

Microhard

CeeLo Green

Shocka locka...

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

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

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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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

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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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