

Apathy f/ Celph Titled, Motive

"Demigodzilla"

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[Verse 1: Apathy]

Ap'll rock it, the results are catastrophic
Whether battle rapper topic or sellin' crack for a profit
Break it down to microscopics, blow it up to larger
levels
We Hell's angels and devils, Demigodz Satan rebels
Pull the plug, kick the speaker, if ya got a bitch then
beat her
Poundin' on your door with a mask, but not a trick-or-
treater
Click your heaters like apartments in winter weather,
we gettin' cheddar
Livin' life like you know you won't live forever
Probably only just as far as my luck goes
We fuck hoes who sneaked a snub nose inside they
club clothes
An asshole's typin' on his Sidekick at dinner
With a fly chick who'll snicker, when my dick is in her
Secular sinner scary as unprotected sex in cemeteries
I like freak bitches, so fishnets are necessary
Demigodzilla, thug blood spiller
The nine don't fill ya, the rhymes gon' kill ya

[Verse 2: Motive]

They say I'm often ig'nant, cocky and ??
'Cause I'm the type to kick it to a chick when she walkin'
out of abortion clinic
A verbal menace, in the book of Guinness
Is listed one of the hoodiest niggas to spit it and really
live it
The difference between me and these MC's with lyrics
The flow fam, is like a grown man goin' against an
infant
I'm with your ho man, she's playin' some slow jams
Baggin' my coke grams with her mouth open for me
like a dentist
But not for novacaine, your dame's a smuggle trick
So I left a little nut stain on her upper lip
Yo flash my shit but keep a gun in my belt
You know once you in the casket and you huggin'
yourself

For you nonbelievers, on your tongue is where I place
my heater
It's like I'm checkin' to see if you probably run a fever
Demigodzilla, thug blood spiller
The nine don't fill ya, the rhymes gon' kill ya

[Verse 3: Celph Titled]

You hearin' nothin' but mayhem and chaos until the
song's over
"Honey, I Shrunk the Kids," and I'm usin' the
lawnmower
We hotter than fish grease, glock stashed in the six
piece
Fried chicken box with side order of pig's feet
Bullets the size of licorice sticks, but ain't shit sweet
Hollow tips to follow your whip, rip through the kid's
seat, homey
It ain't the same down south, I got AK's in my house
Gun permits from Charlton Heston with techs in the den
You guessed it, it's him: Celph Titled the best with a
pen
My John Hancock worth more than Thomas Jefferson's
Ever since Ap made me a Demigodzilla
I been chillin' with demons, sippin' Henny, rockin'
Tequila
Kidnappin' Miss Mother Nature, watch me impregnate
her
Y'all talk gangsta, but really interior decorators
Nobody's iller, we barbecue and grill ya
And we ain't stoppin' 'till the, rhymes done killed ya

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