

Ain't Nuthin' Nice

Apathy

I'm Undefeatable, Biggie would even say I'm unbelievable
Plus quick to flip like Sport Utility Vehicles
I crush years, so don't ever come near,
Cause it was done from the beginning like Father MC's career
A new title holder is here this year
Ap's raps got more pussies open than pap smears
The nicest emcee, you'll never dispute
Cause I've been rappin since the tree on your Timb boots was roots
I knock more boots than 40 deuce prostitutes
but not for loot, only if she's hot and cute
Try and cock block my game it's complete violation
Cause Apathy's got more hoes/hose than firestations
I face off with imitators and take off
Bring more flavor to the beef than steak sauce
You think your phatter than Apathy, but you way off,
You're soft, and you've done more weight loss than Kate Moss

Chorus: repeat 4X

Let me tell you about my only vice
It has to do with rockin mics and it ain't nuthin nice

[Apathy]

Your shit's finito, I wrap up beef like a burrito
Underground flow, down low, incognito
The torpedo, that tore flows, that tore shows,
through tore clothes, before blows, through torsos,
It's Apathy, so large my physical mass occupies
multiple galaxies like god off calories
I cock back, rock raps for dickriders,
My mic is something you should never pick up like hitchhikers
Above average, y'all better practice
Even weak emcee's consider you the wackest
I heard your debut joint, your song ain't hot
Its something that a crackhead would pawn for rock
I got bombs, with glocks on lock to blow spots
My flow clocks the speed of mach and won't stop
You got a lot of hype, but I know you're a flop
Nothin's really gonna happen, like when the ball drops
You all stop, you all pussy clot,
mushy as when a cookie drops in milk
I pop like when rookie cops with glocks and felt nervous at first
But the verses reverses, the guilt from the suckers I killed
I cop green, last and burn like hot steam
Spit one rhyme and destroy the pop scene
You cum too quick like a teen with hot dreams
You wack, while I crack more heads than rock fiends

Chorus (4x)

[Apathy]

I hold power like Imhotep controls magic
Spin old jazz wax, and spit over static
I want hip hop to come back and make classics
Nas should spit it like he did for Illmatic
My raps add up, like numbers in mathmatics
I got more tracks than arms of crack addicts

My wax acts like an axe hackin up faggots
Im fly, like the adult stage of maggots
Apathy is the illest on mics its like a habit,
Even ask Ed O.G. "I Got to Have It"
?????????????????????????????????????,
I bubble your mouth full, like South Pole jackets
It's tragic, why you even mess with this rap shit
Nobody wants to fuck with you like busted fat chicks
Ya clips aint full, when you pull your gat clips
Now how you gonna battle this, spittin that wack shit

Chorus (8x)

Demigodz, Apathy, we on the cut, you know the deal
my man Unknown on the ones and twos
yall suckas can lose,
there is no competition, yall know how we do
it aint nuthin nice