

## Celph Titled

### "The Celph Titled Show"

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[Verse 1:]

It's time to get wrapped up in my combo  
Pyrotec master, that's cause I'm the bomb though (yes)  
Off the coast of Costa Rica with your loaded heaters  
A gangster bitch named Sherifa smoking loads of  
reefer (damn)  
Play Miami bass loud you have broken speakers  
Play me you'll catch a seizure or an open-heart  
procedure boy  
Matter fact I got a habit that due to my habitat  
I'm pretty good at rapping raps about making clappers  
clap  
But that's besides the point man  
You can call my bat phone but your wack poems ain't  
part of my voice plan  
My waist band the size of asteroid belts  
Bitches on my young jock without Bad Boy's help  
I've been proclaimed propane  
My flow game went from eh okay to goddamn that  
boy's cocaine  
I keep the toast close, see me and you better shoot  
I love my nine like Busta Rhymes used to love them  
leather suits

[Chorus:]

This is the motherfucking Celph Titled Show  
Don't touch that dial, we gonna be here for a while  
Demigodz in the house with my man Buckwild

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[Verse 2:]

Forget everybody that did it, everybody that's done it  
Everybody that said they's gonna do it but fronted  
I did the math and homeboy it gets ridiculous  
I'm three times dope like the kids from Acknickulous  
St. Nicholas bags of dough  
Ebenezer Scrooge attitude towards hoes  
Rearrange bones to a Soloflex torso

I got more flow than a hundred Rakim clones wearing  
Rakim's clothes  
At award shows by the boatloads  
But they ain't the god, the R  
I used to pray to God I'd rap like the R  
But I like how I are, my favourite rappers by far is me  
Eso, B, and Apathy, the D-e-m-l-g-o-d-z for sheezy my  
neezys  
Manufacturing deadly pathogens packaging the ziti  
(Who's he?) Celph Titled's who the fuck I be  
Werewolf show my teeth over Buckwild beats

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 3:]

I'm the dark lord of the dark lore  
It's a suicide fuck boy and I ain't talking about a car  
(hell no)  
I get hardcore, yeah far more  
Shoot you with a rocket, hit you from a hundred yards  
or more  
The homing missiles is closing in  
Hard rappers that pose in gyms get turned to the Olson  
twins  
I take your closest friend, throw em in a vulture den  
And toss them in a box with swords from Shoguns  
poking in  
(Damn) take no shorts, we flame torch  
Your face is scorched, yeah my mixtape take the blame  
for it  
? tackle when I aim it at you  
Your bitch wanted nuts in her face so I gave the stupid  
ho cashews  
My rhymes will outlast you  
I know you're soft, you're a pussy in a cat suit  
Blow, I'm a blast you  
Permanently tattooed, swing an axe too  
Split a soloist into a thirty-member rap group

[Chorus:]

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