

# Dodger

clipping.

Check the coordinates  
Something's amiss in the orbit  
Best get a hold of it  
A routine check will make it known

Scanning international space for a satellite that's out of place  
Shouldn't be a red light shining on the face of this analyst, but the interface is all solid  
And that's bad, time for everybody to find a crash pad or bunker  
Nobody would've thunk, but it's plain to see, another unexplainable anomaly  
If money's unavailable, inevitably anything depending on a stable internet is gonna crash (Tear it down)  
Debatable what happens after that, it doesn't matter really, all she gotta know is that it's bad  
So she rings the alarm, please be on guard, though these things are often harmless  
No need to be alarming, but please be warned, easily, this leads to carnage  
People freak with no tech, microchip in yo' neck won't connect  
Evil things be offline again, things will be fine  
Probably modify oddity, body a prodigy up  
That's how it oughta be, Dodgers be knocking the plugs  
Fucking up all the advances when the chances of them making a dent are the damnest, understand, it's a

Dodger  
Find them  
End them  
Virus, virus, time is of the essence  
When you find this virus, mind it's obsolescence  
You must kill that shit  
Kill that shit  
Kill that shit  
Kill it

Human unedited ended the technical betterment for all the rest of them though  
Upend excessive unethical detriments, what are they other then pests to control?  
Pests to control? Best get the trap, group 'em together and dead 'em like that  
You can loop in the general public, they love it, you justify suffering by snuffing a rat  
Picking up a hot wire, hear the clipping, you can tell he spitting hot fire  
But see the difference, he is managing to hand 'em propaganda, understand he do the damage of a Rottweiler  
Bite down with a jaw on swole and mug on mean  
Waking up your family with stuff unseen  
Everybody panicking because that dream  
Showed them all the savagery of them rat things, that shit gon' fuck up the order  
Have 'em throwing fits when they stuck at border  
Feeling like they deserve better than a police state  
Shit, if you knew better, do better, bitch, don't hate  
She thinks to herself, she run through the hall, she flipping the switch, she making the call  
On the direct line to the president's head, but the president is already dead

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You are either in the net or you against the wall  
Either a protector or rejector, and rejectors won't be tolerated  
They'll be hunted down to help eject them all  
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See how he run, see how he run?  
See how he never would pick up a gun?  
See how he jump like it was nothing on the earth to hold him down?  
Gotta admit that look like fun, it look like fun  
The fuck is fun when the war ain't done? If the war ain't done and the war a  
in't won  
And you swore to uphold all the pillars of the federated something some  
Uh, um, the song they used hum in school with the rules and the reasons  
To do all the things you do in the name of the thing, what the fuck was the  
shit they sang?  
But this man elevates and it makes it seem insane  
Asinine even, assassinate him for what?  
Justify treason to capture this feeling, has to be love  
It's dust on the heart, gotta get the rust off, it's a muscle you must jump-  
start  
It's been a minute, isn't it a little bit bitter to be intimate with the ene  
my anyway?  
It is better to cut, that'll make you a dodger too  
True, but if that's really what you gotta do  
You just admit it's a better ending to end up defending the very enemy you m  
eant to subdue