's teach these things a lesson.  
Stop!

ROBOT: No!

LARS: Shoot!  
MNP: Yes, I'm about to do it.  
LARS: Go! MNP: Ha!  
LARS: Nice, but we're not half-way through it.  
There's eight-hundred more,  
and you've only got two bullets.  
MNP: If anyone can make it,  
MNP and Lars can do it.  
LARS: You're right MNP,  
let's overcome our fears,  
machines won't run humanity  
like twisted engineers.

REPEAT CHORUS

Visit [MC Lars Horris](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.