

Cee-Lo Green, Microhard

Cee-Lo

Cee-Lo Green And His Perfect Imperfections

Microhard

Thanks to smash_35@hotmail.com for these lyrics.

f/ Jahalla, Kirkland Underwater

Shocka locka...

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

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

(repeat)

[Cee-Lo]

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

Work

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(repeat)

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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(repeat)