

# Live At The Bbq

Apathy

Ap ain't merciful  
Shoot up your convertible  
Lay your body flat while your soul goes vertical  
Versatile, impossible to pigeon hole  
Gettin' doe, spittin' flows  
From complex text to pimpin' hoes  
That's why your girlfriend feel me man  
It's alarmin' how charmin' I really am  
Got a glock that'll Rock like a Band  
So this gun in my right hand is named Steely Dan  
Steal the show, steal hoes, steal your fans  
Steal my flow?  
We'll hang you from ceiling fans  
Your little hoe tryin' to front like she's hard to get off?  
Tell that finger lickin' chicken bring the barbecue sauce

Ayo I stay clean Rake Doe, lay low with a full clip  
My yayo fiends on payroll get smacked over bullshit  
Motive, notice I never fall victim to no one  
The truth that'll fuck tracks in the booth with a Trojan  
Respect due cause whole crew, is professionals  
Quickly show a nigga what a knife in the chest will do  
While y'all front, still spittin' the same  
The only time y'all kill somethin' is on a video game  
Cause any beef we're gonna ride at all cost  
Have you shot in your cars  
Have you sittin' +Sideways+ like Paul Wall  
Chopped and Screwed up, cause you niggas do suck  
That's why your girls chained to our sticks like nunchucks  
You got a death wish I'm the Fresh Prince of tech clips

You gotta respect it  
The west died I came in  
Resurrected the west side like Game did  
You ain't shit  
I came with a gang that's brain dead  
And walk around talkin' to they selves like Rain Man  
My game plan is thick  
Your dames on my dick  
All my girlfriends got name tags that all say "Bitch"  
Y'all can't really spit  
Rip tracks, I spit crack  
Click chrome and finish off cliques like six packs  
S.O.B./be the first sucker to mouth off  
I call Celph up tell him to bring me the cow prod  
And that's all  
(AND THAT'S ALL!)

Don't ask me for nothin'  
Ask me for somethin'  
Mega-Ton bombs strapped to my chest  
Don't even ask if I'm buggin'  
Warlord from the dark star  
All my dogs bark paw  
Talk hard and get hit by a parked car  
Swimmin' where the sharks are  
Yes I'm one guy

That won't speak when I'm holdin' heat cause I'm gun shy  
You're damn right that I'm a studio gangster  
Bring the Mac-11 to your mix down and shoot the place up  
Your bitch get face fucked  
Bustin' on her Clairol  
Deep throatin' so far she coughin' up hairballs  
Disregard the law  
Fuck a gun ban  
I got a group of musicians with AKs that's my gun band

See it's like that y'all (that y'all)  
That y'all (that y'all)  
And that's all!

You know me homie I'm a tax a million cats  
Till they can't rap  
Get the cash that feelin' 'em yeah  
They call him Tak with a glass of Guinness  
To rock city blocks  
And bringin' 'em +Back To The Grill+ again  
The Demi-G.O.D.s  
We take 'em a little higher  
Than California bud when we smoke trees  
Tryin' to walk is like Calypso with broke knees  
With half of your body slain with your brain in your goatee  
Oww, that's on S.O.B.  
Plus I carry a knife cause I'm a sick dope fiend  
Got 'em panickin', damn it cause the bandit has spoken  
Yeah, it don't take much to bust a cantaloupe open  
Bitch