

Mr. Sos "Bionic"

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This world is so bionic
We feel it while we on it
We're programmed to keep noddin,
Working, starving, eating garbage
This world is so bionic
We're programmed to be on it
We feel it closing on us
While we're coughing blowin chronic

Yes. Welcome to the future
Where the past is left back in a drunk stupor
All brain waves are plugged to computers
And police shoot ya plus they electrocute ya
And some say it's better than it's ever been
But it's hard to tell it when everybody's selling
Information like personal numbers and coordinates
And I bet you didn't know you had an audience
But of course. Peepin while you're sleepin
Critiquing what you're thinking to see if you're
Overheating
Circuitry beyond imagination
Even to travel many need digital navigation
Pedestrians pacing the sidewalk
No conversation just rotation on iPods
Cause times are a changing indubitably
If you agree then let me hear you do it with me
Because...

This world is so bionic
We look like robots on it
We're programmed to keep noddin,
Working, starving, eating garbage
This world is so bionic
We don't know how it started
We feel it closing on us
While we're coughing blowing chronic

Yes... Indeed we do
That's why nobody ever reads the news
In a daze like they seemed confused
Off their P's & Q's and on weed & booze

Etcetera, baby. We all on it.
We're the only machines that consume narcotics
And don't bother to even question the logic
Our thoughts are trained like our brains are bionic
It's crazy but honest
And there's so much radiation around us

Coming from electronics that
The only people that made it the longest
Were rich or lived in a cave like Bin Laden but
Ain't no way to get away or beyond it so
We let them track what we save in our wallets and
The proof is available if you want it
But nobody gives a fuck. Why's that? Because...

This world is so bionic
My God is electronic
We're made to keep on noddin,
Working, starving, eating garbage
This world is so bionic
It's even colder on it
We feel it closing on us
While we're coughing blowing chronic

Yes... and we made it this dangerous
Like we don't know who our savior is
Matrixes that require maintenance
Sixth generation program languages that think more
So your computer class is obsolete
Like a man with no house to sleep
Everything around me ruled by dividends
Everything artificial, even intelligence.
So be hesitant of these bad boys that make mad noise
Cause most of them are androids
And they pack toys. Never scared to blast boys and
Girls
Like asteroids for fun. So come and enjoy
A nice place where you'd like to live
Come and get your very own microchip
Right inside your skin and beside your wrist.
Aw yeah. I know you like that shit...

This world is so bionic
Even our soul's robotic
We're programmed to keep noddin,
Working, starving, eating garbage
This world is so bionic
And no one wants to stop it
We feel it closing on us
While we're coughing blowing chronic

Yes...
Mr. SOS
This... world is so bionic...
And there's no way to get off it.
Someone stop it.
Please...

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