

**Apathy f/ Emilio Lopez****"Trust"**

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[Verse 1: Emilio Lopez]

E to the m-i, l-i-o  
Got snakes all around, so I tell my hoes  
That they can't be around when I sell my blow  
'Cause distraction's a bad thing, hell, I know  
If I slack, get clapped, off to hell I go  
It's like I got a sixth sense, I can smell my foes  
It ain't hard to tell, they know damn well that I'll blow  
Inhale my dough and never have to sell my soul  
At any time they can drop dime and set my bail  
And instead of the gym, I'm doin' sets in jail  
It don't matter what I do, I don't expect to fail  
Don't stress, ignite (Inhaaaale)  
Let the weed smoke invade my lungs  
Every day I pray the dumb won't ever make me blaze  
my guns  
While I'm on the road to chase the funds  
I sip slow and taste the rum, until the point my face is  
numb

[Verse 2: Apathy]

I remember warmer weather, but this winter got me  
thinkin'  
What's the point of stayin' broke and stay afloat and  
steady sinkin'  
Elec...tricity blinkin', never pimpin'  
All my sneakers look cheaper than factory speakers in  
'70's Lincolns  
Unacceptable, the bitches I'm fuckin' are far from  
beautiful  
And pussy I'm pursuin' got me pushin' pharmaceuticals  
It's funny how it's motivation  
Now I'm throwin' blow up on the stove and soda bakin'  
in remote locations  
I ain't doin' it 'cause rappers do it, I do it for dollars  
And distribute it to students who move it throughout  
they college  
Got cokehead bitches who be fuckin' me, right?  
'Cause I hit 'em off with blow so they can study all night  
But I need to slow it down, 'cause my name's goin'  
round

And the hate is goin' round, and my face is known now  
This black cat and three white dudes from a frat  
Get a gat and get it in they brain that they stickin' Ap  
But by now my spot's so hot, the cops always watch  
So the second that they step into my door to check if  
it's locked  
Pull down they ski masks and get they weapons cocked  
Back door, let 'em deal with the D's, and jet in the drop

[Verse 3: Emilio Lopez]

It's eleven p.m., I'm gettin' my dick sucked by my BM  
Got seat car lights, and now I'm at the window peakin'  
It's Ap...I thought that we were meetin' on the weekend  
I meet him at the door, yo my neighbors ain't sleepin'  
So chill...Why you got that heated look on your grill?  
Better yet, save the information 'till we in the basement

[Verse 4: Apathy]

Basically, base is too risky, these dudes bein' shifty  
Sittin' around, listenin' to 50 and think that they can  
stick me  
My place is gettin' raided, so they'll probably evict me  
And these cops are out to get me, gotta think of  
somethin' quickly

[Verse 5: Emilio Lopez]

Whoa, slow down, don't go losin' your cool  
'Cause these cops that ran up in your spot got it  
confused  
They thought it was you, I thought it was too, until you  
showed up  
Tell me, was it kids from the frat that tried to roll up?

[Verse 6: Apathy]

I guess so...I didn't get a good look through the window  
But a lot of strange muthafuckas been diggin' for info  
We can't go to Rikers, we won't be up in the cyphers  
We ain't gang affiliated, ain't nobody gon' like us

[Verse 7: Emilio Lopez (Apathy)]

What's this shit about, "we" and "us"?  
Didn't we discuss, if D's should rush, we need to trust?  
(Muthafucka, I did everything to handle our biz)  
Yo when you jettied from the feds you probably led 'em  
to my crib!  
(What?! You buggin' the fuck out, put that heat down,  
dude)  
Pssh, you aimin' just the same, put your heat down too

\*gunshot\*

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