

# Fort Minor, Tools Of The Trade (Demo)

(Mike)

I can make a loop out of anything work  
I'm just surprised you guys didn't think of this shit first... But fuck 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

(Ryu)

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

(Mike)

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

(Tak)

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!)  
Machineshop 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)

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 millameta

(Girlie Ryu (some would say 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

(British Mike)  
Oy... honestly I doesn't even matter if I use this voice  
It'd still fuck 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

(Celph 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 fuck in the bathroom homie!