

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
our 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 crudité

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