

Celph Titled f/ Apathy, Esoteric, Lord Digga "Way of the Gun"

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* also featured on 7L & Esoteric's album "DC2: Bars of Death" [Scratched] "And this is the way" - Run D.M.C. 'King Of Rock' "We rock the..." - Run D.M.C. 'King Of Rock' [Verse One] [Esoteric] Abandon ship, Esoteric's at the landing strip Plan to rip your clan to bits You standing stiff like you inanimate The jam I spit Analysts, in such a panic with They try to cancel it and sample it Till this there's a better way of understanding it I know you cannot handle it I'm on some fancy shit While your crib is candle lit But still the candidate Quick to dismantle your manuscript You think you scare me with banana clips? Well there's no chance of it My no control vocals, roll over your patrol I'm pokin holes in heads like I'm makin' totem poles We're the chosen souls (Demigodz rep to the death) So sucker step to the left, I'm eatin all my older goals Reading holy scrolls, like I'm reading yesterdays news On the funny strip, come and rip Test Shay and lose Yo I'm rippin' cats total son, ayo you best stay in 2's Cause my split personality is slayin' y'all crews [Celph Titled] Celph Titled's on some real insane sick shit Cut the presidents face off And rob a mother fucking bank with it I sleep with a machete motherfucker I got guns too That'll put holes in your torso big enough to jump through We don't recite rap verses, instead we spit grenades You can't write a rhyme without some fucked up shit to say When I question you, I won't speak proper I'll ask/axe you Fuck a meat cleaver, we got heaters and mac millies Act silly? And witness the flame of the cannon blast Recycle your calcium and use your scar tissue to wipe my ass Send in recruits and I'm turning special forces Into nothing but skeletons rocking berets and burnt musket blades In Hells Kitchen we keep the shells spittin' Don't thing its strange We use our block as a shootin' range Highway to heaven or the devil's cross And I got explosives that'll make your body land in like ??? coffin [Chorus] [Scratches] "And this is the way" [Verse Two] [Lord Digga] Call me Dick Scott Heron Or heroine The dope crews veteran Y'all think that your better than.. Y'all niggas better lay low I flip MC's, like bricks of yayo Y'all from Montreal you get

your brain exposed Brook-nam time bomb, watch me
explode Extra magazines, watch me reload I gotta spit
bar code, but niggas cant scare me Rap with no legs,
so niggas can't stand me I got more jewels then
Stanley Your peppermint patty flows Nothing but candy
Y'all sweet and weak And your fuckin up my teeth,
cause your all I eat Reverend Run with guns, but I don't
preach Bust techs get wet like, sex on a beach Call me
a robbin' leech/Robin Leach I wanna blood money I
smoke MC's like the gummys, y'all ain't gully My nigga
Apathy runnin' up in your baby mothers I'm fuckin your
sisters Duck tapin' your brothers Cause them fools
didn't believe.. We wasn't brothers we other Got styles
for life, y'all Lifestyle rubbers [Apathy] I got metal
magnum like I'm Megatron Metamorph to a weapon,
whippin' bitches if they steppin I'm rippin' tissue to the
bloody mess I'm missin' some vital pieces inside of my
cerebellum Building adrenaline til I'm tremblin' And
tripling my physical mass To clash with crews I blast
fast and smash fags I'm bad news I'll bruise brains and
rapidly rip apart your anatomy Cause Apathy is fatter
then a Phat Farm faculty Ap's known for spittin', plus
shots I'm lickin' Got more biscuits then Kentucky Fried
chicken Been chillin' with thugs, that'll fill you with
slugs Since you was pushin hot wheels across your
living room rug I'ma Demigod, God damn it God
please forgive me God bless, but God forbid kids try to
spit for me I fuck you up spiritually, mentally and
physically Father please forgive wack MC's tryna rap
with me

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