

Star Trek Intro

Warren G

Beeping of alert signal.
Captain, the transporters ready.
That's hip.
Lieutenant Marvin, what is the condition of the planets surface
?

It is difficult to be precise.
However, my instruments indicate a condition of extreme rigor mortis, spreading rapidly throughout the population.
Highly illogical, Captain.

A bunch of stiffies, huh?
Well, set coordinates for, ah,
Chocolate City, and have a landing party of nine men beam down immediately, with phasers set on funk-funk!