

Muph + Plutonic

"Heaps Good"

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Alrighhhhtt
Ohhhhh yehhh

[Verse 1]

My words disperse as spears that pierce and harpoon
Through ya first rap down to your last tune
This ain't some fast food, it's a gourmet sautee'
I rock it like Rebecca Demorneau
and what the courts say ain't always justice
and what gets airplay can't always be trusted
You've got some balls and a dick but it still doesn't click
What ya fuckin with, thick skull, numb nuts funny like
dumb sluts
Jumpin into the bang bus, you can thank us for bringin
new
Riddin' you of all of the rank stuff, muph got the
handcuffs
To put the kink in ya thinkin and the bitch in ya system
The binge in ya drinkin, while you swing with the
victims
I live in this tradition and keep kickin
Like unborn infants you can't flow
hell no, your impotent, limited I'm finishin' off
These fantasy mythological frauds I strike chords with
honesty
That can't be ignored, mop the floors of ya weak
spillage
Screen visuals like village I came to kill ya fillets

[Chorus] {2X}

We'll never fade like your jeans would
Muph and plutonic and ya know that we're heaps good
They ain't sick boy they just seem crook
Muph and plutonic and ya know that we're heaps good

[Verse 2]

And I'm a throw these moodswings in orbit
Watch em' collide and the self pity forfeit
The morbid mic motivator cornered in a calculator
Scores low figures forced to support a demonstrator
Of low budget innovator, my raps sat and hatched in

the incubator
Where the rest of the chickens remain positioned
heaps later
Heaps later (heaps later)
Hey yo I'm heaps greater, heaps fresh
Heaps nice, heaps sick, heaps dope, heaps tight,
heaps obliged
To represent my life, I'm that typecast who creeps
through the dark
heart parked in the mineshaft
These sheep sleep on the smarter art like carharrrt
tryhards
Give my kind regards to the diehard jocks who would
non stop
Mock the fact that I love hip hop, well I caught em
applying lip gloss
And sporting spotted frocks, getting smacked like
shuttlecocks
Comin across the raised nets, the same set only to
digress and get dropped
They couldn't get props from their drama teacher
there's not a spot where karma can't come and reach
ya
I do my own thing while you follow the leader
Ya best to believe in the MUPH

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

This is heaps good you ain't fleetwood you can't mac
My raps make you crash like a car nap while drivin
mobile
I fit the profile of the gift to flow, while these senile
slow smile
Silly rappers sound better played backwards I'm tired
of the manufactured
High wired dramatic actors, that you find attractive
held captive by the multi's even if the message is faulty
Colby cheese oozin, please keep movin
you need improvement and bleed confusion
Leave em stupid I manourvered passed the sparks
you're a smartass, hardass on the net
But I'm not gonna break a sweat at these little kiddies
tryin to diss me
Swept straight under the rug
This is for those that dug my flows kept me on my toes
Ya know, chose more than music
Absorbed it, bought it, enjoyed it, got lost, lose it
Disputed my integrity, a sorry apology If I was rude
when ya met me
and eventually I'll make it up to you, to the haters I

don't usually give a fuck
But FUCK you!

[Chorus] {2X}

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