[Verse 1:] You couldn't burn me if you was a nerd with CD's Couldn't burn me if you was a whore with VD's Mike Jordan couldn't burn me if he ate his Wheaties Paid off the referees, and broke both of my knees I'm hot...even Lucifer would get on his knees Beggin' me please, to drop the heat a couple degrees Fuck with me? Please I could get your chick on video tape Naked, like Girls Gone Wild on Spring Break I'm damagin', got more dark power than Anakin Mannin' my cannons to shoot a cannonball I'm slammin y'all, through the wall Talk about the weapon that ya brandishin'? I've heard it all before, like Sunshine Anderson Me without beef, is like a pervert with no porn I icegrill like barbecues in a snow storm My rappin' is hot, I'll put a crack in ya ice Ap is precise, like the government with a trackin' device I hawk, spit, quick to shit talk Y'all could never see me, like Bloods that Crip Walk Bullet fly by and give ya mullets a crew cut My crew gets souped up, so put ya dukes up! [Chorus:] You suckas wanna fight? PUT YA DUKES UP! You wanna get hyped? PUT YA DUKES UP! Yo, we could do this all night PUT YA DUKES UP! PUT YA DUKES UP! PUT YA DUKES UP! You wanna grab mics? PUT YA DUKES UP! You wanna try to bite? PUT YA DUKES UP! Yo, we could do this all night PUT YA DUKES UP! PUT YA DUKES UP! PUT YA DUKES UP! [Verse 2:] I just copped 2 G's from a show, but I'm probably gonna blow it You'll find me in the Acura, drivin' it like I stole it Y'all wanna beef, like you got a trick up ya sleeve? Fuck spittin', you would need my permission just to breathe It's deep, ya girl loves when I rock to the beat She probably knows all of my raps backwards in her sleep I'm the cat bitches follow, I make chicks swallow 'Cause I get more head than that ghost from Sleepy Hollow I got a magical spell, as vicious as voodoo Ya jealous 'cause I mack more bitches than you do I'm A... P... and if you don't know the rest Lift up ya girl's shirt, and read it off her breasts [Chorus] [verse 3:]

My new slang, burns through ya brain like butane

I gotta Stronghold, like the top of the food chain You turn from black to blue like a mood rang I'm hard to the muthafuckin' core when I do thangs You wanna trip like you didn't tie ya shoe strangs I'll have you holdin' ya face like bad tooth pains I got a mansion that's bigger than Bruce Wayne's That's where me and ya girl bang like two gangs I got a bigger bomb than Saddam Hussein's To try to lift it's weight would take two cranes I'm tryin' to see a lot of CREAM like Wu-Tang So I boost chains and stick up the number 2 train I like ménage à trois, that means two dames You stick chicks who rock thongs with poop stains We bringin' pain 'cause the Demigod crew reigns And y'all are still on the block rappin' for loose change [Chorus] Put your (mutha-mutha-muthafuckin' dukes up!) Put your (mutha-mutha-muthafuckin' dukes up!)

## Put your (mutha-mutha-muthafuckin' dukes up!) Put your (dukes up!) Put your (dukes up!) Put your (mutha-mutha-muthafuckin' dukes up!) Put your (mutha-mutha-muthafuckin' dukes up!) Put your (mutha-mutha-muthafuckin' dukes up!) Put your (dukes up!) Put your (dukes up!) "Apathy" "Ro-Rock it as hard as I can" "Ap will never be defeated" "Apathy" "Ro-rock it as hard as I can" "Ap will never be defeated" "Apathy" "Ro-rock it as hard as I can" "Ap will never be defeated" "Apathy" "Ro-rock it as hard as I can"

"Ap will never be defeated"