

I'm a Demigod

Apathy

A mass murderer, black magic practitioner
Ap is the rap listener's crack distributor
A wizard with wise words
Magician with fly birds
I'll saw a bitch in half, if she's gettin' on my nerves
So observe the dirty, rotten, son of a cess pool
I piss plutonium and my heart pumps jet fuel
Too cool for school, shoot it up like Virginia Tech.
Unless police intercept, my plots on the internet
That last line was fucked up, so homie don't laugh
I'm cold blooded, apathetic as a sociopath
A lotta jealous mutahfuckers like... "I hope he don't last"
I'm in Japan countin' Yen, doin' Tokyo math
My shit's crack spit raps, and you swear you got bitch slapped
Big Mike sell my shit, til it's platinum on mixtrap
I'll push ya whole click back, with one little "click-clack"
If we abduct ya grandmom, is that still kidnap?
You talk about ya llamas, and ya strapped with the gat cocked
The only time you ever held a Mac, was a laptop
I stay around weed heads, who constantly hit blunts
And burn it down more, than bitches durin' the Witch Hunts
Instead of droppin' classics and makin' sure shit pumps...
You drop a bullshit mixtape every 6 months
The force of my flow's strong, hard as a photon
The rhyme gets rougher as the rhyme goes on...

Old school got my Raiders cap
Nuthin' you could say to Ap
Sadomasochistic, it hurts how hot I make the track
Kneel down and praise the king
A demon with angel wings
Tattoo my flesh with ink, and scorpion stings
I'm tryina get it through ya head
You could fill me up with lead...
I'll chill in heaven, half an hour, 'fore the Devil knows I'm dead
Send out the memo, I been killin' it since my demo
The fact that I'm a Demigod is not coincidental
Half human, half almighty
Kicks are all Nike's...
I'm not the one to fuck with... if you want? "pshh, allrighty"
Here it goes, meltin' subwoofers in ya stereos
A dungeon dragon like Busta Rhymes on Scenario
Off the top, muthafuckers better call the cops
I'll come through like Sasquatch, and squash ya blocks
I block... telepathic thoughts, when they try to read my mind
The way I rhyme... "rap" just got... re-defined
Whenever I tear the mic...
It's eazy as Eric Wright
Ya feedin' on my paragraphs, you rappers are parasites
I'm paralyzin' crowds, ya'll are typin like paralegals
Rollin' like Noah, in a boat, with a pair of eagles
Demigodz, a pack of pits...
Ya'll are a pair of beagles
I'll beat ya bitches beaver up, though the hoe's barely legal
I rep DG'z, down to my last proton
The rhyme get's rougher, as the rhyme goes on...

It's the land of the rhymes, and I'm a Demigod
Land of the rhymes, and I'm a Demigod
Land of the rhymes, and I'm a Demigod
I'm Zeus in the booth, spittin' lightening rods...