

Demigodz "Off The Chrome"

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[Footsteps]

[Crazed fan (Apathy)]

Aiyyo Apathy, from the Demigodz, is that really you!
(Yeah, what's up man, how you doin aight?)
Yo, yo, what's up man, yo I love your shit!
I got all your shits, yo...
Yo yo, can I get an autograph? can I get some-
Yo I got all your vinyl pieces! I got all the vinyls...
I got the one the new one, the Boom-Bap (oh word)
Yo, yo yo Apathy yo, yo please man, kick a freestyle!
I'm sayin yo, off the dome!

[Apathy]

I got little kids sittin in class fiddlin
Didn't take they Ridalin, Apathetic rolls more than
Michelin
Whenever the clips start clickin and
I stab motherfuckers like they're swordfishin and they
fell out the boat
(Ahhhh!) but the fell inside of a boat filled with
crocodiles
When I rock the style got the hottest style
Come off the head and blast like lead projectiles
Ya not safe in ya neighborhood like I'm a pedophile
With a van of a man, I - kill all of my fans cuz I'm
paranoid
And think that they might turn into a Stan
(Jesus Christ!) shut up, your makin my ears hurt
You'd probably sell your little sister for an Apathy T-
shirt (it's true!)
I'll crack ya trachea like Dracula in Castlevania
Body-slam, crack ya back like Wrestlemania (ohh!)
Your just poor white trash with a Charles Bronson
mustache (haa!)
I'll beat your ass and take your bus-pass
I'm that bully at lunch that'll snatch ya cash
To avoid my wrath you probably cut class (yeah)
Your the type to fuck an ugly bitch and bust fast
I'll leave you gaspin like you ate Anthrax and mustard
gas (ahh!)
Word up son, I'm battlin forces

I'm "made from the best stuff on Earth", a rapper
Snapple endorses
And even for little weird kids
I still find time to throw a +Root Beer+ in they
+Fridge+

[Crazed fan (Apathy) {Louis Logic}]
Yo yo Apathy that was so fuckin dope!
I love it! (aww man) yo yo yo encore, kick another
one!
(Yo yo man hold up, I gotta be out man)
(But I think my man Louis Logic right here can help you
out)
Ah-ah-ah... Lou? Louis Logic!
{chill, chill dude} Jesus! Oh! Factotum!
I drank my first beer, listenin to Factotum!
{ha-ha-ha, you need another one dude}
{yo I'm kinda hemmed up right now, but you know
what)
{I could kick a free for you, hold up}
Yeah that's what I'm talkin about! Spit it! SPIT IT!

[Louis Logic]
Be aware, that I'm in need of a beer (I love it!)
You motherfuckers got a full pack of Squares?
I'ma steal that too, and smash you in the fuckin face
With a big piece of Chinese bamboo (hahaha!)
I'm Logical, I'm the comical one
I could kick you, right in your abdominal son (whoa!)
And I leave you on the run from the cops, and the feds
For tryin to fuck around with any rhyme that I said (ahh!
)
Your a biter, I'll strike you with a brand new lighter
And slash ya fuckin face with the claws of a tiger
I'd outwrite ya, and outshine ya (kick it!)
And take ya wife out and wine and dine her (oh-hoo!)
But I don't need to do that to get the pussy
Cuz I know her legs are bushy, and I ain't tryna fuck her
(ohh!)
I'll stuff a fuckin trucker in a duffel bag
Then I'll snuff his ass, fuckin fag! You should know
better (ooh!)
Cuz Louis Logical, put you in a nightclub sweater
I would fuck you up, but I like hoes better (ah-ha!)
You better escape before I'm settin the date
To desicrate your face and leave you in a resting place
(ah-ha!)
So let's just say, that I'm the man of the hour
With an unbelievable power to put a golden shower
Right over ya dome -- and have every motherfucker I
don't like

Pissed off, while I'm soakin ya clothes (I LOVE YOU!)

[Crazed fan (Louis Logic)]

Ahaha! Ah bravo bravo! (thank you, thank you haha)

I love you! I love you! Louis?

Lou? Can I call you Lou? (call me shithead dude) I LOVE YOU!

That was... you're a star! That was the best! FUCKIN JESUS!

(Ohh boy this kid...)

These are the best freestyles I've ever heard in my life!

(Yo man you think that was some shit man?)

(Snoozy motherfuckers bout to find out, check out my man Celph Titled)

(Yo, spit that shit...) AHHHHHHH!

[Celph Titled]

Celph Titled never freestyles? Fuck that! (ah!)

I'd rather put a gun to your back, nigga, fuck rap! (ooh!)

Crucify you to the wall with a thousand thumb tacks
You dumb cats are dumb wack - here's your fuckin tongue back!

I should spray you for lookin as gay as you do
You look like a fuckin surfer ah - I HATE YOU! (oh Jesus!)

I'll hanglide into your ride and slice ya throat
Wrap your dead body up in a Cardigan coat (oh my God!)

Shout out to Magic [?], I been dope since I first met him
And that was back in 1910!

I shine like flashed from Kodak, reflected off Kojak's head

I'll leave you wet like Bill Clinton's face (ah!)

Fuck Dan Quayle I'll go quail huntin

And shoot you in the face for frontin! (Jesus!)

So go get your orange vest, I'll punch ya head off ya chest

Molest your mom while you off in a gay prom wearin a cumberbun!

I'm the thunderous one - Celph Titled ain't a nigga seein me son

You couldn't kick verses if you played soccer, with a Bible

I'm so vital I'll play [?] organs at church

This is the last time I let 'em come off the dome, so search

On the internet and find 800 different records with my name on it!

(Jesus no!) You're a faggot wearing a bonnet! With a rainbow on it!

I'm the Don, I'm the king, I'm numero uno!
I'll terrorize your execution on dada mundo!

[Crazed fan: half-choking half-yelling]
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!
Apathy! Louis Logic! and Celph Titled!
Ahh! The Demigodz!...

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