

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