

Science Of The Bumrush

Apathy

I would like to take a few minutes of your time to...
Give you eh..The evidence on a few typical cases...
Cases of individuals, which I consider so dangerous to this nation

4, 3, 2, 1

In this rap game you can say your better than me
But on the streets you can't crack as many heads as me
I take beef seriously; I'd rather beat you with the mic
than let you battle me with the rhymes you wrote last night
Those battles in the park you can save that for the 80's
How I'm a let niggas when they whole crew tried to degrade me
Give me your albums, run to the store sell 'em back
Flatten your frame and use your body as a welcome mat
No hospitality, I'll jus show you a hospital
I make moves and do things, even God would say's impossible
A wild animal, eager to break the chain lock
Your bitch wasn't Asian, but she sure as hell could "Bangkok"
I get paid just to talk over beats
Step in your hood, act like I own it, walk all over your streets
A lot of herbs don't like Celph, and say he's not underground
But I'm a blow soon, so y'all can jus hate on me now
I represent New York City, and the life that it leads
Hustle for dough and stick a ho until her fucking pussy bleeds

Ayyo I'm too hot blow the spot
Nitroglycerin
Sizzling
Dropping more lines then fisherman
With hooks to keep you listen
Feel the friction
Cuz my diction
Going to make you move like eviction
Demigodz in the jurisdiction
Keep it in mind like intuition
You think you hitting but your missing
Cats wishing
That they had the ammunition
To witness the documentary
Of how my raps written
I inhale a breath within my chest before I'm blessing hip-hop
I'm taking every shot I got like bulletproof vests
I never said that I'm the best but I'm better than you
Try to step but I'm ten steps ahead of your crew
I'm deaden you
And every fake move you make
Embedding you in the dirt
Till I cause earthquakes
Say you never heard of me
But your ho knows my name
Yo it's Open Mic
Screaming on tracks like Lois Lane

You couldn't spit if you were a virgin bitch who hates swallowing
Leave you wit fat lips like chicks getting collagen
Implants to enhance
Lips to blow

My dick for dough
I'm slick rocking kicks and clothes
Your girl buys me
A little upset it don't surprise me
I get more freaks between sheets than the Isleys
My record is tight for wrecking the mic
I know some ho at my shows getting naked tonight
And all the promoters know if i'm setting it right
They'll be cops in riot gear expecting a fight
I'm off the hook
Ya'll are just soft and shook
So don't start it
The meanest in Adidas
Make a genius look retarded
Ap's got more raps
Than cats got drug raps
Slug caps
Or gats on thug tracks
I need somebody to blast that
Cuz I got the bomb set
Like a Vietnam vets flash back

Yo, I rip the head off niggas that try to oppose
And I don't like to talk to hoes
Unless they don't where clothes
Any rapper out there that think they better than Celph
Can get decapitated with your head on my shelf
Jus as a little trophy that I like to collect
I make beef jerky strips from the skin on your neck
I throw your hype man off the stage from running his mouth
Me and my niggas on the corner straight dunnin it out
With the semi-auto heat complete with chrome nozzle
Jump on the FDR with the whip at full throttle
My ancestors came from the island in Cuba
Now I transcend the legacy thru chips in computers
And take trips to Bermuda, with nothing else to do
Swear my self under the oath and never tell the fucking truth
I be so blasphemous I seek shelter in storms
Beyond the norm avoid the lightning when i'm in human form
Every verse I write is classic felt by heads everywhere
Celph Titled number one master of the dragon's lair
A bone carpenter make figurines out of your skeleton
Rob you of your soul and take it with me back to hell again

Picture perfectionism
Whenever I bless the rhythm
I make heads spin like Rock Steady exorcisms
Open Mic's the type of emcee who rips scenes
Bullets stream i'm cutting you clean like wolverine
With claws popped
After the verse your jaws dropped
I'm raw hot
Big dick
You're all small cock
I'm gangsta
(Wait, no he's not)
I'm atomically nuclear solar supernova hot
Defeating me is an impossible plan
I burn emcees like a tropical tan
Because no obstacle can
Stand in the way of one unstoppable man
I knock your dick in the dirt
And put your face in the sand

For those who bite or copy me
I'm striking like the lottery
The mic's apart of me
That goes together like ghettos and poverty
And don't follow me
It's possibly due to my high velocity
Philosophy
(And I'll fuck your mom muthafucka)

I got the whole entire planet saying Apathy's fly
That's why they play me in their walkmans till their batteries die
From the thugs at crack spots
That listen with gats cocked
To cats on laptops
To jock whatever Ap drops
These underground backpacker's think I'm crazy
Cuz my favorite emcees are Biggie Smalls and Jay-Z
I'm dropping data that could make your Pentium break
And dick that could make a veteran lesbian straight
You want to test like a ??? competed
Stop playing Ap will never be defeated
I leave the competition mentally stressed
Like teenage girl taking a pregnancy test
You better drop the mic from your hand
You ain't the man
You jus an overly obsessed fan like Stan
When you finally built the courage to spit ask Celph
(Yo the songs over money you played your self)