

Flipped on my perceptive cogs
Checked in with the future gods
For melodies of bees and hogs
Start my day the perfect way

Burned a batch of mazzy funk
Poor girl noise and choke style punk
Clapped it on and off I slunk
To the streamXsonik subway

First I need my iris scanned
As I smell the breeze of electric tin
W/ purple lights I'm motioned in
Wink the gain to minus 10

Fell asleep and missed my stop
Got roused by a low-beam cop
Got a ticket-patch for illicit flop
Then froze me with his jesus gun

That don't mean I'm shot down yet
The glow below of the whisper jet
It all means so much to us
We dream below the rainbows rust

Clippen on my streetmatik clogs
Pushed thru the hyped-out fervent fogs
Found my way with sensoid jogs
New radio structure

State my name and locus frame
Paid the price for crashing fame
The apprentice sparks his initial flame
The printout says "further"

Antique minds with rivered hair
StreamXsonik subway fare
Stay in touch with electric dear
Our lightmap eyes together