

Ghettochip Malfunction

Beck

Looking for my place on assembly lines
Fake prizes rising out of the bomb holes
Skeleton boys hyped up in purple
Smoke rings blow from across the disco

Make notes, burn like broken equipment
Looking for shelter via juxtaposition
Thought control, those written confessions
Two dimensions, dumb your head down

Duck, don't look now, company missiles
Power is raunchy when the cops are watching
Make your dreams out of Papier-mache
Clinched wasted hate taste tested

Hell yes, now I'm moving this way
I'm doing this thing, please enjoy
Hell yes, now I'm turning it on, I'm working my legs

Hell yes, now I'm calling you out
I'm switching my plates, please enjoy
Hell yes, now I'm cleaning the floor, my beat is correct

Hi, yeah, that's it, let me see
Yea, that's it, let me see
Yea, that's it, hi

Stretched to the limit, attention spared
Snap back the track, collapsin' the laugh tracks
Noise response, applause and hand claps
Floodgates open to the sound of the rainbow

Makin' points on the verge of pointless
Fools anointed to the follower's fanfare
Look for the common, not superficial
Code Red Cola? War conformity crisis

Perfunctory idols rewriting their bibles
With magic markers running out of their ink
Lives and White Out, turn the lights out
Fax machine anthems, get your damned hands up

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Yes, yes, hi, hi
I like your bass, I like your bass
Your beat is nice, your beat is nice
Yeah, that's it, yeah, that's it, yes, yes

Yes, now I'm moving this way
I'm doing this thing, please enjoy

Hell yes, now I'm turning it on, I'm working my legs

Hell yes, now I'm calling you out

I'm switching my plates, please enjoy

Hell yes, now I'm cleaning the floor, my beat is correct

Hell yes