

## Jim Cuddy

### "Farmhand"

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Aiyo, Lif, man (Yo, wassup, son?)  
Yo, I'm tellin' you, kid  
Yo, I heard your jam on the radio, son (Aight.)  
Yo, on the real, it wasn't all that, man  
All this hype, you know what I'm sayin', people talkin'  
bout  
You do this and that, son (Oh, word?)  
Yo, straight up kid, it's just wack, kid  
Yo, I ever see you at a show, son  
Imma run up on stage and...(Lemme tell you somethin,  
kid)

[Mr. Lif]  
You step to the stage  
Cause you think that you're fresh  
But I'll burn off your flesh  
Like David Caresh(???)  
Skin sizzlin', now your frame is a scab  
Let's play a fucking game of virtual stab  
Take off my headset  
To see if you're dead yet  
You bled yet?  
Still fled the scene  
With a severed spleen  
You scream and wail  
As I follow your blood trail  
I'm right on your tail  
It's logical to catch you at the hospital  
Certainly, you'll be in the "room de emergency"  
Waitin' for some surgery  
Or maybe just to suit ya  
Guess who they called for the (???) manuever  
Armor, drums, and plus a lyrical luger  
Me, mother fuckin' Lif M.D.  
You think you're the champ?  
Gimme the clamp  
So I can pump more raps  
Up in your thorax  
What do we have here? A small intestine  
No question, jack this nigga for his digestion  
Plus his identity and the suspension

Suggestion- Make sure my name is never mentioned

[Hook]

Act a fool, you're dealin' with a rude boy (WATCH OUT!)  
You're dealin' with a rude boy  
Act a fool, you're dealin' with a rude boy  
Who you dealin' with?  
Who you dealin' with?  
Act a fool, you're dealin' with a rude boy (WATCH OUT!)  
You're dealin' with a rude boy  
Act a fool, you're dealin' with a rude boy  
I'm not ready to say my name yet!

Yo, Lif (What's up, kid?)  
Did you have to (???) that kid  
And have him stand in the front row  
And look him in the eyes  
Just to prove your point?  
[Mr. Lif](spoken)  
Yo, man, actually, it was just a standard procedure  
Scalpel to Adam's Apple  
Slaughter the Madula Oblongada  
Then call his father

So, so what happened when you took it to D.C.?

[Mr. Lif]  
Oh, let me tell you, son  
Watch this  
I run up in the Oval Office  
The President's nauseous  
He'd better be cautious  
Before Lif launches  
Another assault, his  
Weaponry's too advanced  
You give him a glance  
He might present an ill  
Bio-chemical sentinel  
Here it comes  
Funny how a politician runs and shits his suit  
That he bought with money from selling guns to loot,  
perhaps  
Came from makin' more (???) and gave ya a glance of  
cancer, and 21 salute  
You were just another recruit that got shitted on in life's  
crap chute  
The government gave you the boot  
But now I'm in cahoots with alternative routes  
Let's hold me, so we can tear down Wall Street  
Actin' like a misfit, up in your district  
Financial, the damage is substantial

My oath-limited growth, the law, you continue to break  
Earthquake, set and calculate how long it will take to  
rebuild  
How many people will be killed in your iris  
Search for what doesn't exist  
Lost in the mist with assist  
From the microchip up in your wrist  
I'll blur your sense of secure  
Many have tried, but, none can deter  
Me from this path  
Political bloodbath  
They question, don't mention my name if they ask

[Hook]

Yo Facts(Y-Y-Yeah)  
Yo, bro, I got mad heat on me right now, you know what  
I'm sayin'?  
Yo if you be lookin' for a brotha  
But, yo, you gotta promise me one thing, man  
Yo, they gonna interrogate you, they gonna ask you  
who I am, man  
You gotta promise me, kid, that you ain't gonna tell 'em  
my name, son  
(scratching)  
I won't expose your names or your identities

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