

Philosophical Gangsta

Apathy

[Verse 1: Apathy]

I spit liquid nitrogen, mics are left freezin' cold
MC's explode, exposin' they weakened soul
My speech controls the block like street patrols
I'm a monster who stomps foes and eats 'em whole
In zero degree weather through the sleet and snow for the doe
That's how we do it in the east, ya know?
I'm only a 104 seasons old
But my brain remains locked in the genius mode
Philosophical, brainwaves branch like tree limbs on Tims
Life reflex's off Lexus rims
Expensive things, the necklace and extra rings
Erection sex on X the excessive flings
Huh
Somebody notify they next of kin
And tell them to pray to God, God let's them in
A lot of 'em are snakes tryin' to shed their skins
So the friction they bring only helps 'em win

[Chorus: Scratch]

[Nas 'Thief Theme':] "Philosophical gangsta"

[Verse 2: Poison Pen]

I try to use my mind before I use my fist
But I'm a lose my mind if I don't use my fist
You on my grind, I'm a use my clique
Speak only which, oh you useless with loose lips
Hug this strip
It's part of my anatomy
My body, my mind, my soul's a walkin' tragedy
Streetlamps be that umbilical cord
Quart waters, malt liquors, yeah, that's chemical war
I battle through life, tippin' and wheezin'
The blocks is the embryo
It's livin' and breathin'
Vampire thriving off innocents blood
Do my dirt strong arm
Y'all still gettin' mugged
Anyone can pop and run
It ain't always the livest one that's got a gun
Some people gotta think smarter than that
I'm from Bed Stuy
I think harder than that nigga

Think harder than that

[?] 1-2-1-6. Philosophical. Apathy. Poison Pen. Bad Seed. Yeah.

[Chorus: Scratch]

[Nas 'Thief Theme':] "Philosophical gangsta"

[Verse 3: Bad Seed]

Walk with my pants low
Doo rag tied tight
Money in my pocket, yes sir, my minds right
I'm about to start robbin' niggas in the limelight
Hang 'em off them buildings
Drop niggas nine flights

I'm Bad Seed
Nope, I ain't no dancer
I'm a thinkin' thug nigga
"Philosophical gangsta"
Got guns big as [?]
A.J. clips
Run up on you little niggas like, "It's payday bitch! "
Bad Seed don't get many choices
Please doggy
I'm Apathetic, beast, plus my Pen is Poison
Sink shots in your chest make your button up moisten
I ain't around but I still hear y'all voices
Keep talkin' shit y'all gonna hear them noises
I'm 5'9" pop, same height as Royce is
Don't come around with that irrelevant shit
Go to Johnny, the Pope and the vegetable bitch

[Talking: Apathy]

Yeah. Don't just think outside the box. Think outside your blocks
Yo Exact, we're puttin' you on the map with this one

[Chorus: Scratch]

[Nas 'Thief Theme':] "Philosophical gangsta"