

[Celph Titled:]

What I write in a verse is like magic tricks
Copperfield, grab your chick, cop a feel
Cock the Glock for real, give you some cop appeal
Dynamite vest, nah ain't stressing nothing
With a smiley face sticker on my detonator button
Haters ask, "Is he bluffing? " or, "Is he bugging? "
I don't know but I don't fuck with weed with the seed stuffing
What I blaze gets me oh so higher
Burned more white widow smoke like an old folks home (on fire)
I make change cha-ching, I can hang a playground
From a charm you should see the way my chain swings
You got the balls to diss? Won't have em afterwards
Cause when I rap contenders get killed after all my words
I'm tired of all you rapping nerds trying to critique my shit
Like I ain't the motherfucking master of the baddest verse
Celph Titled and the AOTP alliance will travel back in time
Smack you, have your baby teeth flying

I am Rob Zombie, I am the omni of dishonesty
I'm a prodigy and atrocity
Not a lot of promise in me
Positively not a drop of modesty
My philosophy is the policy
I believe in nothing
Try teaching a beast peace and loving
Juggling, my beliefs need re-adjusting
My life with sticks and rocks
Kick, punch, block
It was not a box of butterscotch and soda pops
I have filled a plot of mud, spilled a lot of blood
Watch the drops dripping flood, hit the top stud
I have crashed a lot of waves, dug a lot of graves
Drunk a lot of grapes, I have fucked a lot of babes
I'm do not disturb, I have punched a lot of nerds
Struck a lot of curbs, I have cut a lot of curves
You are none of the above, push come to shove
You're all motherfucking puppy love and country clubs

[Apathy:]

Y'all motherfuckers ain't running shit, y'all are simply runaways
I walk the surface of the sun while you're rocking stunner shades
I'm in Hell shoving flames while you're sweating summer days
I'm the son of Satan, son of Sam, sicker some will say
Got a flow so cold that I could blow the sun away
Even if I kick a free someone still gonna pay
You could get blasted, body in a funeral casket
And cops searching for deoxyribonucleic acid
Slay the fascists, Pharaoh fans pray for classics
Come through in Raiders jackets to make this magic
I'm a holy man, Voodoo priest, rebel that'll shoot police
You wake up from this nightmare and change your little doodoo sheets
Skeleton crusher creature from the cryochamber
The naughty nasty trashy microphone annihilator
It's AP apparently you motherfuckers miss me
Some dude tried to diss me now that kid's history

[Planetary:]

Now you see [?] misery, I heard it needs company
Who the fuck else wanna bleed in their Dungarees?
Planetary man, the evil rap Desert Eagle
Clap all your people get ready for the sequel
Needle set to vinyl, now it's time for your final thought
What's your last wish? You's a minor fined in court
Twenty-five to life, rap electric chair
Spit a sicker syllable, nigga slash like the slayers hit you
Get the picture, this a Kodak moment
Mo Yak flowing, pussy, bet your throwback on it
I'm a break bread only if the bread ain't stale
Take young niggas to school, I heard school's like jail
This is punishment government shit that you fucking with
Esoteric, I told him in swords drawn and dump the clip
Hear the battle cry piling up the dead soldiers
Know to tear it down, we get it down, the blood runs colder

[King Magnetic:]

Do the drive-by, hop out the wheel like caged hamsters
Rage amped up, hammer time without the stage dancers
I really doubt we killing it the same
I'm Magic before retirement, illest in the game
Diligently aim at targets without the Pizza Hut express shit
Put em in a long box like bread sticks
Then dip marinara with garlic
Marijuanaholic, carry arms like you're [?] shoulder holding [?]
Your show's supposed to be [?] but is only known for obnoxious
Knowingly holding most of them hostage
No one closer to top ten
Coka Nostra and rock him roast the most of the Pac shit
Overdose with the prophet
Hold him over, don't drop him, watch us
Nonsense [?] the process
Hate on my project, lay you unconscious
Screaming on the phone like you won a radio contest

[Vinnie Paz:]

The only fucking thing I love is my long knife
The .45 cal click, pow, put you on ice
Before the devil know you dead you should call Christ
All I hear is barking out y'all, a real dog bites
If you wanna split the tribe you should call Fife
I'm the real father of creation of God's life
LeBron in the beginning of the game, yeah I toss white
Calm at the beginning of the pain, Dalai Lam-like
Then I put your motherfucking brain in a strong vice
Eat your liver over fava beans and some warm rice
Y'all motherfuckers head cracked like I toss dice
Vinnie taking all your money like a divorced wife