

# Apathy, Don't Talk to Me

Apathetic (yeah) the heir to the throne (word)  
Mother molestors click (you know about that!)  
My man Majik Most the sweaty back bastard  
Yeah, yo don't even talk to us  
Don't run up with your burned CD or piece of shit CD  
With the cover picture on the front that your grandma took bitch... fuck you!

## [Verse 1 - Apathy]

I turn rappers to dust, burn rappers who bust  
turn wax to cut, burn backs of sluts  
earn stacks of bucks, learn raps to crutch  
you herb cats who touch the microphones I clutch  
just observe and take notes how I make paeso's and date hoes  
hotter than pepper on jalipanos  
paragraphs vibe through your speaker box  
making people stop on the streets to clock  
like cops in front of reefer spots  
I'm known for pulling mics apart like repair shops  
and when you bump I never feel it like air shocks  
I used to rock air macks with Nike Air hats  
now I scare cats they compare Ap to bear traps  
I'm the type of path that people don't cross  
like the Blair Witch woods when you suckers get lost  
I'm the hottest thing alive flame broiling spots  
I'm foiling plots, my brainwaves boiling pots  
at a temperature the burners on your stove can't match  
I bust caps cause my heads way too big for hats  
I'm gonna test your girls physical stamina  
while I'm diggin and slammin her on the digital camera

## [Chorus - 2X]

So don't talk to me about MC's got skills  
He's alright but he's not real  
Don't talk to me about MC's got skills  
They're okay but they're not ill

## [Verse 2 - Majik Most]

ay yo hold up, majiks on the case  
watch the flames from my tape ignite your gas tank  
I lace you like your mom in a bondage suit  
with matching hooker boots teaching you to tie your shoes  
you lose every time I rhyme  
I'll clothesline you off your scooter, your nothin but a looser!  
I'm on some highschool shit with lolipops in my pocket  
for hot chick on my dick under seventeen with my picture in their locket  
on the club scene they don't need to take extacy they think about me  
it's obvious I won't win a grammy from a song  
but i'll run up in Moeisha and get my brandy on  
ask me if I'm dope, C'MON I'M MAJIK MOST!  
I'll roast you bitch, I barbeque kids till you just a fucking skeleton wearin a wig  
I'm trying to be Mr. Big so don't talk to me bitch

## [Chorus - 2X]

## [Verse 3 - Apathy]

You better watch what you say like lip syncing in mirrors  
quit thinkin your near us, your not even a million miles close enough to hear us  
I stand six feet back and spit these raps until the concrete streets crack  
I simplify just to pass it by the mass and burn you like ants under a magnifying glass  
ya'll are unerlings like the servants of kings  
while I form ciphers and patterns like Saturn's circular rings  
(it's Apathy) my soul purpose stands to cripple  
my verses tear through tissue like surface to air missiles  
navigating fighter planes safe to the ground

with one engine down and enemies circling all around  
I'm mythical to hip hop fans some people hear  
that I'm seven foot eight with three heads and no fear  
they say I spit fire and I walk on air  
well if what they say is true then you'd better beware

[Chorus - 2X]