Eddie III & DL Freestyle

Apathy

Ayo. We on the Eddie I'll side of things right about now This is a Demigodz special presentation Starring yours truly, Celph Titled, the Rubix Cuban Apathetic and Louis Logic the drunken dragon And we about to show y'all motherfuckers How the root beers are catapulted all up into your fuckin' grill I'm so unbelievably fresh Even God has to be convinced I'm in the form of human flesh I roll with the lions and tigers and camouflage attire Celph Titled is synonymous with vampires I scare police like black men in black Tims in a black Benz with fat rims ho ldin' up MAC-10s Niggas be like, "Ask him. He know the deal. Supreme intellect, on top of that his flow is real." When we ride by we let the bullets go and hit your place You'll need as much surgery as Joan River's face Ask no questions and roll with the punches Demigodz technique, lethal when the tongue's spit I brew up nightcaps to give MCs Servin' Molotov cocktails and plenty bottles of Dom Kerosene Your style is a joke, correct me if I'm wrong I'm waitin' for the Energizer bunny to walk through your song I'll fuck a big brolic bitch till her nostrils twitch Have her burying her face like an ostrich Apathetic always raps on some hostile shit And if I started doin' crimes all the cops would quit I can burn your face off with my toxic spit When I travel I be walkin' on gravel and rocks will split My ox will split, your voice box and shit Till your windpipe is leakin' all it's oxygen Try to threaten with a weapon and we'll box you in And in a second or less is when the shots begin Cock the pen I'm bringin' apocalypse with the pen And the world recreated then I'll do it again What I spit make your frame swell, meltin' your brain cell Repel gel rappers with the gats I aim well Reppin' where I dwell is like steppin' in Hell I'm as hip hop as 7L rockin Gazelles Competition is dyin', my death, death-defyin' Flow, got my chest left with breaths supplyin' My back up for rhymin' Not happy till I'm flyin' in a fly Lex drivin' like my man Seamus Ryan And I'm out You better watch the Puerto bleecan Bein' chased by four police men On any given weekend With a forty leakin' Corner store Koreans and cops follow the trail From a stolen bottle of ale cause they want me in jail I'm part clepto Party body O and part ghetto My highness disguised by my camouflage Echo My agenda is, to discover adventures and crush?

Cause I'm such an inventor Disgusting avenger with a sewer mouth And a taste for chewin' out niggas, there ain't shit you can do about So I say, lightweights should clear on out Cause it's Friday and I'm fillin' up my beer bong now We on route for success with a pit stop at the cluckfest To cluck fresh pollo cause I love breast And chicks that undress get a round of applause For strippin' out of your drawers and gettin' down on all fours I"m a pervert For what the words worth It's Louis fuckin' Logic Lookin' in a word search To find sick shit To use fuckin' biscuits and hit you over the head if you talkin' shit kid Yeah, yeah, get on down Better uh, uh better get on down Come on, come on, come on Come on!