

Chrome Depot Freestyle

Apathy

[Verse 1: Apathy]

Yo

I got the force that could knock a Sumo wrestler down
Professional sound that's puttin' rappers flesh in the ground
Scared of a candid-cameras for plantin' a bomb
But takin' shots with mechanical cannons in my arm
A verbal-tech battle mech ready to flex
You step to me next you get metal machete's to necks
Then I slice jugular veins, crushin' your frame
'Till the pressure from the skull plates bustin' your brain
I'm the type to spit and make you say "that's fuckin' insane"
And when your not payin' attention, I'll be touchin' your dame
I could make your whole squads frames bust in to flames
So why you speak on my name? you got nothin' to gain
Except two black eyes, a broke jaw, and a broke nose
I hope foes know I got nothin' but dope flows
I'm spittin' perfectly verbally
Ap's eternally as intricate as surgery or fixin' broken circuitry

[Chorus:]

It's like boom bap, fuck your rap
You ain't ready for Celph and you ain't ready for Ap
It goes boom bap, fuck your rap
'Cause you might get smacked with the back of the gat

[Verse 2: Celph Titled]

Yo everybody on the wall get the fuck out yo position
And focus on the God with the raw power of six men
Look me in the phone book, my math be unlisted
Got top secret formulas with 7th wonders orbit systems
You know the signature, the Celph titled literature
Get intricate with flows and carry mechanisms to spit at cha
Who want what? I sell beats for G-notes
Put three in your fleece coat and tie your neck to a ski-boat
You know I make the heat disasterly spill
And let the chrome sparkle like Master P's grille
Nigga's say godammit he's ill why ain't he blow yet?
I came before Christ, hip hop wasn't even known yet
The only time you catch me holdin' my tongue
Is if I cut it off and gripped it and spit more linguistics
Beyond long distance, dial the chrome for assistance
And use my sharp looks to bag hundreds of bitches
Self-pachino, you know the name from the beat down
Amputate my arms and I still wont put the heat down
This is prophecy, don't make me repeat this
Put a magnet to your data and leave your files deleted
Motherfucker!

[Chorus x2]