

Black Box

MC Frontalot

People are incredibly cannibals some—indeed all—of the time,

anonymous animals eating fruit off the vine,
and I mind when the vine fruit eaten is me.

Disenfranchisement: Frontalot MC.

Come and be skeptical, come and see spectacle.

Bear witness to misdirects I expect to pull.

As I get let full access to the war chest,

I'll afford you any outcome. Come on, shout some requests!

Like: Yea on the vote for: I get to count votes.

Contract to me? Don't you see shit floats?

And I hope I don't break my back in the battening
of hatches. Indicate a smattering of latches
under oath, and we're covered, it's cool.

Under those, exquisitely tooled
patchwork of fail-safes and tamperproof seals,
at which the hax0r kids scamper with zeal.

But it still don't matter who proves concept.

Long bet against it getting to committee; non-threat.

Give you any vote you want, never once get caught,
at the election emporium of MC Frontalot.

[Random]

My black box, that's what I used to vote with,
till I realized that I'm still a culprit.

Well, let me explain, I'm hip to the game.

Listen carefully, so you don't get caught up the same.

You see, I used to vote faithfully, but nowadays
I'd rather just wait and see, 'cause these folks
never cared about saving me: since slavery, look what
they gave to me.

Since way back when, check it out, we was all taught
in school that we could each make a difference.

Now I realize that history is written by the winners,
and it's all just misrepresented.

You cast your vote? How can you be sure
that the machines that you're using are totally secure?
You should feel like a tool, 'cause you're all being
fooled

by television, books, even teachers at school.

You're better off playing the Lotto, 'cause you're
gambling with your future if you choose to follow,
so I'd rather sit at home with my hand on the bottle,
living for today, 'cause I don't care about tomorrow.

Radical claptrap will bubble at the edges
of the citizenry among the young and the restless,
but the free and the young never battle for nothing;
they let me pickpocket votes, take the roads but
they're bluffing.

And gone are the days, tombstones on the voter rolls.

Now it's all ports and diodes and nodes
and stickers and trucks and look, we've got it in hand.

Go read the tinhatterati, you want a sinister plan.

Just trust we deliver on the balloting day.

You need deniability while you're pretending to pray,
and I've got to get to work 'cause you're ten points
down,

and I better be your co-chair—I built this town!
If you're looking for a bargain on a way to prevail,
Ohio and Florida are still on sale,
but I've got to charge a lobbying fee for the service,
'cause folks want to vote and they're making me
nervous.