

Mother Molesters

Apathy

Apathy, Majik Most, Celph Titled
What Demigodz
Mother Molesters
Let's Go

I kill rappers every day
These labels need to setup a fund
To teach stupid motherfuckers how to get up and run
I ruin careers, take you off of MTV cribs
And put these kids back in the MP3 biz
I match from head to toe, got bread to blow
I don't trick on chicks but get head from hoes
Cause I stay gassin' bitches like Texaco
They deep throat then leave notes with X's and O's
Next to their name, I'm the one the sweat the most
Cause my bread stacks are fatter than Texas Toast
All these heads that are rappers dissect our flows
But they're so far from hot it's like Eskimos
I'm far from a front like trunks in stretch limos
Pop some shit? Nah I don't really sweat my foes
Cause while you sittin' on the phone tryin' to get some shows
Your girls on her way to my crib with extra clothes

When Majik screams on the tracks it makes Lil' John sound like a little blonde
I detonate a little bomb; have your face hangin' off of palm trees in your lawn
I'm the Don Wan with Don Johnson jacket's on
With a Buttafuco to pick up your mom
You'll get crammed in your dishwasher with your head jammed in
Dancin' on your corpse playin' Bob Marley Jammin'
Man handle your melon; peel your scalp like a Mandarin
You couldn't be dope if you body-snatched me
Put on Khaki's and sold yourself to black families
I'm in my private shanty with Ashanti's panties
No girl can do me like Kobe, please
In Aspen I'm gettin ass from Claudette Ortiz
Have her crusin' in my room butt naked on some ski's
Come in my log cabin; get your head stabbed in
Fed through a wood chipper, kid what's crackin?

Cause I'm a big shot, that must mean that my shells are huge
And my pencils are puttin' sideburns on your Elvis suit
In 1997 me and Majik Most were sellin' bootlegs
Pimpin' hoes, holdin' a cane with a golden goose head
Now we gettin paid just for makin' the music
Do a track for free?
{"That I'm not gonna be able to do"}
Tappin' broads like I was Savion Glover
I got no seeds nigga cause I'm keepin the babies in the rubber
This one bitch tellin' me she's gonna be havin my daughter
Choked her purple cause the judge gave me a gag order
You fags oughtta get ghost, we sendin back the defects
Your beats sound like C&C Music Factory rejects
Driving down the Ave. I'm seeing bits of your crew
I can't tell if it's a gay club or Black Eyed Peas video shoot
When I'm droppin' bombs inside your city limits

It's best you get a plan with the most rollover minutes