

Godz In Da Front

Apathy

"Hood on the right, wild for the night"

Champion hoods that I rock, new Nikes out the box
Will attract your little chick then lock it down
All the Demigodz shit sound
Hardcore
Reloadin' my .44 like "click"
Box cutter slicin' open your six pack
Demigodz attack, motherfucker better start fallin' back
Aight
Cause I'm the king of Nike flights
I got more boxes stacked then a warehouse
Two pairs, one on ice
I won't even wear out
Go head and talk greezy and you'll find yourself Aired out
I box with the force that can knock grizzly bears out
Prepare for warfare, fuck fightin' fair ones
Feels like I shot you in the face with a flare gun
The heat when I speak and the temperature of my tongue
Will make you swear to god that I'm the emperor of the sun
A next level hustler that shouldn't be slept upon
Fuck crack!
I sell Energon to Deceptions
Swamp H, have Megatron on methadone
Apathy is a god in the rap upper echelon
Assassination theme music, raps to die to
Cock back and blast before I pass to Ryu

I be that insane cracker from the D.G.Z.s
I need liquor and two packs of G.P.C.s
Now that's sicker
Rats if you don't like it then fuck you
My clans deep, steppin' out my jeep in my truck jewels
(Beep beep)
The killin' is a part of my job
Ayo RZA, good lookin' on that sixteen god
You gotta figure I'm the cream of the crop
The demon in Pac
I leave 'em butt naked, make 'em eat the beam of the glock
You wanna see the M.P. pop?
Give me a reason, guarantee that after beefin' with me they turn vegan
What the fuck you gonna do? Come and see Ryu
I'm like a sniper
Sittin' on Machine Shop's roof
S.O.B. style
Demigodz hold me down
So keep my fuckin' name out your mouth

I leave the mics in body bags
With the same effect tsunami's have
And uplift the rep that Gotti had
And I'm the reason why your seeds is probably mad
Cause they caught me squeezin' my thing up in they mommy's ass
It's Motive bitch
And yes I'm the bad man
I spit so sick, they say I need a cat scan
A Demigod assassin by cash fam

Kilo mode but still grind up bad grams
The Doe Raker that's well known so tell home
I'm more to sea with my chrome more than cell phones
And I ain't here to teach no kids, I'm just rhymin'
I have you son wildin' like them kids in Blood Diamond
Fuckin' with Mo clutchin' the heat, flippin' cane
I keep the streets full of snow like a blizzard came

Slammin' a hype as verse till your bones snap
I ransack dead in the track and domes crack
Rap assassin, blastin', y'all should fasten seat belts
You crab ass rappers I'm rebuilt
I'm hot
Top notch, man fuck the pot shots
We got a leg up on the competition like hopscotch
I'm nice
I'm sayin' it twice
I repeat like a pen
I breed another eight MCs approachin' me
I disrespect, slash your neck, cash your check
It's how I bought my fat ass Lex
So clear the way
It's Shay, dawg open the gate
Peace, I'm out

You're gettin' stripped for your spot of your game
You can't stop me, you can only try to contain
I'm outta your range
That white widow got me thinkin' I'm on top a blade
No deal so I still keep stockin' the cane
I only recognize your girl from the top of her brain
She loves the taste so much she even swallows the stains
Don't be surprised if you fuck her and she callin' my name
My flow is insane, I'm headed to the hall of the fame
I'm chargin' the game for all the long studio nights
Time is money I need back a billion tonight
Stay up in booths threatening rappers and killin' the mics
I love goin' overseas but I ain't feelin' the flights
So I'm tryin' to get a private jet
Demigodz, we the livest set since hi-fi cassettes
Ain't a damn thing change boy
"Protect Ya Neck"
I'll have [?] swingin' at where you head connect
Motherfucker

D.E.M.I.G.O.D.Z.

"Keep my fuckin' name out your mouth"

Are you a warrior? Killer?
Slicin' shit like a kamikaze ninja
Go where I've been and you'll find bodies injured
Call the ambulance, the A.T.F., the Ghost Busters
This is fast food, your last meal is a slow supper
I'm Dan Aykroyd, Sigmund Freud
Bill Murray, that spit dirty at your derby make you act 'noid
You only half boy, half child
Boom, bang BLOWAW!
Demigodz be like, "All in together now"
I get funky fresh
Watch me boil and flambe
Turn your favorite rapper to ham glaze
(Hey!)
Uncle Ben fucked Betty Crocker but it get's worse

I fucked Mrs. Butterworth on a covered perch and kicked a gutter verse
For every hardcore consequir
Studio got mushroom stacks we got bombs galore
Celph Titled the grand daddy grenade man
Sellin' all my bottled up anger at lemonade stands

My clan is thick like plaster
Bust ya
Blast ya
Kill 'em in their tracks like a buff black gorilla
Styles pumped off of skrilla
Feel us
You'll lose your [?] cause they gave us a banger from Dilla
I came down with fat gats, then unload and lick a shot
I blow the backs of city cops like bloaw
Now it's all over
Punks seein' pink hearts, eatin' schrooms through a straw with King Cobra

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