

# Dj Unknown & Mekalek - Rare Species Freestyle

Apathy

[Intro: Apathy talking]

(Yo) yeah, yo. I don't know what song I'm gonna do (check)  
But my man Unknown told me to rip this motherfucker  
(Yo Apathy), so I'm gonna rip this motherfucker

[Verse 1: Apathy]

I ain't the type to trick for chicks or lick their clits  
I make 'em grip the dick in the whip and strip for chips  
Treat a bitch like a foe, givin' hoes no doe  
With pros I never snooze, I consume No-Doz  
If they're poppin' that trash then I'm droppin' 'em fast  
Then put 'em in a body cast with an oxygen mask  
I'm the bitch whipper, clip gripper, chick sticker, clit licker  
Sip liquor, spit quicker, flip sicker, scrips ricochet, hit a brick  
Stray bullet split tips of those Bics that you grip when you writin' wack sh  
it  
I can split molecules like the body of blunts  
And karate punch you punks leave your bodies in chunks  
I char flesh and scar chests like porn stars breasts  
To find a squad that could test, you're hard pressed  
I'll spit a rap to knock mics out like little mac  
And fit a little metal cap right inside your fitted cap  
If you spit again I'm slippin' in your little sister's school  
And have her sniffin' Ritalin and make her grab my dick again  
And stick it in until I split that little kinky bitch in two  
And you ain't eve seen my finishin' move

[Chorus: Scratch]

[Big L:] "Rap game heavy hitters"

[Genius/GZA 'Breaker, Breaker':] "The outcome is critical"

[Pete Rock & CL Smooth 'They Reminisce Over You':] "My God"

[Verse 2: Celph Titled]

Don't even ask for me  
Go ahead and ask for "Trouble"  
I'm known to push back wigs and pull the extensions on your chick  
Unknown & Mek asked me to spit some shit  
So I calculated the accurate style to come with  
You better be fully equipped with equipment  
That's powerful enough to polarize the Earth and bend it  
Off it's axis  
My acronym is a mystery  
My arch nemesis is shaken, can't even look at me  
Start the day right  
Bullets and milk is my breakfast  
I fuck the type of bitches that make Dolly Parton look breastless  
This is the raw nigga rap shit  
With incredible action and drama, my suspenseful persona  
Is honored among thieves, so son please  
You can get your guns even  
And suck on these M1's that's heat seakin'  
The Celph Titled legacy will live long  
I put planets on my back and hold quasars in my palm  
Fuck a laxative I'll beat the shit out you  
And if you a pregnant bitch I'll beat the kid out you  
I hope your headphones are airbag efficient  
Cause when I drop science the impact is imminent

[Chorus: Scratch]  
[Big L:] "Rap game heavy hitters"  
[Genius/GZA 'Breaker, Breaker':] "The outcome is critical"  
[Pete Rock & CL Smooth 'They Reminisce Over You':] "My God"

[Verse 3: Grafh]

Guess who?  
Don't guess you  
No one meant you or the homo's that co-defend you  
I hope it offends you  
I'm on the low with the hoes that I sex through  
I could have got your sister pregnant  
You wouldn't know I know your nephew  
Gangsta  
Banger automatic mode, tec shoot  
I don't care if it's beef with the clique, I'm goin' to get you  
I'm goin' against you and everything that you 'bout  
And every nigga that be bringin' you out  
Fuck 'em  
Fuck their label  
Not signed yet? Then fuck your block  
Suck my cock, I'm next  
No, AT&T, I reach out and touch, nah next  
I reach out and bust my nine X  
That's why smart niggas elevate they mind  
And dumb niggas get slugs in 'em that'll elevate they mind  
Slugs in they back that'll elevate they spine  
Lift their chain over their face and elevate they shine  
Once they faint, elevate they shine  
Without they ice grill they pussy, but with their game face they fine  
That's why I add my two cents and loose change they mind  
And take every game face they find and un-thug it  
You got a mic in The Source, I un-plug it  
If you don't like it when I fight with the four then run from it, dick