

# Sureshot Affair

Apathy

Aiyyo that kid is marvelous

I'm the alien tongue, you can call me Apathy  
Motherfucker's who wanna battle me better have backup batteries  
I'm burying Calvary and turn them in to causalities  
Then casually spread their dead bodies across the galaxy  
You don't wanna get fucked, you better stick with chastity  
You got some audacity of even thinkin' of rappin' with me  
I automatically tear up the human anatomy  
And make you lose phatness like your taking off calories  
Philosophy majors couldn't imagine or fathom me  
It's heavy like walking on planet's with no gravity  
Gradually I'll open up my own academy  
Where professors will lecture upon the intellect of Apathy  
Now I got groupies grabbin' me, jealous rapper's dreamin' of stabbin' me  
Coming to shows and tryin' to blast at me  
This bastard be the baddest over a beat  
With battery acid in glasses and labeled as incomplete

You take back on the rack like a Lex Luger maneuver  
You're [?] like Bret Hart and caught the sharpshooter  
I'm live like Monday Night in the main event fight  
Like I work for Ted Turner, people do what I write  
A Million Dollar like Austin Stone Cold  
Wrestlin in bed with your woman, put your moms in a sleeper hold  
I've been told that I'm the champ of the world  
I get more ass than Ric Flair, catch stares from the Nitro Girls  
stack like [?], hotter than [?] heat  
Like corny gangs, we can have this match in the street  
If you knew the deal you would kept it real like Shamrock  
Like Shawn Michaels you faggot with your hand on McMahon's cock  
Get your ass kicked every week like Vince  
And start actin like Sting and never speak  
When I cum/come in the ring, like a condom gettin smacked  
Knock your ass the fuck out and stamp my logo on your back

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You wanna battle my crew, you must be smokin' moldy crack  
This ain't butt fucking so there'll be no holdin' back  
When it's your turn you get burned like whores on Howard Stern  
This ain't KRS but it's your turn to learn  
I'll have ya stuck in a bad position like hounds screwin'  
And when you leave the stage and hear the whole damn crown booin'  
While ya playa hatin' when they throw my tape in  
Pass the microphone; I'll leave ya bloody like a butcher's apron  
Where ya comin' from think that you're nice, I'm tight  
You're slower than the second coming of Christ  
The Demigodz don't fuck around like (?) prostitutes  
And after this hit your gonna know who gets the loot

I minimize your planets size  
My shit is fly like Janet's thigh  
I'll throw my pen in the Atlantic and watch the titanic rise  
I scan the jungle like a predator with infrared, in my head is mechanic eyes  
I fantasize of wives with slanted eyes and a family of samurais  
Hold up let me summarize

Apathy is ampin' up the track, turn the beat down  
Ya'll are straight bitches like pissin with the seat down  
We can get down; we can make the earth go 'round  
We can battle your crew and run you out of town  
Apathy be crushin' any planet that he stands on  
Demigodz are rougher than a sandpaper tampon

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Punks beware, girls stop and stare, the sure shot MC's for the affair  
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