

# Fear Itself

Apathy

[Intro: Clip from Excalibur]

[Merlin:] What are you afraid of?

[Arthur:] I don't know.

[Merlin:] Shall I tell you what's out there?

[Arthur:] Yes, please.

[Merlin:] A beast of such power that if you were to see it whole and all complete in a single glance, it would burn you to cinders.

[Arthur:] Where is it?

[Merlin:] It is everywhere! It is everything! It's roar is heard in the wind! And it's forked tongue strikes like... bright

[Verse 1:]

King spit it all like I'm D-O-C  
Deadly on the mic, deadly G-O-D  
Born in a forest, raised by the wolves  
Walk amongst sheep rocking their wool  
Speaking in tongues, well allow me to translate  
A secret society, just look at our handshakes  
Hoodies on our head, dressed in all black  
Symbols on our rings and a pocket full of crack  
Cameras on a street corner like a camcorder  
Dip quicker than a Star Trek transporter  
This is life on the bottom of the barrel of the belly of the beast  
On the brutalist of blocks in the borough  
In the East where I'm from Connecticut's a wasteland  
Chased by the devil, keep the metal in your waistband  
And we powerful as Kennedys  
March in a single-file line like centipedes  
In Cape Cod to escape the commotion  
Late night yacht trips, bodies in the ocean  
A 40 ounce full of potion  
We move by full moon light in slow motion

[Interlude:]

The only thing we have to fear is fear itself

So run for the hills, scream for help

Ain't nothing to fear but fear itself

So run for the hills, scream for help

Ain't nothing to fear but fear itself

So run for the hills motherfucker (fear itself)

[Verse 2:]

We on that cracker-ass shit, hoods and bank robbers

Switching up kicks quicker than Mr. Rogers

Sweater on my back dressed like a senator

I'm Chris Hansen about to catch a predator

Newport mansion peeking through your window

Job at a country club just for the info

Deep in the woods in a circle like a pagan

A young caucasian studying Ronald Reagan

So we speak Latin fluently

Drink OE cause I love it what it do to me

Fuck around, get a beat down brutally  
I'm like Judas, I'll stab you for jewellery  
OG, ain't a damn thing new to me  
Pharaoh with a harem of hoes who love nudity  
Rhymes designed in barbarian time  
Check my crops, it's all alien signs  
Belt buckle with the Masonic?  
Starter Raider jacket, an addict to witchcraft  
I'm the Uzi carrier, groupie burying  
Pass passwords to a secret librarian (shh)  
Access to the Vatican scriptures  
We posing for pictures with fingers on triggers  
And candle in cyphers, we tunnel under Rikers  
To break out my brothers and them Outlaw bikers  
We the righteous

[Outro:]

Scream for help, ain't nothing to fear but fear itself  
So run for the hills, scream for help  
Ain't nothing to fear but fear itself

So run for the hills motherfucker  
So run for the hills motherfucker  
So run for the hills motherfucker  
So run for the hills motherfucker