

# Rockafella Freestyle

Apathy

[Apathy:]

I just copped 5 G's from a show, but I'm probably gonna blow it  
You'll find me in the Acura driving it like I stole it  
You wanna diss like you got a trick up your sleeve?  
Fuck spittin' you would need my permission just to breathe  
It's deep, your girl loves it when I rock to the beat  
She probably knows all of my raps backwards in her sleep  
I'm that cat bitches follow, I make chicks swallow  
Cause I get more head than that ghost in Sleepy Hollow  
I got a magical spell as visous as voodoo  
You're jealous cause I mack hotter bitches than you do  
I'm A-P and if you don't know the rest  
Then lift up your girls shirt and read it off her breast

[Rise:]

The rules zipped up and changed when I entered the game  
I'm on your fuck you list with checks next to my name  
Because a lot of things are true and they all hafta be mentioned  
If there's a talented you, he's in a parallel dimension  
Where up is down, left is right, and right is wrong  
My best is alright and they like the songs  
But here, that's not the case, we just laugh when you spit  
"A Different World" and I'm the star without the glasses that fit  
I'm blastin' my skits and headsets and rappin' my shit  
The trains locked, you can't switch so you hafta just bitch  
They like, "Yo, when is he done?". I'm the cat that's uninvited  
I walked by this MC war and got knighted  
Lookin' for the crown they like, "Yo, how the hell he gonna lead?"  
Rise, the names unknown so I'ma sell CD's  
I like when I play, I always got something to say  
Smartaleck, but this smartalecks paid to stay

[Apathy:]

I'm like Johnny Mnemonic, my brain slaps boxes laptops  
My mainframes made out of a jet planes black box  
I got a exo-skeleton with hydrolic biceps  
Hi-tech, move the planet Earth when I flex  
I inflict flesh eating acid and anthrax  
Trapped in those little air bubbles in my Air Macks  
I'm unbreakable when riding on Amtrack  
My flows packs more pressure than if the Hoover Dam cracked  
You better stand back brace for the impact  
Infact my raps make your chranium spin back  
I gotta freestyle, when I write the pen snaps  
You try to jump on tracks but drop like (?)  
I spit as right as Kryptonite, split the mic  
Sip electrical currents out of the circuits I'm rippin' to shreds  
My tech sprays and the lead ricoshays  
to embed sideways in your head until it drips red

[Rise:]

They like, "Yo, fuck that nigga Rise, yo who tells him he's fly?"  
So after I rhyme some MC's ain't tellin' my bye  
But what can you do to a man who's like rubber to glue  
You catch mine and the one you threw stuck on you too  
I put something in yours right before it bounced at hurts  
And now it feels worse, see? And you threw yours first

This young boy on the mic when he's sayin' his poem  
Is Bruce Leeroy like his arms waving and glowing  
I say I ripped it when I'm writing and even before I spit this  
I don't write words anymore, I draw pictures  
And verses are stick figures of these MC's slain  
My rhyme books like a bunch of bad hangman games  
I forgot what I was doing yo before all this rap  
But hey, I'd forget my head if it wasn't attached  
It's not hard, it's not a riddle, we know Rise gon' win  
Cause my quotables outnumber little lines in your skin  
Rhymes that'll singe men go home and binge  
And get fatter, hence the rapper and the zone I'm in  
I hold it down, cause the kids are sleepin  
They can't wait for me to come, my shit's the weekend