

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 holdin' 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!