

This Is the Formula

Apathy

I'm like a mad scientist in the lab
Experiment with every mic I grab
Beats and rhymes go together like chemistry
So it ain't hard to see, that this is the formula

I keep it fly like high school when I was in my hay day
Before chump came through, my PJ was mayday
Today was a good day
I didn't need my AK
And if you don't know now you know baby
Alive on arrival
Ap spazzed out, when they brought them '93 Air Max back out
You see my poetry's lavish
I miss them classics
Fuck a concept, this is just some rap shit
You over think hip hop, you're thinkin' too much
You're makin' me nervous son, you blink too much
The new shit sucks, you try to pimp too much
A paste of paper, usin' ink too much
I rep CT baby you know me
Always chill in L.A. but my brother's in Tampa
Almost lost my mind when my father got cancer
You question my hand skills, I'll give you the answer
Two black eyes, turn you into a panda
Gamma ray flows and start transformin' ya
Sucka I'm warnin' ya

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Yo, my formula is anti-formulaic
I formulate true thoughts to slalom square forms for play rip then make a mo
saic
The difference is, you don't see it you play it
I do shit that most cats couldn't get away with
But don't say it's not steeped in tradition
From a time when samplers didn't ask permission
And DJ's could fix shit, live in the mix
With your jeans tucked into your sock
Show off your kicks, game cap
Helly Hanson to match
Fast forward, see the game ain't changed
Some things just rearrange
I'm still takin' friends from 20 years ago
On some brand new shit like we ain't supposed to know
Then you multiply that by the fact
E'rybody and the moms wanna make beats and think they can rap
Flooding the scene with crap
At the shows in the stands, no time to be fans, they got plots and plans
And a demo CD, soundin' like pots and pans
Comin' after our spot? I think not my man
I ain't sayin' you can't in time, get yours my lord
But take that shit back to the drawing board

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Demigodz. I'd like to thank J-Live for coming out tonight. Jumpin' on this track. It's a classic to me. Yeah. Peace to Divine Styler. Eric Vanderslice, the Beatminerz, Mr. Walt & Evil D, Benny Shake, Chris Hampson, K-Squared, shout out to my man Balab Basheer. Bishop Lamont, Poison Pen, Diabolic, my brother Vinnie Paz and the whole A.O.T.P. Peace to Ill Bill, Chino XL, K-Solo, Apathy and we out.