

Fort Minor f/ Apathy, Celph Titled "All Night"

Visit "[All Night](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Apathy]

I'll break ya brain cells off at the stem your status is stupider
Ap' is a nuclear blast, heart blacker than Lucifer
I could sit and write a list of all the shit I would do to ya
Head so big, I rest my fitted cap on Jupiter
You aint built like this, you a soft carbon copy
A care bear compared to a auto-box roddy
For raps like crack I supply to the blacks
Drop pipes, cop mic's, say good-bye to your rocks
I'm a motherfuckin star, the status of John Lennon
Y'all are ordinary people, singin to John Legend
Write a track dissin' Ap'? Better X that out
I don't play that, like rap in a redneck's house
I could have ya brain cells spinnin quicker than Sprewell's
Ya female e-mailin me all ya details
I don't dig up dirt, I shake the Earth
And I never say names, I wouldn't waste a verse
Off of the top I'm hot, and when they dare me to write
Prepare to carry a mic to a burial site
I'm a pioneer fuckin' up stereotypes
I snatch chains as a kid, made you carry ya bikes
I got an addiction to spittin shit is heroin-like
Story teller speak of hell and the American plight
Money blower, funny though it seems embarrassin'
right?
Rock shows, blow the do' on a pair of Air Nike's
All Night!

[Tak]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, Yo
You know the rules, I cruise with a tough band
You in the fuckin closet with brooms and a dustpan
I clean sweep ya fleet, body softer than gelatin
Now you on the mic, yeah right my life in ya skeleton dummy
I'm in the place, you can tell when it's bloody
I freakin', pay for ya face grade and mail you the money
I'm ready I'm willin' to watch, spy on seven that flinch

Let's see if I don't kill 'em in five seconds or less
I keep comin' back like rashes on an infant
You don't wanna chance to clash with the magnificent
Seven of us, it's heaven but never enough
So I tighten the vice grip, so his head'll get crushed
Look, I'm out of sight now, deep in this music
Leavin' 'em upside-down, fiendin for new shit
Rid cat it's the roll power creep in the booth quick
Blow a hole in ya back, just to eat off a soup dish
You bitch

[Celph Titled]

Yo!

The Demigod stands for killa's
More specifically we Deadly Entertainers Maniac
Ignorant GODzilla's
And we, never took the route that mother cook's took
Cuz we kept recipes for human flesh in my mother's
cookbook
Get souffled in more ways then ten
Celph Titled flow is chokin' the wind, my favorite
pasttime's soakin' in sin
The most accurate sharpshooter with no scope
Shoot with my left and watch you all die from
secondhand smoke
I'm reppin' my fam SO, You better act cool
My solo make a Ouija Board jump up and slap you
dummy
You not thinkin' smart
I bust so many blamma's and blicka's that I should start
a rock band called
"Blink & Spark"
Sinkin' charts with no harpoons, my arsenal
Is sawblade carbon tools slidin' ya coffin through
Apathy's insane and I'm the same as my brother
I'm like a circus show sniper, I aim for the juggler
Catch a case and before the judge can slam down the
gavel
The whole room duck and hide from grenade shrapnel
These rap verses I be breezin' through
Cuz I'm like a celebate, under oath, Un-Fuckin-
Believable

(behind turntable scratchin) x2

Demigods, Fort Minor

"Ya Ya heard of us"

Styles of Beyond

"Ya Ya heard of us, the murderous"

