Lexicon f/ Apathy, Celph Titled ''Makin' Music''

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you are listening to the sound of music symbolic and complex rhythms

[Verse 1 - Big Oak]
In my '99 Saturn, switchin four lanes
Nah, fuck it, I'm gettin sick of rollin', and I'm?
So I dumped in a ditch, got a truck with leather
figured out why I've been feelin' under the weather
rolled around for three years with a broken tape deck
bumpin commercial radio, it made me sick
I got used to it man, it that made me sick
got it fixed, but some underground, it made me sick!
so now I only listen to shit, that's good for my health
like styles of beyond, Apathy and Celph
4-zone, Sandman, JaySon plus Jay-Z, anything old and
rock n' roll

feelin too old, from bein twenty-two gettin' nostalgic with songs like my dad used to do it's pathetic, but I don't mean to start a revolution I'm just makin music, makin my contribution

[Verse 2 - Celph Titled]

I was deep in the lab, cookin up some gourmet rap shit at the chrome depot, where we lay the tracks with bangin' beats, we masters of the sample surgery with rhymes so dope they have to be heard hypodermically

all over the world I'm famous for instrumental treats but really I'm just a rapper that decided to make some beats

don't ever call me a producer on the mic I'm an mc behind the ?voice? you'd better get it right and nigga's around my way be knowin' me for havin mad quotes

but I find it funny cause punch lines are just bad jokes I'm a monster in this industry, who stays ?scheming? on Halloween I dress like a human being I make the type of music you could nod your head to entire albums you could play 'till the cassette's threw I talk a lot of thug shit in these rap songs but that's what happens when you put a raw nigga's

[Chorus]

we're making music, you'd better learn how to use it you got the skills, better step up and prove it if you got a title, pretty soon your going to lose it cause the L is here to stay, okay?

We're makin' music, not that underground trash that floods the record racks and makes no impact all-right, okay, they can't take all the blame but it's not us, we're just here to save the day

[Verse 3 - Nick Fury]

yo

we're makin' music while you write that abstract crap talkin' bout the periodic table in a rap c'mon, what the fuck are ya'll doin'? you'd better go back and listen to some ?"juice crew"? and

understand that no one wants to hear that bullshit silly verse about your lyrical science experiment (nope) save it for your little internet geek sessions with your beats that will cure insomnia in seconds see while ya pack forty words in a bar and think we pack forty girls in a bar and drink cause it's like that

the distortion off the ?? and demigodz are here to strike back

I'm somewhere in-between stunts, bloods and hip hop and sex, drugs and rock n' roll, now that's music I've got my word and I'm not afraid to use it the hell with rap, I'ma sing the blues kid

[Verse 4 - Apathy]

I'm tryin' ta make joints 'till it gets played by Flex and Angie

and you can hear it comin' out of Ap's Lex or Camry Fuckin' groupies until I only smell sex and candy and if the girls don't jock I keep my ex's handy I'll be rappin' 'till my little kids are playin' candy land and I'm a family man, with? seats inside a family van I'll be changin their diapers, while I'm hangin' in ciphers and hit you with their shitty drawers if your raps ain't tighter

I'm a demigod, you motherfuckers don't know the half about this white boy speakin' five percent of math with polo's to? and hoes I mack easily control their sub-conscious with subliminal frequencies fuck young chicks, visiting dorm's too frequently they don't blow up my spot, they're all sworn to secrecy they stay on the dick, when chicks hear my new shit and even keep a box of toothpicks to pick the pubics it's music

[Chorus]

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