

Mr. Lif "Farmhand"

Visit "[Farmhand](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Visit [Mr. Lif](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.