

The Demigodz

"The Demigodz"

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[Woman talking]

Ya know what?

I'm sick of motherfuckers talkin about my niggaz The Demigodz

Y'all just mad cuz we don't walk around with our thumbs

In our asses like the rest of y'all jokers...

[Apathy]

You need a calvary squad to battle these Godz, when Apathy rocks

To even the odds, you need cops after me with gats cocked

I'm livin proof that we're rulin with ease

Coolin with cheese, schoolin all you foolish emcees

Whether talkin to a chick or poppin off at the lip

I'm always thinkin 'bout you rappers in a coffin and shit

Scientists don't try to document how often I spit

To estimate the average body count when squashin a click

Rappers are gettin wrecked due to lack of respect

Cuz y'all couldn't get signed if you was the back of a check

It's obvious, you little sucker motherfuckers copy this

Like my styles were files, he faked saved to floppy disk

(So why did they even try?) I haven't got the foggiest

But I turn fags into punchin bags Rocky hits

On some Miagi shit, split you with karate kicks

Draggin you through the pits of H-E double hockey sticks

[Chorus x2]

The Demigodz - will crush your click (crush your click!)

The Demigodz - will fuck your bitch (fuck your bitch!)

The Demigodz - don't give a fuck (we don't give a fuck!)

The Demigodz - cuz your shit sucks (it sucks!)

[Celph Titled]

I am the feature presentation, your rhymes are just a segment

A bitch could just look at me, and get herself pregnant

I make bustin a gat look good cuz I hold it well
In second grade I brought a live grenade to class for
show-and-tell
It's obvious there ain't no right, go look up "crazy
motherfucker"
In the dictionary and find a picture of Celph Titled
I'm accurate when I terrorize, I am unique
Fuck around and be in a wheelchair as a paralyzed
amputee
(Can't you see!) I'm like Chuck Norris swingin his
nunchucks
Bitch-slappin these young sluts, spillin guts outta you
dumb fucks
Spit flames in battles, leave you cooked in ashes
Illiterate son of a bitch you couldn't read a book of
matches - faggot!
You know my steelo, I be bringin niggaz the best beats
Niggaz'll test me, get so shook they diagnosed for
epilepsy
I spit trife when I rip mics, nigga I been nice
Fill you up with bulletholes and play the flute witcha
windpipe
Slice into two pieces and you still ain't half a man
Take cover while I'm throwin rocks at you like cats in
Pakistan
Slap you with my gat-packin backhand, you have that
rap man
When my track jam, even the preacher sayin, "God
Damn!"

[Chorus x2]

[Apathy]

You ain't the man shinin, you need a hand witcha
rhymin
I'll blow ya fuckin head off like a dandelion
I jump in the arena and stand up to the lions
Expand like a DNA strand in man science
Former old scrolls, to gold on Spanish islands
Pirate of the Caribbean brandishing iron
Incredible, my rap is like a chemical drug
Thugs buzz like metal touchin electrical plugs
Even skepticals accept the skill is factual proof
Spit my raps through the mic and fracture the glass in
the booth
And when it's time to spit, fuck that complex shit
I'd rather get crunk and fuck a project chick! (beyotch!
)

[Celph Titled]

We blast cats with the artillery cannons

Attached to the back of the black van me and Ap'
caught damage in
Brandishin weapons with anolitical tactical technicians
Calculatin coordinates to guide missiles at victims
For no apparent reason, we could leave you bleedin
In a bathroom stall until the custodian comes and
scrubs the walls
Niggaz is assed-out like blackbeats winkin
I know you ragweeds been speakin, my tribe is like the
Last Mohicans

[Chorus x2]

[Apathy (Celph): singing to the beat]
I'll take your girl - and get her in the shower
Molest her with a shampoo bottle - for half an hour
You know how we do - when Apathy and Celph Titled
come through
Your wife's a slut - she better watch her stuff
(Niggaz jockin my beats - why don't you beat your
meat?)

[Woman talking]
Man y'all some bitch-ass fuckin niggaz
Runnin around listenin to that fuckin soft-ass rap music
We won't never be soft... y'all should be ashamed of
y'all self
Soft-ass scallywag mothefuckers... we 'bout to clown
y'all this year

[Humming until fade]

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