

Apathy f/ Majik Most

"Don't Talk to Me"

Visit "[Don't Talk to Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Apathetic (yeah) the heir to the thrown (word)
Mother molesters click (you know about that!)
My man Majik Most the sweaty back bastard
Yeah, yo don't even talk to us
Don't run up with your burned CD or piece of shit CD
With the cover picture on the front that your grandma
took bitch... fuck you!

[Verse 1 - Apathy]

I turn rappers to dust, burn rappers who bust
turn wax to cut, burn backs of sluts
earn stacks of bucks, learn raps to crutch
you herb cats who touch the microphones I clutch
just observe and take notes how I make paeso's and
date hoes
hotter than pepper on jalipanos
paragraphs vibe through your speaker box
making people stop on the streets to clock
like cops in front of reefer spots
I'm known for pulling mics apart like repair shops
and when you bump I never feel it like air shocks
I used to rock air macks with Nike Air hats
now I scare cats they compare Ap to bear traps
I'm the type of path that people don't cross
like the Blair Witch Woods when you suckers get lost
I'm the hottest thing alive flame broiling spots
I'm foiling plots, my brainwaves boiling pots
at a temperature the burners on your stove can't match
I bust caps cause my heads way too big for hats
I'm gonna test your girls physical stamina
while I'm diggin and slammin her on the digital camera

[Chorus - 2X]

So don't talk to me about MC's got skills
He's alright but he's not real
Don't talk to me about MC's got skills
They're okay but they're not ill

[Verse 2 - Majik Most]

ay yo hold up, majiks on the case
watch the flames from my tape ignite your gas tank

I lace you like your mom in a bondage suit
with matching hooker boots teaching you to tie your
shoes
you lose every time I rhyme
I'll clothesline you off your scooter, your nothin but a
loooser!
I'm on some highschool shit with lolipops in my pocket
for hot chick on my dick under seventeen with my
picture in their locket
on the club scene they don't need to take extacy they
think about me
it's obvious I won't win a grammy from a song
but i'll run up in moeisha and get my brandy on
ask me if I'm dope, C'MON I'M MAJIK MOST!
I'll roast you bitch, I barbeque kids till you just a fucking
skeleton wearin a wig
I'm trying to be Mr. Big so don't talk to me bitch

[Chorus - 2X]

[Verse 3 - Apathy]

You better watch what you say like lip syncing in
mirrors
quit thinkin your near us, your not even a million miles
close enough to hear us
I stand six feet back and spit these raps until the
concrete streets crack
I simplfy just to pass it by the mass and burn you like
ants under a mangnifying glass
ya'll are unerlings like the servents of kings
while I form ciphers and patterns like saturns circular
rings
(it's Apathy) my soul purpose stands to cripple
my verses tear through tissue like surface to air
missles
navigating fighter planes safe to the ground
with one engine down and enimes circling all around
I'm mythical to hip hop fans some people hear
that I'm seven foot eight with three heads and no fear
they say I spit fire and I walk on air
well if what they say is true then you'd better beware

[Chorus - 2X]

Visit [Apathy f/ Majik Most](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.