

Speed of light

Dub Pistols

The Dub Pistols control this ship
Blade is the vocalist, this is the year of the
apocalypse
Miles away and we can still see the metropolis
Disappearing slowly into the distance there's no
stopping this
Cruising at a leisurely pace as we breeze past the
stars
and travel through the Milky Way
We glide through the air, trekking at the speed of
light

We're on a trip to space where the average man 'aint
been
The ground is flooded with rain to keep the Earth clean
We communicate through radio waves
While the controllers of the ship are seeing sights
that amaze
Searching on corners of the Milky Way and galaxy
You won't believe the types of things that we were
forced to see
Wait for the satellites, wet your appetites
From the distance we see the sun and it's a ball of
light
You need a microscope to see the Earth even exists
And it feels like we've been suspended in space for
years
Nothing to do but think and wonder what we'll see when
we land
Could this be the missing link in the bigger plan

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Rhymes on tapes mics turn them into space flights
Aerodynamics fly frantic with the Blade, right
Pushing orbital in a low tech, cruising tight
Pictures sneaking by from the glare of the computer
lights
Should have bought a thinner window but spent it all on
endo
From the dude at the last stop with three eyes in a
flat top
wanted for smuggling and illegal space craft
Don't know if we'll ever make it back
now we're off track being chased by patrols
Pull it together, hands back on the controls
Tailspins and barrel rolls out of narrow spaces

To the center of a meteor, they can no longer trace us

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They educated us and even taught us how to breathe
Gave us the diet of the food that we would have to eat
Stick to the rations, never know what could happen
Run out of fuel and you might never get back in (word
up)

Three humans in the space of five meters squared
Dressed in space suits attached to canisters of air
Alien lifeforms could possibly be a threat
If that's the case push the button and eject
They could be hostile, worse than on the X-Files
Don't try to talk to them, they don't talk back that
'aint their style
Don't be a hero, this 'aint a move and you 'aint De
Niro
Don't try to test them because if you do you'll be gone
in zero

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