

## Andy Summers, Zoot Money, Steve Winwood % Chris Wo "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"

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stuck in monopolies {\*repeat 4X\*}

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