

## Fort Minor "Tools Of The Trade"

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[Intro: Mike]

Alright you guys, listen.  
Right here I got some paper,  
a toothbrush,  
this is a lighter,  
a bottle of beer,  
this is a bottle opener,  
and a pot from a kitchen.  
(clears throat)  
Alright you ready?  
Lets go.

Aye, this doesn't sound quite right yet,  
so Im'ma add some kicking snare just like this.  
Ha ha ha ha.  
And I got this guitar part, and I'm gonna play this guitar  
part over it like this.  
You feeling that?  
and we just leave that.  
And why don't we, why don't we just bring in a lil' bass  
like this?  
Pop Pop  
Take the bass out right here.  
And this is where we bring in the verse.

[Mike]

I can make a loop out of anything work  
I'm just surprised you guys didn't think of this shit  
first... But f\*\*k it!  
You can't touch yours truly  
You can hardly follow me  
Much less move me, so  
When I'm pumping the track  
You punks in the back better jump when I ask you  
bastards

[Ryu]

Yeah, you got it backwards and misconstrued  
See I roll like the rat pack groups included  
In the backpack with the gas mask in Munich  
20 deep in a hatchback puffing Cubans

[Mike]

You wanna rap get the lab track cue, let's do this  
But not on this track  
You can't afford it stupid!

[Tak]

Somebody call for the doc quick  
He's still on the street top  
He gotta freaking stain on my high top Reebok's  
Snatched off the velcro and choked him with it  
My headphones rub my neck where I coach you  
chickens (baaaacock! )  
Machine Shop packs lots of tunes  
Like Paul Wall mixed tapes leave you chopped and  
screwed  
The mess too wild?  
The yes boys popping their Gats (yaps?)  
Yeah, can you hear me now?  
Good get off my sac

[Celph Titled]

Yo, MC am I  
People call me Celph  
I got the key to every young bitches chastity belt  
You clicking even pussy  
Better yet they beaver  
I'm gonna leave it to ya heavy  
With this nine millimetre

[Ryu (sexy voice)]

Yo I see you chillin' in that cherry beemer  
Have you ever met a man with canary fever?  
I ain't talkin' 'bout a piss colored diamond either, word  
I'm eatin' birds outta sittin' on your finger  
You can teach 'em how to speak  
Say "Polly want a cracker?"  
Take 'em to the beach  
Play volleyball after  
A little snack... champagne and pasta...  
We don't gotta run fast girl  
I know you got asthma

[Tak]

Yeah, sippin' on jack and diamonds  
Blowing smoke rings  
Chillin' with the pack of Heina's  
Your hands to the sky  
Get a crunk for fun  
I'm so goddamn high  
I could punch the sun

[Mike (British accent)]

Oy... honestly I doesn't even matter if I use this voice  
It'd still f\*\*k up you and your boys  
So piss off mate  
See? I do what I want  
Cause your whole bloody lots  
Just a bunch of cunts

[Ryu]

See right now Celp Titled supposed to be in the booth

[Tak]

But he's stuck inside a toilet getting ready to puke

[Mike]

And he drank a bunch of sisco, vodka, and rum

[Tak]

So Cheapshot's gonna drop Celp's verse  
Here it comes

[DJ Cheapshot (Posing as Celp Titled)]

Find me in the sandwich  
Gonna roll with the stutter  
Rolling with a cutter  
Abuse your mother  
On a road trip to Barbados with their hoes  
I'm a hoodrat with a Winnebago  
I make dough  
On the block where the bullies where raised to partier  
You in Idaho grazing pastures getting busy  
I don't hold acts unless for something get busy  
On the ground I like the bear  
And I stay my grizzly

[Ryu in the background]

Stay the f\*\*k in the bathroom homie!

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