

Heather Nova

"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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