

Mindcontrol

Billy Woods

In the lands of trash-baggage and who got
The fattest pockets, hotel lobbies
With children blasting rockets, streets
Is red, green got the minds high and
Uneven, puffing like a fire-breathing on
The strip, where people concealing creatures of death
See lasers from mechanical lenses
In dark-blue nights, we need freedoms
'Cause the powers than be abuse rights
And working fields with low wages got peeps
Tight and uncomfortable (Like) like industries
With jerking deals while we in streets
Haul ass, working wheels in the machine, getting
Bills to work on wheels and float
Some feel hopeless with dreams lost
Seeing ghosts. Yo

Protect your cortex traveling
An unknown vortex. Never know
Where you could be seen or found. Hold your
Ground. You might need a pound just
To get down. Protect your cerebral
Cortex traveling an unknown vortex
Never know where you could be seen or found
Just hold it down for the...

Cerebral
Cortex, titanium alloy, cranium
Subterranean, fiber optic fly alien
Juggling weapons-grade uranium
Blowing cold fusion equations outside Giants
Stadium. A mind is a terrible thing
To taste-somebody say grace. Cannibals
Here setting extra plates, commence pulling
Brains through your face. Thinking for yourself, might
Catch a case, Thought Police crashing gates
Automated tribunals in space. Minority
Reports misplaced. Undisclosed locations
Suspended animation, data recovery teams
Are freemasons. Want to see the future?
Come to my basement. It's all fun and games since
Your memory we're erasing

Through the madness
Escape the tragedies of fire
Blown from metal. A Earth with no more
Plastics, Mad Maxes with ratchets and masks
Steam released from gaskets
Anger for years, time wasting, falsi-
-fication of saviors in tabernacles
Been tackled in rumbles, living in advanced
Jungles, with little girls on cellphones
That blow bubbles, and everybody love the first
Time they got in trouble, but the plan is
Houses and lands, and the way things
Is looking, I also got to get me some
Automatic lasers, goggles and cans

Protect your cortex

Three-way telescreen overdubs your dreams
In the ministry of love, no one can hear you scream. Semi-conscious
Streams of thought beam, pixelated somber fiends
Licking power sockets, cock the
Spacely sprocket in the pocket like, "You gon' pay me
Or not, kid?" Surface to air rocket
Crash this cockpit and stinger. Missiles for tubs
And Crockett and anyone else scheming to put woods on a docket
Homo sapiens, upgrade your grey
Matter or get rebooted, Timbs-stupid
Your cerebellum splattered like pancake batter, soft like
Your chatter. Mechanoid rappers, witness the rapture
Brainwaves captured, minds realer than tattered
Filaments, reconfigured antimatter
Rewind it through the looking glass shattered, it's the Mad
Hatter, dome swollen like a camel's bladder

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