## Demigod "Science Of The Bumrush Vol. 2"

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Yea, uh uh, what uh
Yea, uh, what
Demigodz
No doubt
Science of the bumrush, volume 2
Quarter's in the meter
Un-stoppable, in-vincible
Check, Apathetic and Self-Titled
We pimp it out like this

Yo I slip bitches rufies, snatch Muslim kufis
Still steal from the store and sneak into the movies
Playin old Nintendo on black and white TV's
I got illegal cable and burn all of my CDs
Takin toilet paper out of bathroom stalls
I'm hangin out over your house to make my long
distance calls

Borrow kicks and gear and never give em back Even if I like your song I'ma still say it's wack When I'm blowin off steam I'm just plain fuckin mean Dissin little kids to give em low self-esteem Got quarters in the meter when I hit you better stay down

You're gay now, and couldn't buss if your name was Greyhound

Yo, I'm known for pullin heists, pawn shops to hold my ice

Shiny glocks leave you shook like that bitch in Poltergeist

I'm makin rap loot from rhymin and nickin[?] heads While you be beggin niggas on websites just to check your shit

In fact the same fish that I hit you up with Was found inside your bitch's clitoris after she sucked my dick

The Demigodz ain't give a fuck if you lovin it
My clique hold heat, like Wolfgang Puck oven mitts
I stay in New York where my fam keep it gully
And any cypher I'm in the other rappers are my
understudies

Step outta line and I'll draw you a chalk outline I heard you did a joint with Puff Daddy and got outshined

You just a gay rapper, lovin what them fags do You ain't had pussy since pussy had you My whole entourage is known to beat you in the head to death

Apathy and Self-Titled the underground Red and Meth

I got a white wifebeater, head wrapped in white sneakers

Uptown nights they white, I'm the great white hype Demigodz depositing(?) piles of diamonds Brilliant, shimmering, glimmering, hustlin, Swindlin, foes we injurin Fuck chokin a chicken

I'll choke a chicken for frontin on the chocha
Chillin, chattin with chicks on a Motorola
I keep my game tighter than pussy on junior high
chicks

The fly shit that I spit got bitches ridin my dick

Yo, it ain't a question we representin for derelicts And lethal terrorists, my whole clique spittin with arrogance

My rhyme caliber will melt through any teflon And I got you wearin armor Fubu with an army suit on Listen bucko

I'll fire flame your frame to stucco

And put you in the crevices, plastered against the window

You can't test this

I'll ice grill you til you write your last will and testament
And throw your body in the wet cement
I give a groupie bitch much love even if you're fat
I'll serve her ass a good dick rockin a chef hat
Niggas know that when I let the rocket launcher blow
It's apocalypse and I'll be stockin shit like extra glocks
and clips

Self-Titled the true ghetto visionary

That flip necessary messages like high position secretaries

I make you see more black than a million marchin molasses

In a solar eclipse wearin Ray Charles glasses You'll never do this shit right I'll put your [?] in spandex and even then your tracks still won't come out tight

Stock market logic profit fattening my pockets I'm relaxin in the tropics with topless goddesses jockin it

Now this is where it gets tricky
Chicks try to trick me but I never trick
Get head in the whip and then I split
Mack a better bitch
Bust nuts and guts like Beretta spit
Spit better than competitors spit but this is effortless
Rob gems since the beginning of time like Genesis
Got Jenna Jameson on the genitals, fuck a feminist
I support porn, and stripper hoes slippin down poles
Lickin chicken's titties and tickle em where my dick
goes
I blessed her
Ran up in the dorm to molest her
Fuckin college bitches, P C U next semester, and I'm
out

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