

Apathy, Public Execution

[Verse 1 - Celph Titled]

I'm an accident just waitin' to happen
Plus i'm an insane muthafucka with a hunger pain,
To be the first blastin'
And my gun's a Gatling, forcin' crews to break up
And stickin' up rappers when they walkin' outta Jacobs
I'm on the block with my dogs, walkin' you cats
To the depths of Hell, I could have you offed in a snap
Lookin' awkward at ya rear view
See my scope peer though?
And hope ya still here to, see your career through
Shoulda seen the bullets racin' in
Now homicide don't know where the shell casings went
Even the finest forensic scientist can't fuck with me
Gettin' super ugly with a Ruger right in front of me
Aimin' it at ya mothers tummy
You claim ya carryin' heat? please...
Go finance ya hooptie and you'll find that...
That's the only time you RE-lease
Cuz you ain't never bust a gat, bitch you're bout as ill as a cure
Get my finger near a trigger, i'ma spill it for sure
Fire repetitive shots, leave you beheaded for not...
Respectin' Celph Titled, is you stupid or not?
I came thru wildin' on a murder all mission
And left you fuckin' dead, like a perverted mortician

chorus cuts

[Verse 2 - Esoteric]

Cats i've assaulted, call me the high exhalted
Esoterrorist, their cleverest nemesis
I'll forever diss these cats, it's effortless
Sever their wrist, with this disc on the premises
muthafuckas
Journalists said there's none better
You weak creeps read it and weep like love letters
I bring malice
We smash ya palace
Weave past cats like Steve Nash in Dallas
I did ya man a favor by writin' his words
When he didn't have the money that my writin' is worth
Fuck with Esoteric, you go right in a hearse
When you mention dope cats, Seamus Ryan is first
Cuz I keep spittin' heat, till i'm dyin' of thirst
While you try rehearse, you better tighten your verse
Demigodz... labels try to sign us at birth
Just knowin' we could be the finest rhymers on Earth

[Verse 3 - Apathy]

I'll rip a whole in the ozone
And leave you suckas spinnin' in space
I'll spit in ya face
To show you how a clitoris taste
At this pace, you bitches'll never finish the race
I'll play the shit from your tapes and make you admit it's a waste
You're always after the cash and after the ass
But you'll only be ashes and gas after the blast
It doesn't matter if ya made of matter or mass
I'm releasin' raps so powerful they're shatterin' glass
Put a rapper in a cast from his neck to his toes
Dissectin' my foes... peel away the flesh from the bone
Testin' ya dome, to see if it can take the pressure from blows
That are thrown like small stones in a cyclone
I'm terrible, beatin' you faggots

And tearin the beat into fragments
Then eatin rappers...
Like Tarrantulas feedin' habbits
You drop lines, that you fuck hot dimes
But ya cock size will make her eyes roll counter clockwise
I'll crush rhymes with a singular rhyme
If you can't take the weight, it'll injure ya spine
I'm not ill like walkin in the projects with a nine
I'm ill like movin' solid objects with my mind
I was designed by a scientific staff
That studied metaphysics and math
Tryna' develop the perfect paragraph
I'm spittin raps that'll make ya mother laugh
Then travel over water and land, like a hover craft
I raise my staff like Moses
Then open up the oceans,
Till transarent walls of waves are exposin'...
Whales in motion, floatin'...
While deadly tiger sharks are approachin'
Ready to rip 'em open