

Futuristic Sex Robotz

"The Positronic Pimp"

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(sound clip intro)

Tasha: You are fully functional, aren't you?

Data: Of course, but -

Tasha: HOW fully functional?

Data: In every way, of course. I am programmed in multiple techniques. A broad variety of pleasuring.

Tasha: Ah, you jewel, that's exactly what I'd hoped!

[Coaxke:]

Let me tell you about a man from the 24th century,
put a lot of fools in a space penitentiary.

He's the futuristic sex android,
too cool for school or bad hemorrhoids.

He's the only one, he's that unique,
and he saved the ship every single week.

With 88 petabytes in his brain,
his freestyles flow like fine champagne.

(CHORUS)

[Motherboard:]

The positronic pimp,
built by Noonien Soong.

Call him up, he won't go limp,
or finish too soon.

[Coaxke:]

One day this fool said he wasn't a man,
so Data went to court and he took the stand.

He said, "Fuck you, bitch, I'm as sentient as,
all the ensigns that have sucked my glans!"

And when his girl's quarters were like a pig sty,
he clocked the ho straight in the eye.

And when the Borg queen went and sat on his dick,
he played the goth bitch like a two-dollar trick.

(Repeat CHORUS)

[Subrandom:]

6-foot-1 and 3 tons of fun,
not a fatass but a robotic badass.

24 centimeters, Data's fully functional,

internal chronometer, he's always punctual.
The only pimp with a positronic net,
his big white cock got all the bitches wet.
Now don't get this android mad at you,
he's quick to grab a Type-Two and blast on fools.

(Repeat CHORUS)

Recycle Bin: What does the android have to say to his
favorite pussy?

(long sound clip sample)

[Data:]

Felis Catus is your taxonomic nomenclature,
an endothermic quadruped, carnivorous by nature.
Your visual, olfactory, and auditory senses,
contribute to your hunting skill and natural defenses.
I find myself intrigued by your sub-vocal oscillations,
a singular development of cat communication,
that obviates your basic hedonistic predilections,
for a rhythmic stroking of your fur to demonstrate
affection.

A tail is quite essential for your acrobatic talents,
you would not be so agile if you lacked its
counterbalance,
and when not being utilized to aid in locomotion,
it often serves to illustrate the state of your emotion.
Oh Spot, the levels of behavior you display,
connote a fairly well developed cognitive array,
and though you are not sentient and do not
comprehend,
I nonetheless consider you a true, valued friend.

(Repeat CHORUS)

[Motherboard]

Positronic pimp,
Yeah.

[Coaxke:] (fading through previous and next verse)

Go Data, it's your birthday, go Data.

Go Data, got emotions, go Data.

Go Data, it's your birthday, go Data.

Go Data, got emotions, go Data.

Go Data, it's your birthday, go Data.

Go Data, got emotions, go Data.

Go Data, it's your birthday, go Data.

Go Data, got emotions, go Data.

[Recycle Bin:]

Man, this droid's pimpin' is amazing,
displays a bitch slap, simply hair raisin'.

Stable of hoes three light years deep,
phaser never on stun, so don't try to creep.
Lore fucked around, beaming out emotions,
Data sprayed them bitches with his pimp potions.
Pull out the box, let loose the gimp,
Lore said, "Shit! It's the positronic pimp!"

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