

Sublime "Raleigh Soliloquy Pt. I"

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We've got you in this fuckin' movie to exterminate all
the lunitics all

at

once with a filetering system of God. We're the psycho-
semantic police,

you can't even see us. How in the fuck can you do
anything about it?

We're pure intellegence, your not. Your biological
product of a

comological universe. Your molecular matter, I
constructed you, fuck

you.

I made you up, you didn't make me up, you got it
backwards. You know

who

you are? Your fuckin' semantic blockage, that's what
made you up.

You're

a fuckin' programer named Christine Gontara. You
fucked up. She sucked

my cock, fell in love, and she was locked in. She's
gonna get her

second

chance to suck my cock again. If she turns me down,
she's gonna go

striaght to hell, she won't pass go, she'll never fuckin'
win. She's

the

cunt that thought she was God, but that's OK, I don't
give a shit. As

long as she sucks me off when I tell her. 'Cause she's
my zombie. I

capured that mother fucker, and she's my cassette. I
want that cock

sucker to send me at least fifty-thousand fuckin'
dollars. If she can't

do it I'll try ten. If she can't do that, I'll try five, but that's
it.

If you got a dowry of five thousand dollars, come out
here and suck me

off, do what I tell you from now on, then you can join

me for eternal
time.

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