

## **Bif Naked**

### **"Men at Work"**

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Deadly rhymes, here's the solution  
Smoking so bad, I'mma cause a pollution  
With satisfaction, baddest action, fatal attraction  
Drop you to an improper fraction  
Ill insanity, kill like Amity-  
Ville horror, as I wipe out humanity  
Won't leave a path, a track, a trail to trace  
But when you're staring inside a mirror, you see my  
face  
And I'll terrify, so don't ever try  
To shake or bake or flake cause I never fry  
Letters together sly as a fox clever than ever  
Silly ducks write rhymes with feathers  
Really dope needles are needed to inject this  
Dope cause I'm a death wish, not even Bob Hope's  
Rhymes are rugged, soul flooded, cold blooded  
You ain't better, you're butter, so just shut it  
Here to perform, having a brainstorm, make a rain  
form  
How rap groups run to keep the name warm  
Putting heads to beddy-bye like Freddy so get ready  
Cause I'mma get crazier than Crazy Eddie  
I'm alone but my tone is a sharp tune  
Developing pictures in your brain like a darkroom  
Rappers are captured and tortured with rapture  
In 3-D is a G coming at you  
Words in my rap will surprise you like Cracker Jacks  
You dig them like Sugar Smacks and bite them like  
Apple Jacks  
Brother, sister, misses or mister  
My style is complicated, patterns like a twister  
Throws, my shadow grows when I walk slow  
Nerds are scared to be heard so they talk low  
But I've been urging to drill in your brain like a surgeon  
Rhymes so dope and they're busting you up like a  
virgin  
More competitors change to challenger  
You need to talk into a mic with a silencer  
My defeat is like a mission impossible  
My brain is unexplained, not illogical  
Tough for a passing pate to assassinate

Guns in your ass so fast, it'll fascinate  
You try to duplicate to get up to date  
Can't wait to peep my profile on paper, mate  
The innovator with greater data, deeper than a crater  
Of course, Polo's the boss of the crossfader  
The rage is on, my rhymes are airborne  
Stage is torn to wreck, my murdering gear's on  
Moving a head, never bled inside a bloodshed  
Nothing is said, instead heads are dead  
G Rap manages styles, taking all the advantages  
Putting sucker rappers in bandages  
I got a plot so hot it'll tan  
I might be cool but I'm far from a fan  
Letting you know how it is in show biz  
Give me a prince and I'mma a show you a G wiz  
Bright as Einstein, brighter than sunshine  
Rhymes will intoxicate like moonshine  
Total disaster the broadcaster master  
Passed ya as the tempo goes faster  
Sparks shoot out from the mic when I rhyme ignites  
All types of words I write, put in flight  
Rappers evaporate to vapor, I drop science on paper  
And then build a skyscraper  
When I die, scientists will preserve my brain  
Donate it to science to answer the unexplained  
But as long as I inhale and exhale  
I challenge the next female or the next male  
What you hear in your ears all appears to be clear  
Consider me fear cause I shear ideas  
That sticks to the mix, more tricks than a 666  
So you better grab a crucifix

Men at work...(x8)

My ideas overload  
And the records I make explode in every zip code  
Definitely def, the five fingers of death  
Doc the Butcher, Polo's the chef  
And I'm the waiter cause I serve imitators  
Who try to duplicate like an emulator  
Try to get paid copying a name brand  
If I was Gucci, then you would be Dapper Dan  
Now hear the diaper, cause I'm a sniper  
You want to get hyper?  
Prepare for hyperspace and just flow with the bass  
And fall in place, just keep up the pace no time to waste  
Just enter the place to see the entertainer  
My rhymes keep me fresh like a container  
Some rappers said, my rap is dead  
Shake your head to my bass like a basehead  
There'll be bloodshed, enemies shot

Those who beef get sliced into pork chops  
Until your fork stops stabbing my rhymes  
>From the latest and the greatest of all times  
Sleep while you knock Z's, I'mma clock G's  
Freeze rap heroes below zero degrees  
Rhymes like thieves will seize enemies  
That want to be G, like the Bee Gees  
Not rated PG, we break necks  
Like sex, rated XXX  
Yes, Doc the Butcher is who I recommend  
DJ Polo let the record spin

Construction put on paper  
Listen cause I'm building a skyscraper  
For a strong foundation of wheels of steel  
Not a reel to reel, but the real deal  
Polo works the crossfader, he's a bricklayer  
And the record player turns like the Himalaya  
Doc the Butcher supplies the cement  
And the rhymes that I invent is the blueprint  
While I'm using my mind to make a design  
Polo puts up the Men at Work sign  
Yeah, we still building, making a skeleton  
One of the sucker MC's just fell again  
So take caution if you want to know the truth  
I'mma elevate you up to the roof  
Listen to the sound, don't dare look down  
Cause you're far from the ground  
Now you're impressed cause words I manifest  
Takes you more higher than cess or Buddha bless  
Hard as concrete, the building's complete  
Yo Marley Marl, let's stop the breakbeat

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