

For Future Reference

E-dubblе

Know I'm from the future and my future looks-

Two tone rebel, grays don't fade
Know I'm from the future and my future looks great
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Yo-

I'm in the moment, I know I'm from the future though
Post-apocalyptic missions, I've been given those
Most approximations fitting - never written though
Hidden from the citizens, I find 'em - I be spittin' those
But give them credit where the credit's due
Cause I spent too long doing what indebted do
Now I'm paying up and they paying dividends
Fucking a P.O keep it private 'til the bitter end
I playing Bittermen, chauffeur to a Russell Brand
But I'm Dudley Moore, if he had some muscles and
A couple feet of height - maybe 6'10"
Off the Bach chop and revert back a rack of Chopin
'Til I make them motherfuckers bounce
'Til them aliens be boppin' on the fucking couch
Total Recall - but I'm blacking out
I told you she had 3 titties
Get them stats out

I make that motherfucker unz-unz
I leave them punch-drunk
She blowing strongbow 'til the fucking sun's up
No prob, go hard but the palm says
Aunt Jemima must remind us
Where the fuckin' syrup is
While we flourishing where's the fucking nourishment?
When the castle crumbles who will feel the hurt again?
Bladerunner 'til we stunting in advertisements
I don't lean but I needed some encouragement
Two-tone rebel sipping the brown and clear
Whose on level when they drowning their tears in beers?
Time to stiffen upper lips huh?
Hurry up on your serotonin inhibitions
And let me see that ambition
Cause this is feeling like a witch hunt
And the only thing blaring here's the speaker box
'Til we bang bang knocking off your sneaker socks

Days go by, same routine
Keep it on the low but I'm feeling like a fiend
Assembly line - look at the machines
I'm cutting all their wires 'til they see the blue screens
But they drone on, they drone on
Big brother in the sky tryna watch us get high
But they drone on, they drone on
So we throw rocks at Goliath and they label us pariahs huh?(Yeah!)

But I be on my two-tone shit
Absolutes be in the backseat where the drones is
Throwing pies just to keep up with the Joneses
I had 'em in '97 when pennies weren't for loafing
Nah, we were just kids ballin'
Holding beef with Mr. Brian, couldn't wait until we were taller
Yeah, in the future and I saw it
So I copped them A.I.'s just to throw 'em in the cauldron