

Aaron Lewis of Staind % Fred Durst "Bladerunners"

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[Intro]

I've wanted to fuck you since we were, like, twelve
An' I didn't know what to do
How was I supposed to tell them I was sleepin with ya
mom who was in tears
For, like, the past three years
Isn't that (?) anymore?

[Bigg Jus - *scratched*]

Inhuman

[Bigg Jus]

And it's on like that {*repeat 3X*}
We inhuman on the track
Bigg Jus, El-P, check it (here's what I want you to do)

Yo Mike L-A-D-D

Bigg Jus and E-L-dash-P

Two thousand and twelve AD

Motherfuckin dead machines

Bounty hunter gunner with blade runner

Thirty eye medula toolie

Smoke the dust free proof

My mad is fusion with the blood protrudin

I saw this mix delicacy weavin across the room full of
imposters

Full lips with the thickness of a loud Irish rasta

I was like yo I'm Bigg Jus I'm unpredictable with nitro
proofs

Be swimmin in glycerin and iodine ignitin moves

Saw you across the room strokin that silky pussy

Yo what kind of cat is that a light grey eyed Persian?

Stuck her tongue in the air she giggled

We was in the M5 swervin

Shit talkin ideaology

She like starin me up and down pathologically

I'm thinkin gynaecology

Sayin her name was (?) but call me if you please

I like that old Foxy Brown song

Keep y'all niggaz livin on ya knees

Actually I got a MD her statistics are MIT

Place any square root in front of my optical
I can break that shit down to the smallest possible atom
Smashin it
Plus got a fellowship grant in synthetic dynamics
Programmin Nexus 6 brain fluid fools
14 different reaction postures with like all types of
moods
2001 test functions ensure the titties swing properly
Disease resistant circuitry
Plus suckin dicks sloppily
I pulled out the nine directional wave transmitter
vagina finder
Then hit it to the brain box burst with orgasmic seismic
The bitch backflipped and yolked me up in a Heimlich
Turned to me expressionless with a dead look in her
eyes
Reached inside her body cavity
Pulled out the magnesium nine
Then dialled the forty one sendin for Armageddon
I know Bigg Jus impervious but the shell went in...

[Mike Ladd]

CEB, Blade Runner stee', it's all of us, you and me,
stuck in monopolies {*repeat 4X*}

[EI-P]

Yo yo yo yo
My dwellin functions dual functional purpose
It's lessen on the surface
I roam with a worthless earnin blendin
A veteran with one death in the endin
Swift on a lurk call me Nexus
My three momma team attempt at time mendin
My cellulite is flesh like your family at best
Broken down with an advanced combination of what
man made and what man is
But while I wasn't told in advance but the plan has got
me frantic
I can't handle this shit
Blade runner stilo means death
Why don't we dance but shit on me baby
I'ma cool Joe
Givin the people life cos they live four years then get
smoked
I'm positive I'm worth more than this treatment
But the other right me squeals in secret
Your politics come directly from mono television
speakers impeded frequent
Amongst the working class acted original but quite
flaccid
You wouldn't recognise my Nexus 6 Fonz

Detected nonchalant through my lack of pupil response
Dirty, desperate, unimpressed, separate, soldier
sodom with circuitry
Contagion playin me bent to prevent me from gettin
older
My tears blend to where the rain went
Well blade baby, outrun a contagion
Style gunners flip shit amazin
Till death call me Deckard
I've seen slave ships off the shores of Orion fire
blazin...

[Mike Ladd]

CEB, Blade Runner stee', it's all of us, you and me,
stuck in monopolies (x4)

My ineffectual elections are infectious in the twilight of
megalopolis
Hip hop is
Gettin off on this
Chaos
As it is perceived
Fifty million suckers crawl on hands and knees
To worship and believe
at ATMs and psychic friends networks
But that surround us
As we do Babylon by bus
Straight to Rikers
Run by guns with cops that used to be Nazi bikers
Umemployed writers type up eulogies for freedom
fighters
Gone Republican
Who's rubbin them brain cells
I gots
Gridlocked in my city block
AKA cell block
Shellshocked
Got a lot from Atlanta to Woodstock, Boston to
Washington
New York's just downtown mega city one
Guns are like jewellery
I'm carryin tomfoolery
I'm soothin me with over information
and loopety loops pump through my veins like
Thorazine in hula hoops
Must stay awake, can't sleep in hype and glamour
We live in the afterfuture, and that takes mad stamina
We be blazin through stars like star blazin shout lasers
And Luke Skywalker touches a street walker in a kung
fu suit
So let me be more like Sebastian

Have a passion for chess
Kick a pawn to King Four
No more than happiness
We be treated like replicants AKA refugees
Despised and lied to by Peter Jennings and jacked
cavities
So bust a cap with me
Before they raffle me off at the police state fair
Everybody plays Pierre
Singin "I don't care"

CEB, Blade Runner stee', it's all of us, you and me,
stuck in monopolies {*repeat 4X*}

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