Cibo Matto, Sci-Fi Wasabi

What's up B? Wa-sa-bi

I'm searchin' the city for sci-fi wasabi

The start button has been pushed already

Obi-Wan Kenobi is waiting for me in Union Square

My wheel needs repair. The bike lane's glowing all over the city

My bike "specializes" in the nitty-gritty

New York City never had equality, it's reality, economic duality

Where are my amenities

Tell me my sanity

Ain't no analogy for individuality, I got immunity from multiplicity

That's how we do it. We got your harmony.

Where's you're identity?

Our name is stereotype with an A

I got to get the shit straight

Your vision of stupidity's made of vanity

Keep your quality up in the sky

There is a hole on Broadway, no control, it's in my way

I feel no goal. Where is my soul?

I got no reset for this game

A.O.K. gotta find an alley anyway

My hair turns grey day by day

Don't erase your points, you've got your pace

Don't waste your days, get your innerspace

Don't give me chase, I'm at St. Marks Place

Feeling Stromboli, not ravioli

I'm charging my energy fresh as a daisy

Biologically let your system know what's up

Here comes your twin hopper

Yuka Honda knows her water - " Pass the Volvic"

No wonder her fingers are smooth like butter

It's specific. No mind traffic

CIBO MATTO 1999!

I'm Miho Hatori straight outta purgatori

Ai? Ai? Alright? I'm passing on your right

Don't be snobby with me

Not aioli, surely not Moby

Obi-Wan Kenobi told me in the lobby

Technically I'm free and I can find the key

Our name is stereotype with an A

I've got to get the shit straight. Can you relate, my mate?

Don't be late, my gate is open

Downtown still sends me up in the sky