

Apathy f/ Celph Titled, C-Rayz Walz, Dutch Massive, Louis Logic, Majik Most "The Hook"

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(Apathy)

Yo, all the dough I'm rakin' in
Is more than Bill Gates is takin' in
Layin' in the bed, gettin' head from Jenna Jameson
Strangle Hell's Angels and jack their Harley-Davidsons
Ap spits raps on wax they can't wait to spin
The way that I freestyle, you'd think that I hate the pen
Never follow the traits of trends from ??? to spend
Only fuck dates that I rate ten
While bitches you stick, pose for cameras and break
the lens
For all you gay fucks, this shit is a wake up
To show you that I bust like "D" titties in A-cups
When I attack you fucks and slap you up
Even your imaginary friends won't back you up

(Majik Most)

Yo I'm comin' off hotter than condoms on the Human
Torch
Pushin' off on your girl with torque
Appylin pressure, because see, no one's fresher
Watch your little sister put my picture on the dresser
It's Majik Most, expect nothing lesser
So now you wanna battle when you see me at the party
Bring your own chalk to outline your body
I come off rocky performin exorcisms
Extract your ghostwriter and laugh at your writtens
You fake ass player, why you flash money for
I'll entertain your whore with a Commodore '64
And still get her on all fours, beggin for more

(Hook)

This is the hook, it's repeated two times
And usually the end of each line rhymes
We couldn't think of anything better than this
It's just six emcees, all got something to spit

(C-Rayz Walz)

I ain't the cat to lounge on, I get my pound on

With a brick fist, do my thing when I spit, I'm found on
Any stage with a list of sick beats is dope enough
I come to those events with can openers
For real, I'm makin deals with Celph when we speakin
When you're gettin bones, the only time you'll have a
hot weekend
(Get slapped) Fuck props, I snuff cops
And leave you out the picture like midget mugshots
Fuck you computer hoes who just found flows
I shove you outta an airplane, call it my download
And stingin' you nice and can paralyze you
Kill yourself, if I was wack, that's what I'd do

(Celph Titled)

You can find me an the crib, probably fuckin a hoe
On a daily basis, I make a buck plus a whole
All it takes is a microphone for me to let my flow loose
Hit the avenue, and bag bitches like they were produce
I politick, but like to extort niggas most of all
Because I be bringin more suspense than Stephen King
in overalls
Celph Titled, you know the name right
New York City famous, see my face in spotlights
I don't even like rap, I just like to talk shit
And I'm quick to pull the heat when the block get thick
For all you science fiction niggas, that's tryin to get
your tape out
I'll ship your body parts across the globe, leave you
spaced out

(Hook)

(Louis Logic)

Y'all don't want no beef with dutch massive
You claim you're battle emcees when you're just
passive
You'll get smacked like slut's asses
When you cut classes during final exams, bunch of
ingrates
Pussy rappers will menstruate, ??? finally cramped
You better call the EMS to stop your PMS
Or purchase ??? even less, you wish to never be as
fresh
See me in the flesh, like Morrison at the Whiskey A-Go-
Go
Pissin on promo tapes and shittin on photos
This is a no-no, keep wishin' you're so dope
I'm switchin my logo
To me grabbin your neck to with both fists in a
chokehold
A lot of dick riders try to lick my nuts

The funny thing is, y'all dummies think that this is a low blow

(Dutch Massive)

Motherfuckers keep askin when my album is droppin
It's not, only made that shit to play in my walkman
Y'all ain't worthy for the sounds that I produce for you
Yo, I told you cats, evaporate, but bullets when through
you
I assume the shit talkin and always analyze rhymes
I got a smart mouth, I used to beat-box for Einstein
Line after line, my mind has more storage space
I'm Massive, you're just some kid with a deformed face
Fuckin' waste, ("yo dutch you dead wrong")
These chickenheads is stupid, can't understand my
songs
Y'all speak the slang of the modern day caveman
Roll your crew out, chop their head off, and smoke the
remainin brain stems
My flames been on, tell me I ain't alive
I'll strap a bomb to my chest and stage dive
I thrive off keepin' your sister's breasts in my palm
And I got pictures of her on Majik Most dot com

(Hook)

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