

Apathy f/ Open Mic

"Sureshot Affair"

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[Hook - 4X]

Aiyyo that kid is marvelous

[Verse 1- Apathy]

I'm the alien tongue, you can call me Apathy
Motherfucker's who wanna battle me better have
backup batteries
I'm burying Calvary and turn them in to causalities
Then casually spread their dead bodies across the
galaxy
You don't wanna get fucked, you better stick with
chastity
You got some audacity of even thinkin' of rappin' with
me
I automatically tear up the human anatomy
And make you lose phatness like your taking off
calories
Philosophy majors couldn't imagine or fathom me
It's heavy like walking on planet's with no gravity
Gradually I'll open up my own academy
Where professors will lecture upon the intellect of
Apathy
Now I got groupies grabbin' me, jealous rapper's
dreamin' of stabbin' me
Coming to shows and tryin' to blast at me
This bastard be the baddest over a beat
With battery acid in glasses and labeled as incomplete

[Verse 2 - Open Mic]

You take back on the rack like a Lex Luger maneuver
You're (???) like Bret Hart and caught the sharpshooter
I'm live like Monday Night in the main event fight
Like I work for Ted Turner, people do what I write
A Million Dollar like Austin Stone Cold
Wrestlin in bed with your woman, put your moms in a
sleeper hold
I've been told that I'm the champ of the world
I get more ass than Ric Flair, catch stares from the
Nitro Girls
stack like (?), hotter than (?) heat
Like corny gangs, we can have this match in the street

If you knew the deal you would kept it real like
Shamrock
Like Shawn Michaels you faggot with your hand on
McMahon's cock
Get your ass kicked every week like Vince
And start actin like Sting and never speak
When I cum/come in the ring, like a condom gettin
smacked
Knock your ass the fuck out and stamp my logo on your
back

[Hook - 4X]
Aiiyyo that kid is marvelous

[Verse 3 - Open Mic]
You wanna battle my crew, you must be smokin' moldy
crack
This ain't butt fucking so there'll be no holdin' back
When it's your turn you get burned like whores on
Howard Stern
This ain't KRS but it's your turn to learn
I'll have ya stuck in a bad position like hounds screwin'
And when you leave the stage and hear the whole
damn crown booin'
While ya playa hatin' when they throw my tape in
Pass the microphone; I'll leave ya bloody like a
butcher's apron
Where ya comin' from think that you're nice, I'm tight
You're slower than the second coming of Christ
The Demigodz don't fuck around like (?) prostitutes
And after this hit your gonna know who gots the loot

[Verse 4 - Apathy]
I minimize your planets size
My shit is fly like Janet's thigh
I'll throw my pen in the Atlantic and watch the titanic
rise
I scan the jungle like a predator with infrared, in my
head is mechanic eyes
I fantasize of wives with slanted eyes and a family of
samurais
Hold up let me summarize
Apathy is ampin' up the track, turn the beat down
Ya'll are straight bitches like pissin with the seat down
We can get down; we can make the earth go 'round
We can battle your crew and run you out of town
Apathy be crushin' any planet that he stands on
Demigodz are rougher than a sandpaper tampon

[Hook - 4X]
Aiiyyo that kid is marvelous

Punks beware, girls stop and stare, the sure shot MC's
for the affair
Punks beware, girls stop and stare, the sure shot MC's
for the affair

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