

## **Louis Logic f/ Apathy & Celph Titled "Don't You Even Go There"**

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[Lauryn Hill: Au contraire mon frere, don't you even go there] {x2} How you doin'? My name's Louis, first of all, I make stupid music For losers and beer abusers, screw ups and human sewers I'm a cesspool myself with a head full of wealth-y Rich and sick shit thoughts that helps me to sell CDs I mastered in givin' niggas gasps As if asthma is constrictin' to clog the blunt passages Act as if you don't want an ass whippin, see? Sometimes bein' a pussy can have its advantages Isn't it glamorous to get your asses beat By one of the last emcees, 'til your cancellin' seats? If the fans disagree, I make house calls You keep it up, it'll be tough bustin' nuts without balls I'm just an outlaw who doesn't belong So strong I make my own squad look dumb on our songs So when I put one of 'em on, niggas get so mad I had to get a car system with a headphone jack [Lauryn Hill: Au contraire mon frere, don't you even go there] {x4} [Apathy] I've existed for eons, peons run, even three-on-one My rhymes outshine like I got a neon tongue In battle I'm gifted, it's like I'm cata-calyismic The baddest to spit it, my optics read data and digits Like I'm Neo when I master the Matrix, faster than spaceships [Futuristic flow] But bring it back to the basics I'm a flow fanatic, memory is photographic When I was a little sperm, blasted out the prophylactic Now I blow the static off your dusty phonograph [Ap's about to blow] like the noses on some coke addicts You wack jokes'll get your back broke Cause I keep it gangsta like Ice Cube with jheri curls and black locs Fast to blast like white teens in black coats Walkin' in math class and clap till the gat smokes Your girl jocks me and clocks me like a track coach You thought you had a doper flow, [ha!] I don't think so [Lauryn Hill: Au contraire mon frere, don't you even go there] {x4} [Celph Titled] [Yo] You can call the feds and the army or the fuckin' navy But you can't stop a wild animal hungry with rabies [grrrr...] And I'm just that, while you sayin' you got gats cocked Your whole platoon is lookin' like the Mister Softee mascot I give a fuck if you Believe It or Not I'll rip Ripley's limbs off and beat 'em with 'em till 'is body drops It ain't a question if this shit is the

bomb I'll choke your bitch with a thong and dump 'er  
off on your lawn It's funny the way I lick shots off in the  
sound booth I'm so hilarious I pull walk-bys in a clown  
suit My niggas keep it gator And while your album's in  
stores now, it's in the trash can later I hate a fuckin'  
emcee who think that they can face the god Celph  
Titled I'd rather use a rifle than a microphone to snipe  
you Certified officially, we got the ill flow And make  
headlines like a corduroy pillow [Lauryn Hill: Au  
contraire mon frere, don't you even go there] {x4}

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