

Demigod

"Heat Speakers"

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[Celph Titled:]

Motherfuckers better shut they mouth when the Godz spit rapid fire wisdom Guns and grenades, my brigade consists of killin' henchmen There ain't a nigga that's liver I'm a Gun & Ammo subscriber That's quick to burn numerous holes through your Averex fibers I'm on some rob shit, Cuban mafia conglomerates Tommy nozzle spittin' hollows tips, lauchin' like rocket ships I got glocks and clips and they're damn near ready to chase you A bullet with your name on it, eager to kill and erase you My Demigodz swordsmen are trained to slice precisely You should question wifey, why your children look just like me Come out the closet cause I know your whole crews fag I saw 'em on the corner, rockin' rainbow colored doo rags I rhyme fast and you just a bunch of slow herbs You gettin' cuts and bruises trippin' over your own words You better worship the barrel Nigga my glock is holy We fry your ass and serve you on a plate with guacamole The mac don My teeth cut through Teflon I was raised draggin' bodies through the door sayin' "What's up mom? " Niggas think I'm a vampire I ain't seen the sun since it was set on fire I'm the fuckin' second comin' of Messiah My promo manager didn't know what he was in for Come to your town, rob the cash register at my in-store I know Muslims that would rather piss on the Koran in front of Farrakan Then try to fuck with me when I get my battle on

[Esoteric:]

This is mic mastery I massacre men automatically Rapidly bringin' tragedy to shatter Gray's Anatomy Rhymin' like it's '89 I'm slashin' through your cavalry With or without Apathy, I got the Demigodz in back of me So cross me You're get stabbed like Jesus's wrists Cease and desist Even sober cats be pleadin' the 5th You bitches know who it is I'm back from the dead Your facts be off base like recovery crack heads The heat speaker With Celph Titled the beat freaker My? defy Silver Bullets like Bob Seger To all God seekers It's the end of the road My sentence is gold The venom in my

pen will explode Penance is old I'll rhyme till I'm sick
and disgusted You'll go out with a bang like a chick in a
snuff flick I flow with the slang Esoteric commands shit
Responsible for more head bustin'/bussin' then public
transit

[Louis Logic:]

Have you ever had a nightmare? And you were at an
open mic where Your friends and family were watchin'
through the bright lights glare And I dare you to flow
but You woke up screamin' in pain And quite scared
Only to find me standin' right there A demon over your
head Leanin' over your bed To lead you closer to death
while you're dreamin' you overslept I leisurely stole
your breath like that kitten in Cat's Eye I'm that sly The
Klan will start wishin' they're black guys Tell your girl
she should be slimmer then fat thighs I slipped a disc
in my back while I was hittin' it last night And last I
checked The main theme of livin' the rap life is to
snatch mics like I don't have mine yet I want 1 for my
man 2 Live on the stage 3 in the lab 4 is a surplus And
5 on the page I want my face on the TV in every home
in the country Till mom's so sick of seeing me she don't
even want me

[Apathy:]

You wanna battle for money Well, I can spit it accapella
And probably make you drop Amil/a million like
Rocafella Cause tryin' to take away a mic from Ap when
I'm spittin' Is like Mya tryin' to wrestle Missy for a piece
of chicken My verses reverse Earth spinnin' on it's axis
Till wack rap acts wax stars spin it backwards I-am-the-
illest-rap-cat-out Now play the record forward and try to
figure it out Yo, I'll snatch profits and chips until my
pocket rips While y'all race in space in fake rocket ships
If I stay on my computer then I'll start up the
apocalypse Simulating a nuclear war like Matthew
Broderick Ap Used to be known for complex rap Now I
diss chicken heads like I'm Project Pat Ladies I
hypnotize till they let me lick their thighs You can see
those little heart shapes in those bitches eyes I'm Don
Juan, Es Caliente, Rico Suave The Lone Ranger Y'all are
like Tonto, Kimosabe Tryin' to diss the champ but you
missed your chance You got so shook on stage that
you pissed your pants My hand grips till my fists gets
pistol cramps You couldn't relax if your raps were
mystic chants Like "Oooommmm" Tryin' to meditate or
levitate But make sure you standin' 50 feet back to
detonat

