

# Lost Freestyle

Apathy

Yo check it out  
Louis Logical super-regular recordings  
Unknown on the mix  
My man Makalek

[Verse 1: Louis Logic]  
I'm drinkin' beer 'till I'm thinkin' weird, suddenly disturbed  
With two shots down next one will be my third  
I'm a runaway, flasher, upsetting' innocent by passers  
Cause I refuse to put my gun away  
Buyin' beer and cigarette's and for the underage  
Puke in to the sound booth and dive from the stage  
I've become enraged, from sticky summer days  
Of working for the man underpaid  
I could care less in each instance  
To reach the distance  
Walkin' on the path of least resistance  
Cause when the beat is finished  
I still continue rhyming  
With the breakthrough shit like I'm divin into hymen  
Logic is a sick fuck who love's to get his dick sucked by rich sluts  
And wipe my nuts off on their big butts  
I'm too mixed up with brothers on the slide  
Flippin' you the bird with your mother in my ride  
Brothers on the slide this is Louis Logic  
Unknown is your host, motherfuckers better hide  
Brothers on the slide this is Louis Logic  
[?], motherfuckers better hide

{"Just a small example of the abstract"}  
{"I hope my words come as a shock"}  
{"Any way you put it sucker [?] you're getting devastated"}

[Verse 2: Apathy]  
Ya'll are going down like Mary J. Blige  
My vocabularies live  
I spit so much my salivary needs to re-energize  
Every five seconds or more  
Rhymes wreckin' your mind more than poisonous alien spores  
Your brain absorbs, pain through pores  
Scream so loud you strain your jaw till you stain your drawers  
I bang more... famous whores than Hugh Hef  
I'll battle everybody until there's only one crew left  
And not one more  
Ya'll are feminine as pedicures  
My metaphors are better than your competitors  
I've got way more green acres than Eva Gabor  
The MC that even player haters adore  
I rock dated tours  
When I drop hip hop heads raided the store  
Cop four copies or more for sure  
Undercover motherfucker, secret agent at your basement back door  
Tryin' to kidnap your poor track for ransom  
Handsome but hardcore  
The James Bond in me is more Sean Connery than Roger Moore  
Ap for self, rap stealth 'til I stack wealth  
No need to pack gats, slap cats like black belts

I spit 'til the wax melts, (?) spin  
Hackin' supercomputers until my box is trapped in  
I cut factions to fractions when rappin' in action  
So def I rock in close caption  
So when you pass out and black out from battling'  
Tap your friend on the shoulder and ask him what the fuck happened

[fading out:]  
Yo what the fuck was that?  
Yo yo you just got fucked up B  
Apathy the Alien Tongue  
Representin Connecticut  
The Demigodz baby