

## Analog Brothers

### "Analog Technics"

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[a kid] Ay Mister, aren't you a rapper, what's your name?

[Keith] Keith Korg, Analog Brothers, get out of here kid

[Ice O] Get off the man's dick man

[Ice O] Back the fuck up you lil' motherfucker, back the fuck up!

[Keith Korg]

New York City from cyborg, Keith Korg

More flow than the average Joe, get off the stamina

Peein off the top of the Empire State Building, urinate on pedestrians

Walkin past West 4th Street lesbians

28th Street flashin drivin Dodge dashin free man

Sport Superman underoos with a six-pack of O'Douls

Move in sparkplugs, come aboard walkin butt naked with gloves

Throwin feces at celebrities at the Billboard Awards

Make Jerry Springer jump on my balls, take a recess

Kunta test stop your region like the X-Men, liberty legion

Got you sayin that's it, pull G strings out of old ladies like Angela Bassett

Warm up Swanson, jump over 7 foot rappers like David Thompson

With a bank shot like Alex English I get distinguished

Block rap like Joe C, Merriweather with a brown leather

Bald head like Sam {?} from Marquette, drivin a lime green Corvette

With a flat butt white girl like Pamela Anderson with a Chia Pet

Skatin on feces like Wayne Gretzky, yo forget the jazz and thin drums

Don Sylvester coulda killed my feet in Baltimore, Maryland

Or on the street standin next to Ben Grimm

from the Fantastic Four with a Stetson brim

Open your fossils, leave you constipated with bad meals at Roscoe's

Keith Korg, from cyborg

[Chorus: Ice Oscillator]

Now could this be the Analog techniques you heard of  
Microphone murder, no win, the Ampex spins  
Now could this be the Analog techniques you heard of  
Microphone murder, no win, the Technic spins

[a kid] Ay, ay Mister, what's your name? Aren't you an  
Analog Brother?

[a kid] C-c can I be down?

[Silver Synth]

Sil Synth, yo back off kid

Now tap into the track enhances, feedback flanges  
with a 90 percent delay.. delay..

EQ technology in a multi-track recorders projectile

For phrases spit at the strike of lightning

To power amp rhymeologists it's, sent to various  
temporal vortexes

Exiting all elements to supplement the decrease in  
programming

by choice, we choose to play Sega Saturn

at the roundtable of the time travelling Rolls Royce

To represent an ill visual, we select the "gee whiz"  
factor

Interfacing advanced sound links, fully functional  
hardware

specializing in features simultaneously optical

Visually connects the console to poetics on ADAT

Combination of analog equipped with a 3-band  
dynamic playback

Engineered by Sil Synth

Processing instantaneous controls, spontaneously  
edits all algorithms

And allows the physical antenna to rise like musical  
steam

Scan it to analyze the defrost mode on icicle power  
cords

By amplified the winning conductor of illogical  
harmonics

To scrutinize Sil Synth, the ventriloquist

With a hundred watts of phonics, to skip phonetic fact  
on format zero

Eliminating any excess rigidity, the puzzle solver,  
mainframe a solution

Maintain spit range reflections at high resolutions

Further disintergrating defractions guaranteed

Serialized 20K printouts lifesize

Then the endless intelligent autopress simulator {?}  
itself

to walk to the next verse

[Keith] Yo, gimme a lil' more of that  
[a kid] Ay, Sil, can I rap?

[Keith Korg]  
I move the mechanical elements while y'all, light sherm  
Scope elephants, bacterial feedback, watchin Toto sing  
in t-backs  
With fantasies of me hittin tight cracks  
While Tommy laughs

[a kid] Keith, Keith Korg, Keith Korg (alright man go  
ahead)  
[a kid] Can I rap? (go ahead)

[-unknown-]  
Step back, into, two inches of steel  
The only real, that I speak of, on this here  
Doubling down no dub, first rhyme  
One take Jake to hear Snake that claim on top  
of the universe with the flag saying I brag  
Kick back and relax, don't lag  
Might be misconstrued, sometimes make oil like crude  
and get slick, I'll split your crews  
like a pap smear with a 2x4 stick  
Coming through your galactic, to perspectives not seen  
before  
Inside the membrane when the spectrum, insane  
explodes  
with supernova power coming to you in the shower  
The meteorites, splitting your whole world apart as  
everybody fights  
for the last bit of barbaric food to eat  
To relax, pull up my sleeves, and start to rhyme with  
ease

[Keith] Yo we the Analog Brothers kid  
[Keith] Get out of here white boy, close the door  
[Keith] Hurry up, security's coming

[Chorus] - 4X (with beatdown in the background)

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