

## Analog Brothers

### "2005"

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[Mark Moog]

2005, ready to go

Mark Moog, Keith Korg, Silver Synth

Analog explosion move rattle brains in midrange

All dirt production, global disasters felt universal

2005 no rehearsal, low frequencies hurt you

Levels beyond normal new star cruisers

Veteran battleships, Mark Moog battle sick

Handle your trinity fine to infinity we at it again

Choke you out, battle again

Mothra, rocket launcher entourage

Figure out the level we on

They've lost in an overspace cross

I split your face, ghetto funk

Finger trouble funk, rollin XJ3P underground evil funk

Get ready, genocidal airwaves

Terrified from the airplay, one two

Analog

[Chorus -unknown-]

2005, level no drive, comin to raise

Step in the new days of death waves

Comin to raise 2005, level of live

Comin to raise step in the new ways of death rays

Comin in waves

[Keith Korg]

Keith Korg, vocal booth kingpin

Wipe your lyrics off on a napkin

With an action packed thrust, turbo boost get loose

Face crews like a bull fighter

Makin a freebase smoker put out his cigarette lighter

Green man, see me pushin a black Cadillac

With Darth Vader and R2-D2 drivin a Fleetwood

Brougham

Through a Wendy's drivethrough, orderin spicy chicken

With Christmas bags with easy pickings, with Captain

Kirk shirts

Watchin MC's move like robots with platinum jewels on

and tight mini-skirts, Xerox copy duplicate man X

Let's dead man flex, open distance disconnect

Answering machines, operation evacuation stayin with  
a green me  
Coat with a fedora gray Kangol, sippin out a can {?}  
With Magilla Gorilla, drivin a red Jeep Durango  
Sound system plush, with Space Ghost in the back  
lightin my joint  
Angel dust, bumpin Cold Crush and Linda Ronstadt  
watchin the cat breakdance on the doormat  
Doberman Pinschers do the electric boogie at the bus  
stop  
Sellin these kegs 'til the one stops  
Bark of your mouth from the Vicks cough drops  
Magnum plus, bust bust bust, bust bust

[Chorus -unknown-]

Two thousand and five the level of live is raised  
Step in the new ways of death rays, comin to blaze  
Two thousand and five the level of live is raised  
Step in the new ways of death rays, comin in waves

[Silver Synth]

By hypothesis official oral homicide I'm rockin this  
Surgically infectious type unconsciousness, I drop a  
logic bomb  
Hideous to the intellect-less  
Eviscerating precision encisions as a forensic  
Eviscerating abstractness by circumstance, my  
megahurt verse advance  
Razor knife sharp through your orifice  
Like pseudonyms exploit, I dispose in violation  
Then cloak and dagger, to the ceiling in your fantasy  
Choked off the verbal dispatch, inhale the herbal  
through the face plate  
Plus the larynx hatch, extensive  
Effective, eviscerating, virtual potential to the  
uppermost we coast  
Brightly, with industry autopsies that slightly splinter  
Methodically slash, achilles tendon we bash bass  
platoons  
And butched buffoons, then photograph a dozen  
whispers  
Particular plasma, gettin soaked, we structure the  
obscure circumstances  
at a slope then vehicle the progress, and  
scorch the bureaucraties while we torch interpalms on  
microphones  
We the studio {?} utility species discoputer Sil Synth

[-unknown-]

Two thousand and five, comin in live, level is raised  
To fit the new ways of death rays, comin to raise

Two thousand and five the level of live has been raised  
Step in the new ways of death rays, comin in waves  
I grab any lightning rod and transport to rock odd  
The year VMX double-oh-thousand hot rod  
Clog up your intestines with the flower snakes  
And grab your {?}, the girls are ready to quake  
She says you're weirder than a Doctor Who marathon  
I tell her to hush, the year's 2005 and beyond  
Golden dia-monds, flyin high like Icarus  
With wings that get so high you just might miss this  
Can you understand the level of comprehension  
I'm talkin whips made out of titanium  
2005 the level of live, no sound tones  
Destroyin death moons, walkin over the Gods of hip-  
hop's large  
I'm feelin blessed with the witness to original  
Amarettos  
Sippin on top of high levels

It's 2005, the level of live has been raised  
To fit the new waves of death rays  
Comin in waves, it's 2005, the level of live is raised  
To fit the new ways of death rays comin in waves  
Two thousand and FIVE  
TWO, THOUSAND, AND, FIVE!!  
Two thousand and FIVE..  
Two thousand and FIIIIIIIIIVE.....

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