

# The Hook

Apathy

[Apathy:]

Yo, all the dough I'm rakin' in  
Is more than Bill Gates is takin' in  
Layin' in the bed, gettin' head from Jenna Jameson  
Strangle Hell's Angels and jack their Harley-Davidsons  
Ap spits raps on wax they can't wait to spin  
The way that I freestyle, you'd think that I hate the pen  
Never follow the traits of trends from? to spend  
Only fuck dates that I rate ten  
While bitches you stick, pose for cameras and break the lens  
For all you gay fucks, this shit is a wake up  
To show you that I bust like "D" titties in A-cups  
When I attack you fucks and slap you up  
Even your imaginary friends won't back you up

[Majik Most:]

Yo I'm comin' off hotter than condoms on the Human Torch  
Pushin' off on your girl with torque  
Appylin pressure, because see, no one's fresher  
Watch your little sister put my picture on the dresser  
It's Majik Most, expect nothing lesser  
So now you wanna battle when you see me at the party  
Bring your own chalk to outline your body  
I come off rocky performin exorcisms  
Extract your ghostwriter and laugh at your writtens  
You fake ass player, why you flash money for  
I'll entertain your whore with a Commodore '64  
And still get her on all fours, beggin for more

[Hook:]

This is the hook, it's repeated two times  
And usually the end of each line rhymes  
We couldn't think of anything better than this  
It's just six emcees, all got something to spit

[C-Rayz Walz:]

I ain't the cat to lounge on, I get my pound on  
With a brick fist, do my thing when I spit, I'm found on  
Any stage with a list of sick beats is dope enough  
I come to those events with can openers  
For real, I'm makin deals with Celph when we speakin  
When you're gettin bones, the only time you'll have a hot weekend  
(Get slapped) Fuck props, I snuff cops  
And leave you out the picture like midget mugshots  
Fuck you computer hoes who just found flows  
I shove you outta an airplane, call it my download  
And stingin' you nice and can paralyze you  
Kill yourself, if I was wack, that's what I'd do

[Celph Titled:]

You can find me an the crib, probably fuckin a hoe  
On a daily basis, I make a buck plus a whole  
All it takes is a microphone for me to let my flow loose  
Hit the avenue, and bag bitches like they were produce  
I politick, but like to extort niggas most of all  
Because I be bringin more suspense than Stephen King in overalls  
Celph Titled, you know the name right

New York City famous, see my face in spotlights  
I don't even like rap, I just like to talk shit  
And I'm quick to pull the heat when the block get thick  
For all you science fiction niggas, that's tryin to get your tape out  
I'll ship your body parts across the globe, leave you spaced out

[Hook]

[Louis Logic:]

Y'all don't want no beef with dutch massive  
You claim you're battle emcees when you're just passive  
You'll get smacked like slut's asses  
When you cut classes during final exams, bunch of ingrates  
Pussy rappers will menstruate?, finally cramped  
You better call the EMS to stop your PMS  
Or purchase? even less, you wish to never be as fresh  
See me in the flesh, like Morrison at the Whiskey A-Go-Go  
Pissin on promo tapes and shittin on photos  
This is a no-no, keep wishin' you're so dope  
I'm switchin my logo  
To me grabbin your neck to with both fists in a chokehold  
A lot of dick riders try to lick my nuts  
The funny thing is, y'all dummies think that this is a low blow

[Dutch Massive:]

Motherfuckers keep askin when my album is droppin  
It's not, only made that shit to play in my walkman  
Y'all ain't worthy for the sounds that I produce for you  
Yo, I told you cats, evaporate, but bullets when through you  
I assume the shit talkin and always analyze rhymes  
I got a smart mouth, I used to beat-box for Einstein  
Line after line, my mind has more storage space  
I'm Massive, you're just some kid with a deformed face  
Fuckin' waste, ("yo dutch you dead wrong")  
These chickenheads is stupid, can't understand my songs  
Y'all speak the slang of the modern day caveman  
Roll your crew out, chop their head off, and smoke the remainin brain stems  
My flames been on, tell me I ain't alive  
I'll strap a bomb to my chest and stage dive  
I thrive off keepin' your sister's breasts in my palm  
And I got pictures of her on Majik Most dot com

[Hook]