

Apathy

"Put Ya Dukes Up"

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[Verse 1]

You couldn't burn me if you was a nerd with CD's
Couldn't burn me if you was a whore with VD's
Mike Jordan couldn't burn me if he ate his Wheaties
Paid off the referees, and broke both of my knees
I'm hot...even Lucifer would get on his knees
Beggin' me please, to drop the heat a couple degrees
Fuck with me? Please
I could get your chick on video tape
Naked, like Girls Gone Wild on Spring Break
I'm damagin', got more dark power than Anakin
Mannin' my cannons to shoot a cannonball
I'm slammin' y'all, through the wall
Talk about the weapon that ya brandishin'?
I've heard it all before, like Sunshine Anderson
Me without beef, is like a pervert with no porn
I icegrill like barbecues in a snow storm
My rappin' is hot, I'll put a crack in ya ice
Ap is precise, like the government with a trackin' device
I hawk, spit, quick to shit talk
Y'all could never see me, like Bloods that Crip Walk
Bullet fly by and give ya mullets a crew cut
My crew gets souped up, so put ya dukes up!

[Chorus]

You suckas wanna fight?
PUT YA DUKES UP!
You wanna get hyped?
PUT YA DUKES UP!
Yo, we could do this all night
PUT YA DUKES UP! PUT YA DUKES UP! PUT YA DUKES
UP!

You wanna grab mics?
PUT YA DUKES UP!
You wanna try to bite?
PUT YA DUKES UP!
Yo, we could do this all night
PUT YA DUKES UP! PUT YA DUKES UP! PUT YA DUKES
UP!

[Verse 2]

I just copped 2 G's from a show, but I'm probably
gonna blow it
You'll find me in the Acura, drivin' it like I stole it
Y'all wanna beef, like you got a trick up ya sleeve?
Fuck spittin', you would need my permission just to
breathe
It's deep, ya girl loves when I rock to the beat
She probably knows all of my raps backwards in her
sleep
I'm the cat bitches follow, I make chicks swallow
'Cause I get more head than that ghost from Sleepy
Hollow
I got a magical spell, as vicious as voodoo
Ya jealous 'cause I mack more bitches than you do
I'm A... P... and if you don't know the rest
Lift up ya girl's shirt, and read it off her breasts

[Chorus]

[verse 3]

My new slang, burns through ya brain like butane
I gotta Stronghold, like the top of the food chain
You turn from black to blue like a mood rang
I'm hard to the muthafuckin' core when I do thangs
You wanna trip like you didn't tie ya shoe strangs
I'll have you holdin' ya face like bad tooth pains
I got a mansion that's bigger than Bruce Wayne's
That's where me and ya girl bang like two gangs
I got a bigger bomb than Saddam Hussein's
To try to lift it's weight would take two cranes
I'm tryin' to see a lot of CREAM like Wu-Tang
So I boost chains and stick up the number 2 train
I like mÃ©nage Ã trois, that means two dames
You stick chicks who rock thongs with poop stains
We bringin' pain 'cause the Demigod crew reigns
And y'all are still on the block rappin' for loose change

[Chorus]

Put your (mutha-mutha-muthafuckin' dukes up!)
Put your (mutha-mutha-muthafuckin' dukes up!)
Put your (mutha-mutha-muthafuckin' dukes up!)
Put your (dukes up!)
Put your (dukes up!)

Put your (mutha-mutha-muthafuckin' dukes up!)
Put your (mutha-mutha-muthafuckin' dukes up!)
Put your (mutha-mutha-muthafuckin' dukes up!)
Put your (dukes up!)
Put your (dukes up!)

"Apathy"
"Ro-Rock it as hard as I can"
"Ap will never be defeated"
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