

## **Demigodz "Captivate / Deactivate"**

Visit "[Captivate / Deactivate](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Esoteric]

My blows landed, those they froze stranded  
Most by most branded, for life I'm precise  
These so-called perfectionists must have no standards  
Thinkin they're the don when they shit comes on  
They got it all wrong, tryna step into E's world  
They fakin jacks like the bootleg cheese curls  
Please girls - stop eating up rice cakes  
Have a nice steak for Christ sakes  
My mic takes many lives, like 20 knives to the uterus  
A pugilist, whipin out cities like Mt. Vesuvius  
You jealous jerks - I'll rip you out your Perry Ellis shirts  
Write a rap on the map and show you Hell on Earth  
I pop fly shit, you catch it like Dennis Burkes  
They only way you'd be well at work is sellin Certz  
[Yo Esoteric, when you bringin the pain son?]  
It's probably gettin done as we speak like Jenna Jame-  
son

[Chorus: samples cut up]

"Captivate 'em before the raps deactivate 'em"  
"I smile with a sinister grin and finish him"  
"Crews I run through it, drama I'm in to it"  
[Raekwon] "Right stupid"  
[Punisher] "What! Bring it I'll blow ya whole spot"

[Celph Titled]

Yo, fuck what you heard these are words from now  
Testament  
Bring ya squadron and face the Demigodz regiment  
I breathe fire, guns are a part of me  
Fuck preservin hip-hop artistry, I'll propel bullets  
through ya arteries!  
Come through my hood and get smacked with the four  
You look like a FAGGOT! Just like Eve looks like a crack-  
whore  
Straight up and down deadly, that's how my clique spit  
I'm dope, you're just a barbituate kickin bitch shit  
I choke MC's 'til they turn green, I'm a sick man  
If a Martian fucks with me I'll choke him 'til he turns tan  
Now that's some stupid shit and niggaz ain't havin that  
Celph Titled's known to rip apart all you average cats

You might find me on a raft floatin from Cuba  
With heavy ammunition, assault rifles and bazookas  
And while your out claimin sets doin drive-bys  
I'm in a stealth bomber, breakin sound, doin fly-bys

[Chorus: samples cut up]

[Open Mic]

I move the crowd like a riot squad or national guard  
And pull cards like blackjack dealers at the Mirage  
Reflect life like light off the predator's camouflage  
Competitors find it hard to battle against the odds  
They gaze into the oracle to see the euphorical rays  
That it displays for every metaphorical phrase  
Audio visuals like a spiritual ritual  
Individuals need to uprise against the citadel  
Stray from the typical, originality's at a minimal  
My soundwaves blaze with every syllable  
I'll give a lesson on emceein as a professional  
To teach you herbs steppin' that my words are a  
weapon  
You got gassed, like you put the pedal to the floor  
I'll put the metal in your jaw so you know that I'm raw  
I do damage and represent the whole damn planet  
So no matter where I'm at I got the homefield  
advantage

[Chorus: samples cut up]

[Apathy]

I make it hot like Heather Hunter's pussy in the summer  
Then I fuck her hard enough to make Chloe Jones  
shudder  
(Fuck buyin Prada! ) I'll make her call me the Don Da-Da  
I'm a computer with a super medulla oblongata  
(You don't know Ap! ) Save ya homo rap  
(We rock Polo) You cop Chaps at TJMaxx  
Think that you could battle me and win? Next plan  
There's a better chance of Eminem joinin X-Clan  
Cuz we (crush) mother (fuckers) when we (spit it) we're  
the (illest) crew  
(Demi) Godz (bring it) with the (deadly) style (killin) you  
And y'all ain't basement, y'all are locked in the cellar  
Ain't sayin shit like a Helen Keller acapella  
And we originated "Root Beers" for ya frigid air  
(So emcees had to get day-jobs with Medicare)  
You cats run around sweatin Demigodz CD  
Motherfucker calm down, this is only the EP...

