

"Calling Apollo 9, calling Apollo 9  
What is your condition, over"  
"Calling NASA, calling NASA  
This is Apollo 9, condition green  
We've landed on Mars, and all systems are go..."

Yo, it's three thousand thirty  
I want y'all to meet Deltron Zero, hero, not no small feat  
It's all heat in this day and age  
I'll raid your grave, anything it takes to save the day  
Neuromancer, perfect blend of technology and magic  
Use my rapping so you all can see the hazards  
Plus entertainment where many are brainless  
We cultivated a lost art of study and I brought a buddy  
Automator, harder slayer, fascinating combinations  
Cyber warlords are aggravating abominations  
Arm a nation with hatred? We ain't with that  
We high-tech archaeologists searching for knick-knacks  
Composing musical stimpacks that impacts the soul  
Crack the mold of what you think you rapping for  
I used to be a mech soldier but I didn't respect orders  
I had to step forward, tell them this ain't for us  
Living in a post-apocalyptic world morbid and horrid  
The secrets of the past they hoarded  
Now we just boarded on a futuristic spacecraft  
No mistakes black it's our music we must take back

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Del I'm feeling like a ghost in a shell  
I wrote this in jail playing host to a cell  
For the pure verbal, they said my sentence was equivalent to murder  
Just another hurdle, I bounced through a portal  
I knew they had the mindstate of mere mortals  
My ears morphed to receptors that catch your  
Every word about gravity control  
And the families they hold for handsome ransoms  
On the run with a handgun, blast bioforms; I am warned  
That a planet-wide manhunt with cannons  
Will make me, abandon, my foolish plan of uprisin'  
Fuck dyin, I hijack a mech  
Control it with my magical chants, so battle advanced  
Through centuries of hip-hop legacy, megaspeed  
Hyperwarp to Automator's crib and light the torch  
They can't fight the force  
Victory is ours once we strike the source  
Enterprisin' wise men look to the horizon  
Thinkin' more capitalism is the wisdom  
And imprison, all citizens empowered with rhythm  
We keep the funk alive by talking with idioms

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It's an eternal evil concerned with thievery  
Medieval prehistoric rhetoric well we ahead of that  
Lay it down with sound waves that pound pavement  
Original minstrels my central processing unit  
Is in tune with my heart for this art  
Not artificial cause that makes it hard to miss you  
Copycats finish last in the human race  
Staying glued to safes too rude to take a buddha break  
We got espers that let us bless with fresh shit  
Undetected by yes men questing for five fleeting nanoseconds of fame  
Protecting the brain from conspiracies against my cosmos  
While I flow to Neo-Tokyo with Opio  
Or discuss combustible rust clusters with Plus  
Evade cyber police in a computer crib confuse the kids  
But I can make a kickin' rhyme that's sacred  
Telepathic mind that takes his greatness from the Matrix  
Esper rhyme professor rushes on colder pressures  
With correction measures  
While half the world's a desert  
Cannibals eat human brains for dessert  
Buried under deep dirt, mobility inert  
I insert these codes for the cataclysm  
Ever since I had the vision use my magnetism  
In this modern metropolis that tries to lock us up  
Under preposterous laws, it's not for us

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