

MC Paul Barman

"How Hard is That?"

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There are many mysterious forces at work
As he silently views the city from a perch high atop a
sky scraper
Surely his bizarre and unique position and dual identity
Brings on its own unexpected trauma's
What is Paul Barman really thinking?

[Hook] 4X

I love it when you call me Paul Barman
{"Paul Barman"}

[Verse 1: MC Paul Barman]

From my death to the best
The press is impressed
With my hot joints that plop points of picturesque (?)
In interviews, I'm inflated like inner tubes
Who's your (?) to say, "Sorry you got academic and
smart confused"
It's all a sham, a hologram, a mirage
Rapping is sinning, DJ's are post-modern collage
I'M SO LARGE! But I'll talk to you for no charge
I'm hot to dominate cause I've got an uncommon fate
What do you do? I eat Robin, skate
I'm rising; I'd rather die than live a life that's
unsurprising
Since 6 I heard you're creative, you'll make a living
advertising
Bringing to mind frisky black slaps
Buying whisky after selling men beers
Instead I trample every sample and clears
And out-rhyme rappers who paid dues for 10 years

[Hook] 4X

I love it when you call me Paul Barman
{"Paul Barman"}

[Verse 2: MC Paul Barman]

Hate-crime headlines and water-based designs
You pledge the turpentine, makes you wretch but on
the low
You don't know how to stretch canvas and it's clear

You couldn't draw a square on an Etch-A-Sketch
I don't know why you even took art
I assume that you can't read when you say you're just
not book smart
Paul labels in pen and ink
A Sharpie's just a pen
Every pen has ink
pen and ink is a nib dipped in ink
You think you're prints looks good
But a crappy drawings not gonna improve
Simply cause it' on a wood cut
Your installations a (?) of slime
Cause opening would be a waste of time
Without the cheese cubes and case of wine
Jeeze dude your professors depressed or crazed to
say its fine
Thanks for the rape statistic mimeograph
It didn't just give me a laugh
it truly made me cogitate
Go back to your large estate
Really grisly bore
Your skills will decrease some more
During winter break what the dilly is to moor

I write rhymes on brown bags, price tags
Hand outs, envelopes, receipts and boxed in sand
Napkins, on garbage or diaries and mirror's with
shower steam
We devoured the power team, leaving you deflowered
with a mouth-full of sour crÄ"me

[Verse 3: MC Paul Barman]

I sleep in cow shits in Auschwitz for warmth
Many dorms will swarm the semi-formal when I perform
It's not abnormal (my unreal is real)
This white rapper might insight your tight snapper
despite my slight stature
Player hate and then say a great write after
I grew like (?) ballots through hype and true talents
A lucky duck stuck in the mucky-muck
Bright freight to fight fate but I'm naive and lightweight
Blown around like dried leaves and mistletoe
Take off your fissile slow--ly
I hang with plain folks who make insane jokes with
hopes your brain smokes
Or skin turns (?)
Wait! I though interns were chumps
It's an everyday struggle, I hustle comics and puzzles
Cause I love it when you call me Paul Barman

{"Paul Barman" }

[Hook] 4X

I love it when you call me Paul Barman
{"Paul Barman"}

{"My Name is Paul Barman how hard is that?"}

[Hook] 2X

I love it when you call me Paul Barman
{"Paul Barman"}

I don't recycle tripe like Michael Stipe
And if I say a dumb rhyme it's not a crime cause
(sung) everybody sucks... sometimes

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