

## Apathy "Ain't Nuthin' Nice"

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I'm Undefeatable, Biggie would even say I'm  
unbelievable  
Plus quick to flip like Sport Utility Vehicles  
I crush years, so don't ever come near,  
Cause it was done from the beginning like Father MC's  
career  
A new title holder is here this year  
Ap's raps got more pussies open than pap smears  
The nicest emcee, you'll never dispute  
Cause I've been rappin since the tree on your Timb  
boots was roots  
I knock more boots than 40 deuce prostitutes  
but not for loot, only if she's hot and cute  
Try and cock block my game it's complete violation  
Cause Apathy's got more hoes/hose than firestations  
I face off with imitators and take off  
Bring more flavor to the beef than steak sauce  
You think your phatter than Apathy, but you way off,  
You're soft, and you've done more weight loss than  
Kate Moss

Chorus: repeat 4X

Let me tell you about my only vice  
It has to do with rockin mics and it ain't nuthin nice

[Apathy]

Your shit's finito, I wrap up beef like a burrito  
Underground flow, down low, incognito  
The torpedo, that tore flows, that tore shows,  
through tore clothes, before blows, through torsos,  
It's Apathy, so large my physical mass occupies  
multiple galaxies like god off calories  
I cock back, rock raps for dickriders,  
My mic is something you should never pick up like  
hitchhikers  
Above average, y'all better practice  
Even weak emcee's consider you the wackest  
I heard your debut joint, your song ain't hot  
Its something that a crackhead would pawn for rock  
I got bombs, with glocks on lock to blow spots

My flow clocks the speed of mach and won't stop  
You got a lot of hype, but I know you're a flop  
Nothin's really gonna happen, like when the ball drops  
You all stop, you all pussy clot,  
mushy as when a cookie drops in milk  
I pop like when rookie cops with glocks and felt nervous  
at first  
But the verses reverses, the guilt from the suckers I  
killed  
I cop green, last and burn like hot steam  
Spit one rhyme and destroy the pop scene  
You cum too quick like a teen with hot dreams  
You wack, while I crack more heads than rock fiends

Chorus [4x]

[Apathy]

I hold power like Imhotep controls magic  
Spin old jazz wax, and spit over static  
I want hip hop to come back and make classics  
Nas should spit it like he did for Illmatic  
My raps add up, like numbers in mathematics  
I got more tracks than arms of crack addicts  
My wax acts like an axe hackin up faggots  
Im fly, like the adult stage of maggots  
Apathy is the illest on mics its like a habit,  
Even ask Ed O.G. "I Got to Have It"  
??,  
I bubble your mouth full, like South Pole jackets  
It's tragic, why you even mess with this rap shit  
Nobody wants to fuck with you like busted fat chicks  
Ya clips aint full, when you pull your gat clips  
Now how you gonna battle this, spittin that wack shit

Chorus [8x]

Demigodz, Apathy, we on the cut, you know the deal  
my man Unknown on the ones and twos  
yall suckas can lose,  
there is no competition, yall know how we do  
it aint nuthin nice

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