

## Personal Jesus

Apathy

A-P-A... T-H-Y

A-P-A... T-H-Y

Listen up closely, focus your brain  
Rappers approach me, foes'll get slain  
Slash and slowly open your veins  
Over and over and over again  
Verses are perfect, a virtual genius  
A person could say I'm their personal Jesus  
Rise in a battle of fire like phoenixes  
Crazy, I'll even rock '80's rock remixes  
So pray to me, every day faithfully  
Facin' me's basically leavin' you fatally wounded and wasted  
I'm wicked as mystical voodoo magicians, if you were to listen  
You're under my spell, lose inhibitions  
Surrender your writtens, it's futile to spit 'em  
I'm up in your spot with a beautiful chicken  
Ap is the truth, it's stupid to diss him  
Foolish as tryin' to throw fuel on the friction  
Haters the Lakers that lose to the Pistons  
Scoop up your riches, scoop up your bitches  
You're up in my kitchen, you're doin' my dishes  
For minimum wage, your miniscule brain  
Is tryin' so hard to configure this rigorous trainin'  
I'm sprainin' ya ligaments, aimin' to cripple kids, aimin'  
The barrel, I'll bury you, effortlessly faggots effin' with me  
Will get blown into fragments and left in debris, did he mentio  
n I'm deadly?  
Leave three bitches widows  
I'm back from the dead without Beatrix Kiddo

It's A-P, say it with me  
A-P, play it for me  
Over and over and over again  
Over and over and over again

It's A-P, say it with me  
A-P, play it for me  
Over and over and over again  
Over and over and over again

[scratched]  
Ap!