

Futuristic Sex Robotz

"Welcome to the Internet"

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[PC Speaker:]

Sit down and take five while I defrag your drive,
With Jack in the Box tacos and a dope G5,
If you bought MySpace Records: Volume 1,
I'm gonna shoot you in the face with my internet gun,
My harddrive is huge, MP3s are external,
Back up off the urinal and write in my LiveJournal,
At the 'puter all night 'cuz my life is nocturnal,
Data backup assures that my porn is eternal,
"You crazy," that's what all those bitches got to say,
So I whip it out and post a pic in my LJ,
Friends-only 'cuz I don't want my Mom to see,
If she saw, she'd cut off the internet and cable TV,
But I don't give a fuck about those internet hoes,
I gotta cut em off before they want to propose,
'Cuz the herpes isn't covered by my HMOs,
Delete 'em from my buddy list,
that's how it goes.

(CHORUS)

[Motherboard:]

Futuristic Sex Robotz, always on the scene,
And we'll heat up your case just like an Athlon XP,
We don't have no love for the internet skeeze,
'Cus our PayPal accounts are overflowing with green.

[Coaxke:]

Trippin' balls in bathroom stalls,
Waitin for a fine ass bitch to call,
The THC hits my CPU,
And I'm chasin' after dimes like an Orthodox Jew,
Plug-'n'-play a bitch, I'm a player bitch,
Like some virus shit, countin' web site hits,
My Punisher fan grill is illin',
When I see you on the street, your shit will be spillin',
I'll infect you with Sasser and MS Blaster,
Pop-ups be poppin up faster and faster,
I master a DAT tape full of raw raps, perhaps,
My shit make your whole crew collapse,
All you hackers, who gettin' on my case,
Coaxke is here, and I'll reformat your fuckin face.

(Repeat CHORUS)

[PC Speaker:]

Sit back, 'cuz I got a little story to tell,
And no I'm not talkin about no AOL,
I'm talkin about how Firefox saved me from browser
hell,
While I was usin' Internet Explorer on my DSL,
Firefox 0.3, it spoke to me,
It said "I'll make your life better than you ever could
dream,
I'll get rid of all those pop-ups for free MP3s,
and I'll blow spyware's head off while it's down on its
knees."

(Repeat CHORUS x2)

[PC Speaker:]

Yo, if you were spyware, you can't hear this shit
anymore because you're fuckin dead, motherfucker.
We bustin up the block with our iced-out modded cases
and 120mm Punisher fan-grills, motherfucker. And if
your Mom talks shit to us, we'll kill her and burn her in a
motherfuckin' van, motherfucker, and write about that
shit in our LiveJournals, motherfucker. And if you want
somethin crazy, like pineapple, fuck you, we'll kill you
motherfucker.

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