

## Apathy "That Ol' Boom Bap"

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\* Way back in the day before the age of gold chains  
and fat fades  
When Zulu Nation was still called the Black Spades  
A fetus was formed. A genius was born  
Adidas was worn. And pieces of your speakers was torn  
I used to fiend for mics like and addict for rocks  
The baddest on blocks who'd rock till the static would  
stop  
Herbs beating me with words was absurd  
Like traffic cops who cocked semi-automatic Glocks to  
pop  
Stetsosonic was hot. Kwame was not  
I wore out the shell tops that copped when Planet Rock  
dropped  
From Ultramag MC's to JB to BDP and KMD I learned to  
MC  
Crumple it up, scratch it out, think it over  
Spit it over and over the instrumental to The Bridge Is  
Over  
I was funky, fresh dressed to impress  
Got it made with the words that I manifest  
You'll never dismantle the best. Give your mandibles a  
rest  
I eat mics I bless like a cannibal with flesh  
Still number one like It's KRS  
With my whole name written across my chest  
And it goes, A for accurate. P for poetry  
A for the automatic respect you're showin me  
T for the tight lyrics and H cuz shit is hot  
And last but not least Y....why not

(hook x4)

With the kicks, snares, kicks and hi hats  
Still in the trade of that ol' boom bap

Let's meet up in the Bronx with Cyrus for a meeting  
Before he started speaking, they blasted him leaving  
him bleeding  
And everybody running, searching for escape  
Twenty years later I'm making moves trying to push a  
demo tape  
And it's relative. This hip hop scene is too negative

Amped up and wild, take a sedative

Back in the past when Grandmaster Flash started to scratch,  
They perfected the art of the raps  
Taking a part of the wax, make it the heart of the track  
Now it's a part of the past. All of it's wack. Fuck lacing a  
DAT  
I'd rather lace my Adidas. The beat is taking it back  
To the breaking and graf. Punchlines that made us  
laugh  
Dookie gold chains and four finger rings to match  
Mercedes Benz on medallions and Kangol hats  
Even Big Daddy Kane had the hoes to sex  
Pete Rock and CL Smooth had the pose on the Lex  
Tommy Hilfiger, Girbauds and Polo sets  
B Boy stance while waiting for your foes to flex  
Photos with Gucci airbrush backdrops  
Cardboard box on blacktops and the birth of fat spots  
Melle had to wonder why he kept from going under  
But the strength of hip hop got stronger every summer

\*repeat hook

Demigodz... Still in that ol' boom bap  
Stronghold...Still in that ol' boom bap  
Bronx Science...Still in that ol' boom bap  
Magic Most...Still in that ol' boom bap  
Dutch Masters...Still in that ol' boom bap  
Jedi Mind Tricks...Still in that ol' boom bap  
J Zone...Still in that ol' boom bap  
The Non Prophets...Still in that ol' boom bap  
My man JUICE...Still in that ol' boom bap  
Skitzofreniks...Still in that ol' boom bap  
Black Panther...Still in that ol' boom bap  
Akrobatik...Still in that ol' boom bap  
DJ Mex...Still in that ol' boom bap  
The Molemen...Still in that ol' boom bap  
Eddie III and DL...Still in that ol' boom bap  
We out.

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