

Boys Don't Cry

"The Godz Must Be Crazy"

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[Celph Titled]

Straight out the red depths of Hell bringin clips and diseases

I walk on water with my own two feet nigga, FUCK JESUS!

Celph Titled's a God with many followers

Who's sick enough to choke a pitbull with his own dog collar

I rep the NYC, fuck bitches and sip Remy

Pack more notes than Denny's and conduct symphonies

You fuckin with me, you won't live to see tomorrow, faggot!

I keep it gangsta, storin bodies in a dusty attic

You can't talk cuz of the duct tape you fuck face

The Demigodz from Chrome Depot blazin with .38's

My clique is famous for the way we spit and rock flows

Leave the spot blown and send bitch-niggaz to (?)

[One Two]

Beware! Emcees out there, drop ya mics

Your talkin might result in the loss of life

And also might, known to crush blocks of ice

The spot it bright, 'til the point you lost ya sight

Cuz I'm startin fights, like that bully in class

Sayin, "When the bell rings bitch, I'm kickin your ass!!"

I spit at stage shows where herbs and weirdos

screamin "Oh No" like Nate, Mos Def, and Pharaoh

It's a rare flow, put your cameras on zoom

Cuz it's tight like all the Klumps crammed in a small room

[L-Fudge]

Fudge is the shit, been busy puttin cups to my lips

Gettin it outta me, gave the weed a couple of hits

Mary Jane lately, grew some succulent tits

But everybody's hittin it, ended up dumpin that bitch

Mastered the art of reverse psychology

Gimme a minute with a chick and she'll exchange a suck for a lick

Broke nigga - give bartenders a buck for a tip

Take a sip and give it back say, "spruce it up a tidbit"

[Spin 4th]

Who in the fuck?! Rappers hidin under they trucks
Jumpin through windows, actin like lightning just struck
Holdin the do', cuttin they 'fros, wearin disguises
Exercising, puttin on weight, increasing sizes
Packin they tools and rollin in schools learnin dialect
Ebonics, that ain't workin no more, we need some bias
shit
Yaggfu, Demigodz alliance
We colossal like Paul Bunyan and Jolly Green Giant

[Metropolis]

Yo I'm that fly gringo that chicks love to deep throat
With tracks so hot, you'll pass out from heat strokes
I beat foes on both west and east coasts
The freak hoes are rhymin on Luke's Peep Show
I'll crush ya ego, embarass you in ya home town
So forget the fame, you won't wanna be known now
I throw down with you half-ass rappers
And stuff your garbage rhymes inside trash
compactors

[Louis Logic]

I'm a Demigod, what'd you expect? From a man
who met Mother Nature, looked under her dress and
wasn't impressed
The same stupid son of a bitch who doesn't respect
The Angel of Death's request when he comes to collect
Run in and check, my cassette - it's a slight chance
you might see, demons escapin from in the deck, and
now that I...
[Sweet Jesus, please see us through this]
[I ain't tryna die over a beef with Lewis!]
But when I increase the rudeness of my evil music
It leaves the stupid, people skewered and leaks ya
fluids
into the streets and sewers, if by chance God sees me
do it
Should shoot a big hole down to Hell and lead me to it

[Open Mic]

My microphone of omens dismantles opponents
components
In moments leaving you and your cipher with my
condolence
When I'm heated to max, you'll be sufferin' from
repeated attacks
Defeated you cats with fatter tracks, faggots collapse
When they be hearin' collabs over the wax

Like subway rats we walk on underground tracks
I've come to an overstandin' that you lack in what I'm
excellin' in
Professional at propellin' adrenaline
In fact, Open Mic attacks in stereo sound
Pull out my dick and I'll piss all on your burial ground
You better not clown or ever try to fuck with my
committee
Cuz the Demigodz are comin' like a storm to your city

[Rise]

Yo we could go to war right now, go call ya brethren
Man the fight's on, I'll see you in Hell - from Heaven
Reppin everything I write tight, said it for a long time
I'm great in my eyes, I'm a legend in my own mind
The floor is out for ya set, that ain't respect
The crowd ain't happy you wreck, they happy you left
They mad upset, pissed that they came for you rhymin
They barely survived your set, families huggin and
cryin
Don't come back, the rap competition's gettin hurt up
Be with an inch of ya life, and then an inch further
Been heard of, this crew takin over this art
Ahead of you in skill, flow, and popularity charts

[Motive]

Mo'; known to flip plus the skill be sick
The type of cat that show his dick before he spit
I'll rush ya crew, but nigga fuck the rules
With trust ya lose, anything I touch I bruise
Now with Demigodz, I battle with any squad
I spit plenty bars, plus ball like Penny Har'
So if you thinkin of stick this man for the dividends
Catch a quick two bullet blaze in ya abdomen

[Esoteric]

Yo, lemme show these cats what rockin a mic's about
I'll put ya life in doubt like the biker style, whipin out
You're a bitch, the reason why your strikin out's
Cuz, girls who get with you think they're dykin out
You backpackers home typin out, a verse for ya title
bout
While I'm in a Lambroghini with James ?Candafini?
Rappers try to be me but they can't get my look down
My bumpy knuckles leave this industry shook down
When I rhyme, I'm so ahead of my time
That if we battled at 10, get there by 20 at 9
I'm as heavy as Spawn, Esoteric savage B
I'll spit bars at rappers like a chocolate factory

[Jabber Jaw]

Yo whatchu known for? Killin rappers off like a famine
The Last Standing, like Bruce Lee's daughter Shannon
It took some time plannin but I'm finally here
Just droppin knowledge on ya brain, and puttin flavor in
ya ear
At the start of my career, people said they wasn't feelin
me
But now everybody think's I'm Keith Murray's 'Mini-Me'
A critically acclaimed harsh heartbreaker
Got into a slugfest and broke out the salt shaker

[Apathy]

Can't you see my mental is creating verbal force
fields?
Elevating spiritual, my physical is more real
Reality is 99% perception mostly
Mag-NIFICENT, my MISSILES SENT
Heat-seeking bombs DETONATING, I'm invading-
VADING
The space station, face me, A-P A-T H-E-T-I-C (I-C)
Now that the light has come to meeee!!
Owww, the tornado, natural disaster, lacerating
rappers
Known as Apathetic magnetic power attracting masses
Masked with gastric acids, turnin ya flesh to ashes
2002 Demigodz'll crush you wack asses!

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