

# Chrome Depot Freestyle

Apathy

[Verse 1: Apathy]

Yo

I got the force that could knock a Sumo wrestler down  
Professional sound that's puttin' rappers flesh in the ground  
Scared of a candid-cameras for plantin' a bomb  
But takin' shots with mechanical cannons in my arm  
A verbal-tech battle mech ready to flex  
You step to me next you get metal machete's to necks  
Then I slice jugular veins, crushin' your frame  
'Till the pressure from the skull plates bustin' your brain  
I'm the type to spit and make you say "that's fuckin' insane"  
And when your not payin' attention, I'll be touchin' your dame  
I could make your whole squads frames bust in to flames  
So why you speak on my name? you got nothin' to gain  
Except two black eyes, a broke jaw, and a broke nose  
I hope foes know I got nothin' but dope flows  
I'm spittin' perfectly verbally  
Ap's eternally as intricate as surgery or fixin' broken circuitry

[Chorus:]

It's like boom bap, fuck your rap  
You ain't ready for Celph and you ain't ready for Ap  
It goes boom bap, fuck your rap  
'Cause you might get smacked with the back of the gat

[Verse 2: Celph Titled]

Yo everybody on the wall get the fuck out yo position  
And focus on the God with the raw power of six men  
Look me in the phone book, my math be unlisted  
Got top secret formulas with 7th wonders orbit systems  
You know the signature, the Celph titled literature  
Get intricate with flows and carry mechanisms to spit at cha  
Who want what? I sell beats for G-notes  
Put three in your fleece coat and tie your neck to a ski-boat  
You know I make the heat disasterly spill  
And let the chrome sparkle like Master P's grille  
Nigga's say godammit he's ill why ain't he blow yet?  
I came before Christ, hip hop wasn't even known yet  
The only time you catch me holdin' my tongue  
Is if I cut it off and gripped it and spit more linguistics  
Beyond long distance, dial the chrome for assistance  
And use my sharp looks to bag hundreds of bitches  
Self-pachino, you know the name from the beat down  
Amputate my arms and I still wont put the heat down  
This is prophecy, don't make me repeat this  
Put a magnet to your data and leave your files deleted  
Motherfucker!

[Chorus x2]