

## **Apathy f/ Celph Titled, Motive, Styles of Beyond "Live at the BBQ"**

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[Apathy] Ap ain't merciful Shoot up your convertible Lay  
your body flat while your soul goes vertical Versatile,  
impossible to pigeon hole Gettin' doe, spittin' flows  
From complex text to pimpin' hoes That's why your  
girlfriend feel me man It's alarmin' how charmin' I  
really am Got a glock that'll Rock like a Band So this  
gun in my right hand is named Steely Dan Steal the  
show, steal hoes, steal your fans Steal my flow? We'll  
hang you from ceiling fans Your little hoe tryin' to front  
like she's hard to get off? Tell that finger lickin' chicken  
bring the barbecue sauce [Motive] Ayo I stay clean  
Rake Doe, lay low with a full clip My yayo fiends on  
payroll get smacked over bullshit Motive, notice I never  
fall victim to no one The truth that'll fuck tracks in the  
booth with a Trojan Respect due cause whole crew, is  
professionals Quickly show a nigga what a knife in the  
chest will do While y'all front, still spittin' the same The  
only time y'all kill somethin' is on a video game Cause  
any beef we're gonna ride at all cost Have you shot in  
your cars Have you sittin' +Sideways+ like Paul Wall  
Chopped and Screwed up, cause you niggas do suck  
That's why your girls chained to our sticks like  
nunchucks [Ryu] You got a death wish I'm the Fresh  
Prince of tech clips You gotta respect it The west died I  
came in Resurrected the west side like Game did You  
ain't shit I came with a gang that's brain dead And walk  
around talkin' to they selves like Rain Man My game  
plan is thick Your dames on my dick All my girlfriends  
got name tags that all say "Bitch" Y'all can't really spit  
Rip tracks, I spit crack Click chrome and finish off  
cliques like six packs S.O.B./be the first sucker to mouth  
off I call Celph up tell him to bring me the cow prod And  
that's all (AND THAT'S ALL!) [Celph Titled] Don't ask me  
for nothin' Ask me for somethin' Mega-Ton bombs  
strapped to my chest Don't even ask if I'm buggin'  
Warlord from the dark star All my dogs bark paw Talk  
hard and get hit by a parked car Swimmin' where the  
sharks are Yes I'm one guy That won't speak when I'm  
holdin' heat cause I'm gun shy You're damn right that  
I'm a studio gangster Bring the Mac-11 to your mix  
down and shoot the place up Your bitch get face

fucked Bustin' on her Clairol Deep throatin' so far she  
coughin' up hairballs Disregard the law Fuck a gun ban  
I got a group of musicians with AKs that's my gun band  
Chorus: See it's like that y'all (that y'all) That y'all (that  
y'all) [x6] And that's all! [Tak] You know me homie I'm  
a tax a million cats Till they can't rap Get the cash that  
feelin' 'em yeah They call him Tak with a glass of  
Guinness To rock city blocks And bringin' 'em +Back To  
The Grill+ again The Demi-G.O.D.s We take 'em a little  
higher Than California bud when we smoke trees Tryin'  
to walk is like Calypso with broke knees With half of  
your body slain with your brain in your goatee Oww,  
that's on S.O.B. Plus I carry a knife cause I'm a sick  
dope fiend Got 'em panickin', damn it cause the bandit  
has spoken Yeah, it don't take much to bust a  
cantaloupe open Bitch Chorus

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