

All I Think About

Apathy

Catch your, catch your, catch your, catching wreck on the M-I-C
What must I say?
What must I do?
To show how much I think about... (catching, catching wreck on the M-I-C)
What must I say?
What must I do?
To show how much I think about... (catching, catching)

After Ap reloads, get these rappers to explode
Readin' maps to magic roads with John Walker sat in robes
The messiah, crucifier
Who is flyer, There; elusive as Lucifir (Lucifer)
I fuel the fire, usin' music to inspire
Uzi does it, uzi did it, let my uzi spit it
Don't confuse me with them dookie motherfuckers gettin' shitted out
Spit it out, slit their throat and slowly I'mma bleed 'em out
This the Garden of Eden so best believe I weed 'em out
Just because it's pussy doesn't mean I'll always eat it out
Honkey shit, 'Moby Dick', classics you should read about
Buggin' out, gotta chill, 40 ounce, pop a pill
Turn your burners around like the cover for Kill At Will
Holy smokes, pour some liquor out and if your homie croaks
Heard a rapper bitin' my steeze, well I hope he chokes
Vanderslicin' everything in sight, it's like I handle light
And through this mic recitin' frightenin'
Have your family candle-lightin'
Waitin' for this rocket to launch, to try to hit the Sun
Have a séance in the Bronx to channel Big Pun
I'm a phantom with fans that beat up rappers I hate
You'd think they fat kids, the way they always after my cake
My jet's on Jupiter, my mansion's on Mars
I spend a Saturday on Saturn, slow dancin' with stars
This is music where you find a female and form a fetus
A rollerskatin' jam hand-crafted by a genius
And if you smoke trees, you're halfway through the blunt
Or dick deep in some cunt, bitches hate when I'm blunt
See the only thing that's badder is the '87 Mattingly
Scratch that, take it back, '011 Apathy

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Yo I was born to be a king where smokin' drug is a mandate
Made somethin' outta nothin', now controllin' the landscape
Bad grapes swellin' in a glass, yo I'm educated
Mind levitated, crime and family separated
My hands are placed right at the top of the chopsticks
Status in society is high like my optics
Say a couple words, the people scream for joy just to get a chance to meet
Smoke some reefer wit your boy
Never really thought the kid would rap
Now it's a simple fact

My flow is Hookers at the Point the way I hit the track
I'm all day with it, pissin' in the street
Just like my daughter at the park, you get lifted off your feet
My bars are heavy like Olympic liftin'
Place raided by siftin'
A-I-R inscripted on the side of the Pippen's
Never sniffin', motherfuckers need to learn and listen
Bronsolinio, hard cover, first edition

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To show how much I think about... (catching wreck, catching wreck in Connect
icut)
What must I say? (catch your, catch your, catch your, catch your, catch your
break in New York)
To show how much... (catch your, catch your, catch your, catch your break in
Connecticut)
What must I say? (catch your, catch your, catch your, catch your, catch your
break in New York)
To show how much I think about... (catching, catching wreck on the M-I-C)