

Tools of the Trade

Fort Minor

Alright you guys, listen.
Right here I got some paper,
a toothbrush,
this is a lighter,
a bottle of beer,
this is a bottle opener,
and a pot from a kitchen.
(clears throat)
Alright you ready?
Lets go.

Aye, this doesn't sound quite right yet,
so Im'ma add some kicking snare just like this.
Ha ha ha ha.
And I got this guitar part, and I'm gonna play this guitar part over it like
this.
You feeling that?
and we just leave that.
And why don't we, why don't we just bring in a lil' bass like this?
Pop Pop
Take the bass out right here.
And this is where we bring in the verse.

I can make a loop out of anything work
I'm just surprised you guys didn't think of this shit first... But f**k it!
You can't touch yours truly
You can hardly follow me
Much less move me, so
When I'm pumping the track
You punks in the back better jump when I ask you bastards

Yeah, you got it backwards and misconstrued
See I roll like the rat pack groups included
In the backpack with the gas mask in Munich
20 deep in a hatchback puffing Cubans

You wanna rap get the lab track cue, let's do this
But not on this track
You can't afford it stupid!

Somebody call for the doc quick
He's still on the street top
He gotta freaking stain on my high top Reebok's
Snatched off the velcro and choked him with it
My headphones rub my neck where I coach you chickens (baaaacock!)
Machine Shop packs lots of tunes
Like Paul Wall mixed tapes leave you chopped and screwed
The mess too wild?
The yes boys popping their Gats (yaps?)
Yeah, can you hear me now?
Good get off my sac

[Celph Titled]
Yo, MC am I
People call me Celph
I got the key to every young bitches chastity belt
You clicking even pussy

Better yet they beaver
I'm gonna leave it to ya heavy
With this nine millimetre

[Ryu (sexy voice)]
Yo I see you chillin' in that cherry beemer
Have you ever met a man with canary fever?
I ain't talkin' 'bout a piss colored diamond either, word
I'm eatin' birds outta sittin' on your finger
You can teach 'em how to speak
Say "Polly want a cracker?"
Take 'em to the beach
Play volleyball after
A little snack... champagne and pasta...
We don't gotta run fast girl
I know you got asthma

[Tak]
Yeah, sippin' on jack and diamonds
Blowing smoke rings
Chillin' with the pack of Heina's
Your hands to the sky
Get a crunk for fun
I'm so goddamn high
I could punch the sun

[Mike (British accent)]
Oy... honestly I doesn't even matter if I use this voice
It'd still f**k up you and your boys
So piss off mate
See? I do what I want
Cause your whole bloody lots
Just a bunch of cunts

[Ryu]
See right now Celph Titled supposed to be in the booth

[Tak]
But he's stuck inside a toilet getting ready to puke

[Mike]
And he drank a bunch of sisco, vodka, and rum

[Tak]
So Cheapshot's gonna drop Celph's verse
Here it comes

[DJ Cheapshot (Posing as Celp Titled)]
Find me in the sandwich
Gonna roll with the stutter
Rolling with a cutter
Abuse your mother
On a road trip to Barbados with their hoes
I'm a hoodrat with a Winnebago
I make dough
On the block where the bullies where raised to partier
You in Idaho grazing pastures getting busy
I don't hold acts unless for something get busy
On the ground I like the bear
And I stay my grizzly

[Ryu in the background]
Stay the f**k in the bathroom homie!