

# Apathy, Mother Molesters Freestyle

Apathy, Majik Most, Celph Titled  
What Demigodz  
Mother Molesters  
Let's Go

[Verse 1 - Apathy]

I kill rappers every day  
These labels need to setup a fund  
To teach stupid motherfuckers how to get up and run  
I ruin careers, take you off MTV cribs  
And put these kids back in the MP3 biz  
I match from head to toe, got bread to blow  
I don't trick on chicks but get head from hoes  
Cause I stay gassin' bitches like Texaco  
They deep throat then leave notes with X's and O's  
Next to their name, I'm the one the sweat the most  
Cause my bread stacks are fatter than Texas Toast  
All these heads that are rappers dissect our flows  
But they're so far from hot it's like Eskimos  
I'm far from a front like trunks in stretch limos  
Pop some shit? Nah I don't really sweat my foes  
Cause while you sittin' on the phone tryin' to get some shows  
Your girls on her way to my crib with extra clothes

[Verse 2 - Majik Most]

When Majik screams on the tracks it makes Lil' John sound like a little blonde  
I detonate a little bomb; have your face hangin' off of palm trees in your lawn  
I'm the Don Wan with Don Johnson jacket's on  
With a Buttafuco to pick up your mom  
You'll get crammed in your dishwasher with your head jammed in  
Dancin' on your corpse playin' Bob Marley Jammin'  
Man handle your melon; peel your scalp like a Mandarin  
You couldn't be dope if you body-snatched me  
Put on Khaki's and sold yourself to black families  
I'm in my private shanty with Ashanti's panties  
No girl can do me like Kobe, please  
In Aspen I'm gettin ass from (Claude Etogees?)  
Have her crusin' my room butt naked on ski's  
Come in my log cabin; get your head stabbed in  
Fed through a wood chipper, kid what's crackin'?

[Verse 3 - Celph Titled]

(Lookin' for my?) big shot, that must mean my shells are huge  
And my pencils are puttin' sideburns on your Elvis suit  
In 1997 me and Majik Most were sellin' bootlegs  
Pimpin' hoes, holdin' a cane with a golden goose head  
Now we gettin paid just for makin' the music  
Do a track for free?  
{&quot;That I'm not gonna be able to do&quot;}  
Tappin' broads like I was Savion Glover  
I got no seeds nigga cause I'm keepin the babies in the rubber  
This one bitch tellin' me she's gonna be havin my daughter  
Choked her purple cause the judge gave me a gag order  
You fags oughtta get ghost, we sendin back the defects  
Your beats sound like T&T Music Factory rejects  
Driving down the Ave. I'm seeing bits of your crew  
I can't tell if it's a gay club or Black Eyed Peas video shoot  
When I'm droppin' bombs inside your city limits  
It's best you get a plan with the most rollover minutes