

Apathy

"Personal Jesus"

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A-P-A...T-H-Y

A-P-A...T-H-Y

Listen up closely, focus your brain
Rappers approach me, foes'll get slain
Slash and slowly open your veins
Over and over and over again
Verses are perfect, a virtual genius
A person could say I'm their personal Jesus
Rise in a battle of fire like phoenixes
Crazy, I'll even rock '80's rock remixes
So pray to me, every day faithfully
Facin' me's basically leavin' you fatally wounded and
wasted
I'm wicked as mystical voodoo magicians, if you were
to listen
You're under my spell, lose inhibitions
Surrender your writtens, it's futile to spit 'em
I'm up in your spot with a beautiful chicken
Ap is the truth, it's stupid to diss him
Foolish as tryin' to throw fuel on the friction
Haters the Lakers that lose to the Pistons
Scoop up your riches, scoop up your bitches
You're up in my kitchen, you're doin' my dishes
For minimum wage, your miniscule brain
Is tryin' so hard to configure this rigorous trainin'
I'm sprainin' ya ligaments, aimin' to cripple kids, aimin'
The barrel, I'll bury you, effortlessly faggots effin' with
me
Will get blown into fragments and left in debris, did he
mention I'm deadly?
Leave three bitches widows
I'm back from the dead without Beatrix Kiddo

It's A-P, say it with me
A-P, play it for me
Over and over and over again
Over and over and over again

It's A-P, say it with me
A-P, play it for me

Over and over and over again
Over and over and over again

[scratched]
Ap!

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