

Code

clipping.

Now, flash forward two hundred years into the future, next figure

Fresh new skin for the avatar
Just plugged in to the boulevard
Booted up, suited, baby, you's a star
Blew a few Ms, threw it to the car
No new friends but the crew could mob
Ice blue tennis shoes make 'em ooh and ah
Too smooth attitude with the coolest mods
They lose screws in the groups for the fuselage
Slide through, ride smooth like a nude massage
The mind loose, truth is a beautiful mirage
Find clues, might lose all the cool visage
So better keep it fine-tuned to the rules involved
Collect tools, that's the move till you use 'em all
Know kung fu, you can Matrix through the walls
That shit true but the new hackers screw the calls
A better setup make unelevated fools dissolve, ooh-wee
Finna make the news with the level up, see
Settle all the dues and get metal up, squeeze
Biters catch the cool from the metal nuts, deez
Easy, everything you need is in the breeze
Pixelated wind 'bout 110, it's just code
Know your 1s and your 0s and you could win
Flip language, it's all the same
Mouthpiece the foundation of game, talk code to 'em

Another hoodlum, another bad boy scavenger poet figure
He's called a data thief
A data thief told a story
If you can find the crossroads
A crossroads, this crossroads
If you can make an archeological dig into this crossroads

From the coffin he reside, just a matter of time
Slip him a derm of blue nine and let that jockey ride on 'em
Ride on 'em, ride on 'em, fletcher on the side, bet it be a homicide on 'em
Put five on 'em, either that or get the three and nine on 'em
Tourin' twelve, once you on that shit, you deified
Get you realigned, razor girl out there lookin' fine
Jack off and you fine, jack in and she'll cut you every time
That new romance a good drug so
That judo stance to flip love though
Them nouveau lights, they do buzz low
Keep it on two more nights to hit Ludlow
Or Dubai, you water to the firewall
Lotta dollars droppin' and who more proper to find 'em all
All the watchers clockin', it ain't no options to fight 'em off
Rock the balaclava and chop the block like a mitre saw

You find fragments, technofossils
And if you could put those elements, those fragments together, you find the
code
Crack that code, and you have the keys to your future

Keep it on at least 300, wanna see these hunnids, baby, drop that code on G
All up in the PC frontin', but it don't mean nothing 'less you talk that cod

e, don't speak

'Cause they gon' see you comin' if they hear you mumblin' that weak shit on yo' street

Won't no one believe your stuntin', so you best not stutter when you talk th at code, ooh-wee

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