

Apathy f/ Louis Logic

"Lost Freestyle"

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Yo check it out
Louis Logical super-regular recordings
Unknown on the mix
My man Makalek

[Verse 1 - Louis Logic]
I'm drinkin' beer 'till I'm thinkin' weird, suddenly
disturbed
With two shots down next one will be my third
I'm a runaway, flasher, upsetting' innocent by passers
Cause I refuse to put my gun away
Buyin' beer and cigarette's and for the underage
Puke in to the sound booth and dive from the stage
I've become enraged, from sticky summer days
Of working for the man underpaid
I could care less in each instance
To reach the distance
Walkin' on the path of least resistance
Cause when the beat is finished
I still continue rhyming
With the breakthrough shit like I'm divin into hymen
Logic is a sick fuck who love's to get his dick sucked by
rich sluts
And wipe my nuts off on their big butts
I'm too mixed up with brothers on the slide
Flippin' you the bird with your mother in my ride
Brothers on the slide this is Louis Logic
Unknown is your host, motherfuckers better hide
Brothers on the slide this is Louis Logic
(?), motherfuckers better hide

{"Just a small example of the abstract"}
{"I hope my words come as a shock"}
{"Any way you put it sucker (?) you're getting
devastated"}

[Verse 2 - Apathy]
Ya'll are going down like Mary J. Blige
My vocabularies live
I spit so much my salivary needs to re-energize
Every five seconds or more

Rhymes wreckin' your mind more than poisonous alien
spores
Your brain absorbs, pain through pores
Scream so loud you strain your jaw till you stain your
drawers
I bang more... famous whores than Hugh Hef
I'll battle everybody until there's only one crew left
And not one more
Ya'll are feminine as pedicures
My metaphors are better than your competitors
I've got way more green acres than Eva Gabor
The MC that even player haters adore
I rock dated tours
When I drop hip hop heads raided the store
Cop four copies or more for sure
Undercover motherfucker, secret agent at your
basement back door
Tryin' to kidnap your poor track for ransom
Handsome but hardcore
The James Bond in me is more Sean Connery than
Roger Moore
Ap for self, rap stealth 'til I stack wealth
No need to pack gats, slap cats like black belts
I spit 'til the wax melts, (?) spin
Hackin' supercomputers until my box is trapped in
I cut factions to fractions when rappin' in action
So def I rock in close caption
So when you pass out and black out from battling'
Tap your friend on the shoulder and ask him what the
fuck happened

[fading out]
Yo what the fuck was that?
Yo yo you just got fucked up B
Apathy the Alien Tongue
Representin Connecticut
The Demigodz baby

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