

Doe Raker Check

Apathy

My Nikes are real white, check one
My Nikes are real white, check two
I'm a bastard that'll master ways to massacre the masses
Like a massive meteor that smash your cities into ashes
I'll bash these lil' faggots 'til your face is facin backwards
Wait for you, I'm takin you to quiet places in the backwoods
where a whole {?} thuggers, sluggers waitin very patiently
They travel through the chamber of the banger very gracefully
And dance through your cranium, tangle with your brain stem
Salsa with your cerebellum, quickly rearrange them
Exit through your earholes, firin projectiles
My bullets are accumulatin frequent flyer miles
I'm Doe Rakin, cakin off multiple enterprisin businesses
With weight up in the rental keepin enterprisin business kid
Analyzin every possibility like physicists
My fist'll fracture faces faster than pistols that spit at this
The proof's when the album drop, crew on the alpha lot
But Ap up on the mic is like Zeus on the mountaintop
Lightning for a mic exploder, most them rappers' lifes are over
Fight provoker, wifey stroker, rare exotic Nike owner
Voodoo speaker, speaker blower, blow your momma, mind'll blow ya
brain it's all the same if you take it back and rewind it over
Overtime, score tied, seconds are tickin
For recognition I be spittin 'til the records is skippin
Respect the clique and everything'll be cool
Y'all better check if it's cool
I'll just eject the feul in your record pool

We some Doe Rakers, we some soul takers
But, all we tryin to do is get mo' paper
We some Doe Rakers, we some hoe takers
Whole clique flow sick, ain't no fakers
(My Nikes are real white, check one) You know?
(My Nikes are real white, check two) Geah!
(Check one, check two, check one-two) You know?
(Check one, check two, check one-two) Geah!

Yo, yo if you heard of Doe Rakers then you already know
I roll with a clique, that persists to flip that dough
See while you're at school tryin to play that tic-tac-toe
I was with your lil' sis, findin how to hit that hoe
Let me talk to all these niggaz wanna get at Mo'
No warnin, your peeps mournin cause they miss you so
A clown nigga, lay down like six feet low
Cause y'all thought it was just a game when you spit that flow
No! Not on a throne yet, but I'm a known threat
Plus I'm known for puttin somethin in pussies like Kotex
I'm on some CEO shit, yeah your man's a boss
Kids sayin he's a myth like Santa Claus
I got the, tools to provide with
Either you ride or collide with my clique or choose a side to hide with
Motive the live that's paid my dues, won't settle for shit
Nuttin to prove, none of these dudes on the level I spit
Shit's funny, I'm 'bout money but a beast on tracks
So watch y'all mouth, when y'all speak on wax
Cause beef with Ap, nigga then them heats gon' clap
Believe the facts cause I'll greet your whole, team with gats

Give a fuck, if you old school rap or new crews
They don't spit sick, that's shit! You're doo-doo
Fuck all the talk son, the actin is done
Come to your show, after you flow only thing clappin is guns

Yo, this the hot shit kid
It's your boy Big Hoot
A.M.E., Demigodz
We controllin it right now
Apathy smackin motherfuckers up
And that Motive, bangin you out
Emilio, knockin you out
D.R. nigga, what?
What nigga? Fuck you bitch! {*echoes*}