

# It Takes A Seven Nation Army To Hold Us Back

Apathy

[Apathy]

Better get the best shit you wrote to make some go wild  
Shit you'll put in an AOL Profile  
Download it, burn it, and ship it to Kansas  
To a cousin that will pump it on a College campus  
Play it at dances and translate it to Spanish  
So fucking exchange mother-fuckers'll understand this  
Shit that'll make them chicks send u them panties  
And fight with her family like "You don't understand me!"  
Raps that'll change the existence of earth  
From infant to birth if mum heard the verse  
Like "What!?"  
Didn't understand it at first  
So she reversed and played it until her brain burst  
That's how it works  
Gotta love it 'till it hurts  
Love it 'till I easily ease off skirts  
Ease on your knees and I speed on your shirt  
Freeze on the Floor now back to work

Go ("Back and fourth")  
From here to the floor  
'Till your bodies spazem and your feet are sore  
Go ("Back and fourth")  
From here to the store  
Use a box of Magnums now you need some more  
Go ("Back and fourth")  
On rock, make her rock make her pop  
Make it roll, make her stop before you blow it then  
Go ("Back and fourth")  
From here to the bar  
From near and from far  
When you hear it in your car go..

Hey what's up Beatrice?  
I see you standin' there with your little coach bag  
Tiffany's bracelet trying to look all pretty (So?)  
That's like 250 dollars total  
That's two pairs of sneakers to me  
Get the fuck outta here..

("I'm gonna fight 'em all") ("Hold me back")  
("Fight 'em all") ("Hold me back")  
("Fight 'em all") ("Hold me back")  
(What you gonna do Ap?)  
("Fight 'em all") ("Hold me back")

Yeah..Don't, don't calm down yet..  
About time yeh (yeh)

[Emilio Lopez]

Hold me back, fuck that, I'ma gonna fight them all  
If you can't fight 'em later swing by the morgue  
Cause ain't nobody know how to rock a mic no more  
I'ma gonna start teaching rappers how to start write your bars  
I ain't tryin' to tell nobody how to fight your wars  
Fuck weapons son, I throw hooks like Jabber

I don't like any of y'all  
And any of all, wouldn't give a fuck if my bank had a penny or more  
Come through your crib smellin' like the scent of your whore  
Give you debt with your same hand that was pettin' your whore  
I admit it, I'm a sinner, broke plenty of laws  
I never got stratched but I broke plenty of jaws  
Listen, I'm Hungary, I'm amped, I'm ready, I'm suped  
Been broke for too damn long son, I'm ready for loot  
Once I'm more known the artists will never recoup  
And I'ma gonna spit the flow 'till I own every coop

Go ("Back and fourth")  
Weed spot to the cake spot  
Bring a friend with you just to make sure the Coke's hot  
("Back and fourth")  
If she with you now she's my lover  
Boy you should've never ever baught the heffer wine  
("Back and fourth")  
'Lotta hoes on my dick  
Do the dough that I get, plus the flows that I spit  
("Back and fourth")  
Weed up get that money man  
We about to change the game, won't be nothin' funny man

Yeah, Emilio  
Ya'll can call me Mr. Lopez  
Your girl already does

("I'm gonna") ("I'm gonna") ("I'm gonna")  
("I'm gonna fight'em all") ("Hold me back")  
("Fight'em all") ("Hold me back")  
("Fight'em all") ("Hold me back")  
("Fight'em all") ("Hold me back")

Change the record motherfucker!