

## No Rapper

Apathy

No one can rap quite like I can  
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No one can rap, can rap, can rap (3x)  
I'm like Tyson,  
way before the tat on his face  
A knucklehead punchin' meteors back into space  
Evacuate the Earth, these puny humans in trouble  
I'm even ruinin' rubble, head for the moon on the double  
I'm brass-knuckled up,  
money pulled tighter than Elliott  
Dippin' quick with E.T. on his bike basket  
I like static, mic addict, white magic spells like a sorcerer  
Man with the wingspan of the Nemesis Enforcer  
I birth rappers, don't bite the hand that feeds you  
I'll bite back, I'll eat you, devour and defeat you  
I'm lethal with raps, only leave you with scraps  
Of the meat that you sink your teeth through  
That was Ap's, it's a fact  
Fuck hoes till they backbones collapse  
Who the fuck asked you up?  
You a sucker for snatch  
Sufferin suc-a-tash  
, motherfuckers is trash  
Next time you listen to your buddies wear a gas mask  
What a blast, similar to nuclear waves or atom bomb  
Back to the lab to rap to ancient Babylon  
Sinners can soak in hellfire for treason  
And these newjacks get slapped in they craps for breathin'  
And it's freezin' in the summer  
July and June were seen colder than night on the dark side of the moon  
You collide with a goon who spawned inside a cocoon  
Fuck whores inside a saloon, then ride to high noon  
Any survivors consumed, or left alone with the fumes  
Are liable to be suicidal, left inside of a tomb  
You should stay off the mic, stick to bein' a fag  
Cause no rapper can rap quite like I can  
I'm a bionic commando, rockin' metal gear  
Find me in the studio with a dead engineer  
And I never shed a tear for the shit I shouldn't'a did  
Shatter bones when I shove a shaker to your ribs  
I'm the lord of the rings, four fingers and brass knuckles  
Walkin' on the surface of Saturn, breathin' gas bubbles  
Heavy ammunition, I'm a powerful magician  
And someone's a demon when four moons are in position  
I'll be cockin' back a cannon that mechanically links  
With an army rollin' deeper than the Gramercy Riffs  
Separate fact from myth  
Suckas get lit, jugulars slit, I'm runnin' this shit  
I'm rep-killin' suckas from Tokyo to Temecula  
Rockin' my competitors to knock 'em out this nebula  
I can assemble several metal weapons in seven seconds  
Set 'em up to puncture while you pumpin' Evanescence  
Rappers get soft every second, so I ain't sweatin' y'all  
Flows I compose stay flammable as ethanol  
So on Friday I'm practisin' gunplay  
Playin' Rebecca Black backwards to Black Sunday  
Ready to rip, we're rappin' the repetition

I'm dope, the definition of death and demolition  
Priests get premonitions and pray  
They not prayin', it's peace  
Cause AP is a beast, I don't play  
Way two fourty I kill rappers in my way  
Swear to God 99% of newjacks are gay  
With they nerdy-ass voice and they little frat flow  
Whip they soul out they throat, throw it through a black hole  
I blackout, pack backpacks with black pistols  
Leave you shook as criminals seein the bat signal  
So fall the fuck back think they're bein' a fan  
Cause no rapper can rap quite like I can