

## Cee-Lo "MicroHard"

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Shocka locka...

[Cee-Lo]

Shit, behold it is me, it is the epitome of extraterrestrial  
energy  
Experiment and enter the internals of the inner me  
The art of gone, and heart of stone, and own's worst  
enemy

Intellect shapeshifta, God's gift a Soul slippa  
Hone in on clones and blow them out of my zone  
International Fanatical, the radical tactical movements  
Sounds are congruent to it

Work

It is what it ain't to these, infected disease  
Thought of automatons deceived, by the deceptions  
indeed  
Who mechanically breed at methodical speeds  
Distorting your genes, aborting your dreams  
As coarse as it seems

Aiyyo, Work

[Cee-Lo]

I could scream, I can't seem to sleep long enough to  
dream  
It's life on a laser beam  
But I fiend for the future at my finger tips  
One of the minor technicalities of my head trips

You Better Work

The Barea Soul terror, been told since stories of old  
Come on let's go and then I'll show how to beat down a  
rhyme  
And wrestle a tempo  
Hold on tight, but still let yourself go

Work

This is what I'm talking about  
Should I begin to spit it just like the wind  
Show my power take flight and quickly ascend  
Like a bird beating my wings to the pulse of nature  
Scaring spiritual devils while evoking the maker  
Is it wrong for me to curse in the name of right  
Is it wrong for me to spit life into this mic  
That's all I'm asking baby  
How come the new millennium brings fright  
Something wicked approaches tonight

Work

It's automatic, static battle star galactic  
Microhard  
It's the upgraded, complicated, premeditated  
Microhard  
It's the transplanted, peaceful panic, bass mechanic  
Microhard  
It's the psychotic, mean melodic, nod-narcotic  
Microhard  
(repeat)

What good is a call on the phone if you can't speak  
And you find it hard to breathe  
Paralyzed by my essence, mere presence I put forth  
Inherently legends record all souls of expressions  
Evil as evil does, better than good was  
A spirit of music that once was, born out of the pool of  
your love  
Baby I'm an agent with a flow that's so contagious  
And all and all true patience, my brotha Lo told me  
makes for perfection  
while you feeling bound by this matrix  
That's why when it comes to protecting mine  
I'm a brother you can call over zealous  
And I lust and thrust out my staff and wet  
Till the motherfuckin' rains get jealous

You Gotta Work

It's not coincidental I use my soul for a stencil to outline  
the rhyme  
that connects machine and a mind  
Until the end of time the one my kind, the message will  
now be profoundly  
spoken, rules are meant to be broken, therefore it's my  
pleasure to mentor  
But once learned you must learn you must yearn to  
discern  
The mechanical glitch of artificial intelligence

But the consequence of your ignorance is the reality I  
now see before me:  
"maybe in time we'll see"

Don't Stop, Work

The degree you'll see will 'cause casualty when the  
codes download  
The truth will unfold uphold until the end  
'Cause our destiny will be to win, you're still free to sin  
within

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Microhard  
(repeat)

[Cee-Lo]

I am the melody, the metaphoric prehistoric  
The pre-meaning before it, preparing for war shit  
Their god's only a graphic, the sky's computer blue  
There is a moral malfunction, what will the machine do  
to you  
They maliciously monopolize the mass  
Niggas sleep rap and fuck they surprise you last  
when you sell them your soul they supply you cash  
But you can die for all they care, with your expendable  
ass  
Because they know a new nigga, a brand new nigga  
Will jump right in them tap shoes even if his feet bigger  
Ain't shit sweet nigga, it's deeper than the street nigga  
You and I just a virus they gonna delete nigga  
Some people say go on and join what you can't beat  
nigga  
I won't take the mark so I can't eat nigga  
Holla if I'm talking to ya, (AH!)  
I'll walk straight through ya  
'Cause I want the motherfucker that did this to ya

Work

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(repeat)

Our comrade Cee-Lo is considered by many as a  
modern day Neo  
And opposing forces known as agents will like him  
dead for what he know  
He is The One, at least that's who Morpheus say he is  
He can free the mind of a machine and give God to an  
atheist  
But he's a daydreamer, it's all in his head  
Still today's music has become the Matrix  
and the real rhythm is in the red pill  
So I chose it knowing I can never return once I'm gone  
And I hope you got this message  
I'll be waiting by the phone

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