

# Represent

Apathy

[Hook x4]

Represent Represent

[Verse 1: Apathy]

As soon as they heard Apathy they tried to pull the batteries out the box  
Rapidly drop when they reacted in shocks  
They overloaded over-lord of the land, the mortal, the man  
Who's sorta like a soldier with a sword in his hand  
According to myth, a rapper that was born with a gift  
The force of his spit could cause internal organs to shift  
In the beginning non believers tried to force him to quit  
Ignorin his wit now the suckas orbit his dick  
Embracin in clubs fake smilin faces and hugs  
Fabricated love all because he's makin a buzz  
The snakes who hate went outside waitin wit thugs  
To beat you down untill ya shit got traces of blood  
Yall are new jacks to rap soundin spacey and bugged  
I been spittin since ya mother had to lace up ya lugs  
Face it it's over you tryin to move the base of a boulder  
With weights on ya shoulders so stand back or wait till ya older  
Lil' soldier.. trust me I got ways to control ya  
I'm like God to the Devil - Ap is Satan's Jehova  
I don't even write raps cause the paper would smoulder  
So the flows are never over till I say that they over

[Hook x4]

Represent Represent

[Verse 2: Celph Titled]

They say a way to a man's heart is through his stomach  
But I know a shortcut that's through the chest which ain't too far from it  
Aint fuckin with cameras but I'm takin breast shots  
My Gat bangs while you playin Max Payne on XBOX  
Watch the lead chop a couple strands out ya dreadlocks  
And send you niggaz J-walkin like you rockin S-dots  
Swing midevil swords with lethal force behead ya soldiers  
Not talkin soap but these bullets will clean ya head and shoulders  
Arms back and torso kneecaps they all go  
When we open fire at your little sisters horse show  
Celph Titled the Rubix Cuban is shootin through ya roof with Rugers  
Jumpin out the sewer in a scuba suit  
Fuck with the Godz and fell the agony of hells grip  
My niggaz throw grenades the size of Patti LaBelles tits  
Rap about artillery but never had no parts of missles  
Thought you had a gun but all you had was just a starter pistol

[Hook x4]

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[Verse 3: Motive]

Yo hatin me is only makin me more hungry and anxiously  
To get mine and sit by more cake than bakeries  
The Godz clique make hits but different from all of these artists  
Yall sellin more fake shit than a damn flea market  
I see part to most this industry is weak hearted  
Yall see beef I'm servin niggaz like a meat market  
So keep barkin cause real dogs we bite first

Yall can talk on the mics but in life my knife works  
I'm ready for the game is it ready for me?  
I done stepped beyond any level you define an MC  
See, cats a joke actin like they hustle for cream  
Knowin only Coke you push is on a vending machine  
Well known and respected Motive hope you never forget it  
Heads I embed it with a flow thats energetic  
Fuck a vote I been elected  
As a new mic weapon with a ill thrill style thats been perfected  
Disrespect ya life can end in an instant  
These MCs are like dykes act like men but really are bitches

[Hook x4]

Represent y'all, Represent

Connecticut nigga... dont get it twisted... Ain't nobody fuckin with it