

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