

Dream F/ Puff Daddy, Black Rob

"Stepfather Factory"

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(Burrrrp) Oh, yeah, oh, you son of a bitches
(It gets so fuckin' crabby in this booth, man)
(It's like 90 degrees in here)
(Smells like Satan's toilet)

(I'm gonna build) a Stepfather Factory
The latest in technology
Stepfather Factory
Jobs for the community
A Stepfather Factory
The age of familial industry
A Stepfather Factory
Building tomorrow's fathers today
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Spilling the leftovers of creational clay
We grew with the concept now we're ready to go public
Today's a big day for the company
A big step for the little-steppers who slept for years
uncomfortably
Little man, little lady, cute little baby
Reach your hand out to the future of automated
robotics
On display here for the first time in (enter year here)
At the World's fair - but is it really?
Ladies and Gentlemen I propose that the market is
sinking
under the weight of useless contraptions added to the
shopping carts of all hard-working families
Electric doodads and wizar haps and such to keep the
munchkins entertained
But get replaced by newer versions or just breakdown
systematically
Mothers - how many times have you debated self-
euthanasia tablets for breakfast snacks

When restlessness attacks seemingly at random?
With an emptiness inside that's hard to identify, maybe
Pursuing obvious like pill-popping and constant
overeating?
Chances are you've been abandoned
Well I'm no scientist, that's not what I went to school for
And I'm not a doctor, so I don't know much about
medicine
But I'm willing to bet that you, yes you little
what's your name sweetheart? (wawa) yeah, whatever
Get a funny feeling in your tummy when your mommy
cries
Something between woozy and confusion
And you spend your thoughts on how the sadness
in your mommy can be rooted out, burned, scorned,
turned out, forgotten
So you can concentrate on candy and little baby dolls
or
Whatever it is that normal kids get to think about
Well I can honestly say that this invention is,
Let me start by saying we've grafted only the finest of,
Inserted the most high tech, state of the art, with brain
charted for authentic
True to human emotion and trained to be domestic
Made from the most easily available materials and, uh,
loosely inspected
Guaranteed to revolutionize
Perfectly realistic and even somewhat institutionally
respected
Robotic relative

(That's why I'm gonna build) a Stepfather Factory
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I'm not only the president, I'm a client

So you purchased a paternal unit, class A type 1
A new addition to your living room space, watch it go
Under warranty for at least 90 days, so have fun
If in that time frame there's a problem, please let us

know
Before you start there's a few details that you must
learn
Technical specs about your unit to make things run
smooth
In an effort to find an energy source our company's
learned
The cheapest way to keep his battery running is with
booze
Plug it in, give it a name, man of the house, help
sustain
Wear the pants, you can relax, one of the pack, nuclear
fam (literally nuclear)
Brings us to the safety chapter
Section 87 in your handbook subsection 16 entitled
Troubleshooting
Fuel sources are at a slight risk of mixing
With the crispy plutonium center
Of your automated new spouse and then driven
Possibly leading to the unpredicted stimulation of its
artificial emotion circuits
And in a few unsubstantiated clinical trials this
condition
has led to simulated feelings of resentment and
worthlessness
Manifested in the highly unlikely but still possible act
of physical aggression towards you and your loved
ones fleshy surfaces

Remember, no cash returns
Only credits towards future purchases

"Why are you making me hurt you?
I love you."

"Why are you making me hurt you?
I love you."

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I love you."

"Why are you making me hurt you?
I love you."

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