

# Demigodzilla

Apathy

[Verse 1: Apathy]

Ap'll rock it, the results are catastrophic  
Whether battle rapper topic or sellin' crack for a profit  
Break it down to microscopics, blow it up to larger levels  
We Hell's angels and devils, Demigodz Satan rebels  
Pull the plug, kick the speaker, if ya got a bitch then beat her  
Poundin' on your door with a mask, but not a trick-or-treater  
Click your heaters like apartments in winter weather, we gettin' cheddar  
Livin' life like you know you won't live forever  
Probably only just as far as my luck goes  
We fuck hoes who sneaked a snub nose inside they club clothes  
An asshole's typin' on his Sidekick at dinner  
With a fly chick who'll snicker, when my dick is in her  
Secular sinner scary as unprotected sex in cemeteries  
I like freak bitches, so fishnets are necessary  
Demigodzilla, thug blood spiller  
The nine don't fill ya, the rhymes gon' kill ya

[Verse 2: Motive]

They say I'm often ig'nant, cocky and ??  
'Cause I'm the type to kick it to a chick when she walkin' out of abortion c  
linic  
A verbal menace, in the book of Guinness  
Is listed one of the hoodiest niggas to spit it and really live it  
The difference between me and these MC's with lyrics  
The flow fam, is like a grown man goin' against an infant  
I'm with your ho man, she's playin' some slow jams  
Baggin' my coke grams with her mouth open for me like a dentist  
But not for novacaine, your dame's a smuggle trick  
So I left a little nut stain on her upper lip  
Yo flash my shit but keep a gun in my belt  
You know once you in the casket and you huggin' yourself  
For you nonbelievers, on your tongue is where I place my heater  
It's like I'm checkin' to see if you probably run a fever  
Demigodzilla, thug blood spiller  
The nine don't fill ya, the rhymes gon' kill ya

[Verse 3: Celph Titled]

You hearin' nothin' but mayhem and chaos until the song's over  
"Honey, I Shrunk the Kids," and I'm usin' the lawnmower  
We hotter than fish grease, glock stashed in the six piece  
Fried chicken box with side order of pig's feet  
Bullets the size of licorice sticks, but ain't shit sweet  
Hollow tips to follow your whip, rip through the kid's seat, homey  
It ain't the same down south, I got AK's in my house  
Gun permits from Charlton Heston with techs in the den  
You guessed it, it's him: Celph Titled the best with a pen  
My John Hancock worth more than Thomas Jefferson's  
Ever since Ap made me a Demigodzilla  
I been chillin' with demons, sippin' Henny, rockin' Tequila  
Kidnappin' Miss Mother Nature, watch me impregnate her  
Y'all talk gangsta, but really interior decorators  
Nobody's iller, we barbecue and grill ya  
And we ain't stoppin' 'till the, rhymes done killed ya