

Y'All Ain't Good Enough

Apathy

Ya see...(What's cracka-latin'?)
There's one thing you need to understand (And what's that?)
Demigodz (Uh-huh)...are the most prestigious (Oh, no question)
When Apathy approaches the throne (Word up, yeah)
All hail Caesar (You heard?)
(Curt Cazal on the motherfuckin' track)
(Apathetic and Celph Titled, we gon' do it like this)

Y'all niggaz wanna be thugs with nothin' to say?
(Y'all ain't good enough)
We takin' ya pay
(Y'all ain't good enough)
Get outta my way
(Y'all ain't good enough)
Y'all niggaz wanna be pimps, can't get no ass?
(Y'all ain't good enough)
Your trick and your cash
(Y'all ain't good enough)
We movin' in fast
(Y'all ain't good enough)

I'm liver than Thai weed for freaks, drive high speed through streets
I could freestyle for weeks if they bangin' the beats
I never sweat the opposition, my position is locked
Different chickens are switchin' positions when lickin' the cock
When hittin' skirts, I don't even need to drop a written verse
Freestyle and have her legs open wide like givin' birth
Don't let me start, 'cause I'll finish 'em off
Like you tried to play Tiger Woods in miniature golf
Admit it, you lost, the minute you crossed the first tee
Verse me? Rappers, the strength of Hercules couldn't hurt me
Y'all better dress in a Kevlar suit
'Cause my clips make more hits than Neptunes' group
And I spit gasoline, so the booth'll get doused
Then ignited from the flames in the roof of my mouth
When I write, it's like the brainwaves shoot to get out
When you bite, I take aim like you're lootin' my house

It ain't a motherfucka rappin' like this, clappin' the fifth
They'll put your back in a twist and only empty half of the clip
I spit but really never got nothin' to say
Every verse consist of curse words and plenty of gun spray
But I don't give a fuck, this is how I write rap flows
You probably listen to Common and rock them tight-ass clothes
Try to change your image, you dudes be followin' hard shit
While we bring more funk than Bootsy Collins' armpits
We on some shit, throwin' banquets at \$10,000 a plate
Your girl's been over for hours, it's late
Time to...take her home, so we skate from the Chrome...Depot
In high school, they used to call me Chico
Back in '93, I was shakin' parties up
Lickin' off uzi clips in the air
puttin' holes in the ozone layer - playa
Gangsta you're not, let me discuss
I think with my dick, so I'm always ready to bust

You're a waste of air; the kick, the bass, the snare, your face, your hair

I'ma tear apart whatever God placed you there
Prepare to have your domepiece spinnin' around
I'm pinnin' you down, face first, chin to the ground
I'm the reason why the cops walk the blocks with Glocks
Why the sun's hot and why your tongue locks when beats drop
The reason for the season change, the breezes, the rain
Hurricanes tearin' brains outta radar's range
Strange, eerie sounds under beds at night
Make heads spread with mics like the legs of dykes
I'm the prototype for Kawasaki motorbikes
Nagasaki blowin' mics, kamikaze sippin' saki
Nobody can stop me on my path of destruction
You rappers get sucked in and crushed in a massive abduction
You said you're large but you couldn't get a small part
In a commercial for Wal-Mart pushin' mall carts