

# Beverly Hills Robocop

Gama Bomb

Supercop from motor city transferred into town  
Shot to bits and resurrected, out to bring disorder down  
Leather jacket, shining chrome, cruising down the boulevard  
He's cold as ice and twice as hard

Walking slow and talking wise,  
An Auto 9 in his Levis  
You killed me but I came back to life  
You thrill me so come one, let's party like it's 1985

He has no name, he plays the game  
Shooting up the party scene  
Directives four, he knows the score  
He's half man and half machine

State of the art- bang bang!  
It's not what, it's who you know  
If you wanna serve the public trust  
Call 9-1-1 or 9-0-2-1-0

I came to murder Ronny Cox, Ronny Cox is my boss  
I have no wife, my wife is gone, I'm here to kill Steve Berkoff  
I'm posing as a journalist working for the OCP  
You'd buy that for a dollar? Get the fuck outta here!  
Hands of steel and a cheeky grin,  
Ferrari wheels and a metal skin

Special chair, loves to swear, grieving wife,  
Back to life  
OCP, banan-ee, tail pipe gag,  
Empty mag  
Arm shot off, likes to scoff, silly laugh,  
Abandoned gaff  
Good at shootin', robe- a-lootin', Rolling Stone,  
No-one's home  
Baby food, knows the hood, warehouse ruse,  
Metal shoes  
Cobra cannon, no right angles, supercop,  
Cocaine drop  
Inspector Todd, Clarence Bodd', Judge Reinhold  
His face is cold  
Read the rights of rudeness in the first degree  
Dead or alive, you're coming with me

Searching for the sweet narc action hidden in coffee grounds  
Play it straight, stay outta trouble, Supercop's around  
Dining out on baby food, I always work alone  
Microchips and coils of wire replaced my flesh and bone