

## **Apathy f/ Celph Titled, Louis Logic, Majik Most**

### **"Mother Molesters"**

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[Intro] Yeah, Chelsea Clinton. Where you at bitch?  
[Celph Titled speaking] Yeeeeeaaahhhh you monkey motherfuckers This is Celph Titled, the motherfuckin' Trife-A-Saurus Rex And I've got my motherfuckin nigga Majik Most About to molest every female bitch in your fuckin family You want more info? Dial 1-900-Get-Fucked-Up For twenty-five stitches a minute I don't give a fuck if you're handicapped You talk that shit, I'll bust a handy cap in that ass Yo, Majik, bust them in the head and leave 'em retarded Bring that shit nigga! [Majik Most] Majik Most is here now, stop tryin' to rhyme Even your mom says you just wastin' your time I'll catch you in line as you apply for Medicaid And beat you in the skull with a prosthetic leg Majik's got it made all in-between your girls thighs Any tough guys get smashed and pulverized I'm off the hook like fish alibi's Why diss? It's high risk, try this, die quick in your whip With a windshield wiper through your iris You not feelin' this? I'll crush your grandmothers hip Then strip the emergency bracelet off her wrist I love to shoot the gift Man I rock a Santa suit when inside a vocal booth I'll blast you through the roof Just to show and prove Oh you still want beef? (ah ha ha) I'll bust your chops Fuck you up like a Cyclops In a weed spot with no eye drops Motherfuckers Hip hop is back (yeah yeah) But you're a faggot in drag Rockin' a dress That used to be your dads I'll choke you with your do-rag Slam you on a concrete slab Oh you mad?! Cause Majik Most is so dope, I whack kids Hijack the city bus with my man Dutch Massive Hit the strip club Celph and Ap got free passes Every verse I write, considered classic [Apathy] A suplex Superman like a girl in a skirt Bury you in the dirt Rappers get placed in a world of hurt You tryin' to mack a dame but your game doesn't work You should feel lame and ashamed when you go home and jerk Cause I be havin' big titty bitches buying my shirt While you lurkin' in the bushes with a perverted smirk So jealous of the way I be ridin' the track You put your walkman on my rap And fantasize that you're Ap But I'll be shittin' on you nerd motherfuckers for fun Till I make you mad enough to come to school with a gun Beat you

up until you cry and take your money for lunch They'll  
be mopping up your face by the twentieth punch You  
faggots get ghost Puttin' holes in the fabric of clothes  
My automatic blows metal through the back of your  
domes I'm mackin' your hoes Rapid flows that'll roast  
opponents Who play me close or battle with Majik Most  
[Louis Logic] Stop a second and drop your weapon  
bitch (biiitch!) I meant to kill you back when the doctor  
stepped in And said your mom was pregnant Stomp the  
section of her stomach Where a baby doll sleeps Roast  
beef with both feet Wearing weighted golf cleats Leave  
behind a blood trail and a bottle of Seagram's Gin  
Covered in my bloody finger print and blame my evil  
twin But since I didn't see you there I'll burn your studio  
I'll fill you with warm slugs like you turned marsupial  
I'm like a savage bushman Chargin' through the  
outback I'll kick you in your asses cushion Whether with  
or without rap Whether with or without Ap, Celph or  
Majik Most I'll smash your nose And drag your ghost  
right out from your fractured bones I'll have your folks  
singin' church songs, dressed in black Your former  
fans only question asked is "Where has that herb  
gone?" I'll stab you Carve you with a sharp knife and  
tag you With bad news So you know my name and what  
have you [Celph Titled] A lot of rappers gonna die this  
year and that's the truth And I'll probably end up  
responsible for a few Communication ain't a problem  
My guns speak all languages Gimme what I want Or be  
a dumb nigga, brainless! I'm the complete opposite  
with drug fiend chicks I know straight-edge bitches  
that'll smoke crack to suck my dick Floss through the  
hood and stack chips by the cases I've got more whips  
than a slave-master dominatrix I wont even do a cameo  
I get paid for my ad-libs Visit your girl and fuck her  
from her baby-back ribs You might as well go snow  
skiing or somethin' It's your only chance to rock ice  
without frontin' Throw a monkey wrench in your  
program Make you go ape shit Attach your head to a  
launching space ship Give you a face lift It's basic Bury  
your corpse under the basement I'm ill enough to start  
a drug war with the Jamaicans Don't make me have to  
pop your collar bone Put the silence on the chrome And  
let my Rottweilers roam Thirsty for blood Ready to  
shatter your brain I talk a lot of shit on records but I can  
back up my claims Motherfucker!

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