

## Ask What Happened

clipping.

Build railroad tracks instead of class and searching for scraps at night, okay  
Punch cards fed into wall-sized beautiful computer tubes that light, okay  
Phreaking phones wanna see what the possibilities of the tech ignite, okay  
Perfect pitch or a blue box, and you're on with the squad, talk or type, okay  
Captain Crunch and a whistle stop your phone call 'fore you say goodnight, okay  
Bombs dropped on Vietnam, innocence lost but they still want your fight, okay  
Big afro and the dance floor at the disco and the jeans real tight, okay  
Hacked mixer and the turntable plugged straight into the street light, okay  
Breakbeats got breakdancers breaking bones, breaking out every time they play  
Breakthrough break-  
ing a thing will make it yours, don't matter what they try to say  
They can take everything, you'll take it back by breaking it, so it's hype your way  
Got 'em on they knees thinking 'bout when they first said, "Damn kids, they're all alike," okay

Ask what happened, crunch all the numbers, does it make sense? Nope  
Math ain't mathin', mad mothafuckas ain't makin' rent, so  
History and future belong to the one percent though  
Records in the present, got bass to rattle they fence, okay  
Trickle-down Monopoly money, it's just a game, nope  
Made a revolution by playing with model trains, so  
Phreak a telephone and live free up inside they brains though  
They saying, "Damn kid, all he doing is playing games", okay

Fallout from revolution when the oil price hit a spike too high, okay  
Fallout from radiation when the top blew and the sky lit up bright, okay  
Sick as fuck of the lost jobs and the lost causes causing a fight, okay  
Slick as fuck when Valdez hit a rock and the crude made the coastline to crudités  
Pull some tricks, money shift but they wasn't ready for the double dip that would fly they way  
Fuel exhaust from the lift off set a switch off and they all saw the light and flame  
One more chance for the man with the best plan to get money back and to keep them safe  
Ain't no peace in the streets, people fiend for release from a new kind of cheap cocaine  
Contraband, Nicaragua and Iran and a handshake for the CIA  
Lady on the TV saying, "Just say no," like everything'll be okay  
NYC say the Wolfpack full of Black boys had to be guilty of rape  
But guess who slipping into they system, ripping 'em to the ground with every beat they make?

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Okay, thumbs up for the bombs dropped, for the resource running low, killing many, okay  
Safe harbors set up offshore for the rich, if you got money, you will be okay  
Stock markets never stop anymore, people locked on the floor trading all day  
Farmers stop when the crops are worth less than the land that they start selling away  
Internet entering into homes via phones online is a thing they say  
Speed of thought is a boon for communication, borders break when they link for trade  
Ally's made to be safe and to maintain status of currency in play  
Tech is king, and the life that it brings to the table is changing things you pay for  
Virtual sex can be messy, but tissue by the desktop keep it clean, okay  
Underground, they could start to acknowledge sound of the glitch in the beats they make  
MP3, SD2, PCM, AU, ALAC and WAV  
Getting hard to imagine expanding a thought when there's not any breathing space

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Oh really, still get endorphins from spendin' money, so  
Virtual or physical, guess what the bank is coming for?  
Everybody crazy for staying but no one running though  
Maybe 'cause it really ain't nowhere under the sun to go  
No more land to tax and they tariff what you imagine so  
Stop your dreaming even if evening is gon' be lasting  
Forever be a pawn, they believing that they could master though  
They never wanted to look behind the eyes of a hacker, okay