

Apathy & Celph Titled "Sound of the Clap"

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[Intro] [Apathy] Uh oh, y'all know what that means U ready to get into it? Let's Go! [Verse One] [Apathy] My game is air tight, I can dick down dikes I'm the flyest thing that's white since uptown Nike's Wanna joke around, tryin' to diss, thinkin' it's fresh? I'll hit you til your links embedded an inch in your chest You better bow down this season, nobody's iller than Apathy Beings in different galaxies will name their children after me Sidewalk's crack when I'm steppin on the street I ain't standin on the planet, it's restin on my feet The pimp, player, the hustler, rolled into one Breathin' air into my lungs is like loading a gun Fuck around, y'all will have bigger problems than dressin' up as Bin Laden And tryin to rush the president while he's joggin' I don't even understand why you bother rockin' the beats You would of been better off as a stain on your father's sheets Ap is the king, rockin royal jewels that'll blind you UFO's couldn't illuminate like my shine do [Chorus] [Celph Titled] Comin through your city Hit the highway burnin rubber (Say What?) Did I stutter motherfucker? Step out of line You don't want none of that You better move back When you hear the sound of the clap [Verse Two] [Celph Titled] Push the limit try to beat me far It's gonna take more than tour guides to help you CPR See we are Villains pullin heists, puffin cigars Pullin' surveillance tapes out of VCR's Retards When it comes to beef y'all know I'm no stranger Put the barrel to your head cause it's a real no-brainer How am I the type to leave people frightened? Cause my gat can sing a love song like Peabo Bryson Motherfuckers know my repertoire's great Puttin' heads through saw blades My team being broke was just a small phase These bitches won't seem to leave me alone Even when I'm dead in my grave they still gonna try to jump my bones Stuffin' R&B chickens outside the label building Asking Destiny's Child if they'd have my children I got dissed but I wanted fat hoes instead Bring 'em to the crib and watch them crack my black sofa bed [Chorus] [Celph Titled] Comin through your city Hit the highway burnin rubber (Say What?) Did I stutter motherfucker? Step out of line You don't want none of that You better

move back When you hear the sound of the clap [Verse
Three] [Apathy] I goes right for the right price to touch
up your shitty flows Got more 16's than R. Kelly home
video's Nowadays I get paid for makin' a rhyme With
major labels at my door step, waiting in line Cause it's
hard to harness the hardest flows that I design Blow
your mind, bob your head until your breakin' your spine
I stack chips, mack chicks, now I'm datin' a dime And
wear my chain all the time just to break in the shine
[Celph Titled] Committing crime is my forte I'm wanted
in four states For being spotted with sniper gear on all
your tour dates Shine so bright I gave the sun lessons
What's a Celph Titled verse without a motherfucking
gun reference? Cause I'm the cruddiest cat You better
study a map And coordinate to where your body parts
are landin' at C-cl-cl-clap We came to bring the raw
back So you can, chh chh ahhh, along with the track
[Chorus] [Celph Titled] Comin through your city Hit the
highway burnin rubber (Say What?) Did I stutter
motherfucker? Step out of line You don't want none of
that You better move back When you hear the sound of
the clap

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