

Ap Is Like

Apathy

(Uh! Yeah!) Connecticut!

(Uh! A...P!) Apathy!

(Demigodz!) Yup, uh!

(Doe Rakers) 'course...

Yo...

Yo I ain't afraid of shit, I won't even pretend
I be flippin' God off through his microscope lens
This asshole supreme and his violent friends
Closest we came to peace signs is drivin' a Benz
This is hip-hop that overloads amps and speaker boxes
For muthafuckas' rooms that cluttered with sneaker boxes
Tongue ring bitches who be sneakin' our oxes
In the club where security decreases the options
Cause Ap is like William Blake, but filled with hate
Who broke open his brain to let the skills escape
It's like silicon tits to porno chicks
I could flow on 'till Voltron's torso splits
I supply, multiply like Gordo's chips
I'm a He-Man, and y'all are on some Orko shit
Gold BBS rims on a Saab with the stop sign
'87 status radio show dot nine
Connecticut veteran, better than ever before
Handprints embedded in metal of mics I tore
In half with half a paragraph, skin grafts needed
It's equivalent to starin' in the sun when tryin' to read it
Y'all wanna get defeated, that's a personal decision
But I'm cuttin' muthafuckas up with surgical precision
A legend in the making, the last of a dyin' breed
Y'all are newjacks, probably get shook when buyin' weed
You're MySpace gangstas, with guns in pictures
I'll slap your face and tongue fuck your sisters
For this next one, you gotta be sharp so listen:
I'll hit you in the head like turbulence when you pissin' (Phenomenal!)
Cash I stack's astronomical
Nikes are pricey, Pisces astrological
Ap's wifey's a fat ass Aphrodite
That badass bastard that spaz out like hyphy
Hand out like Heisman Trophies
Approach me and your homies are pourin' out fo'-ties of OE

I'm playin "Time's Up" by O.C
Sellin O-Z's and O-C's to kids in the OC
Hate authority from P.O.'s to C.O.'s
Cause we know, we see those, and we ain't seein' no dough
So play the low, slow it down, make paper, through it around
I'mma have a lot of fun before I go underground
'Fore my spirit speeds through space and punctures the sun
I'll be keepin' heaven 'fore a muthafucker should run
I ain't frontin' like I'm runnin' 'round with hundreds of guns
But just watch, got an ox hidden under my tongue, son
MTV just got Sucker Free Sundays
I'm sucker free 365, not one day
You average little cornball phony ho model
Y'all ain't Fif, you're more like a Rosie O'Donnell
I'm dyin' for rappers to stop glorifyin' diamonds
Cause wannabes are rhymin' 'bout 'em when they never buy 'em
Dude's swear they poppin' but the labels never sign 'em
It appears that materialism is what defines 'em
Let's fast forward ten years to see where we find 'em
It's hard to focus vision when them hater blockers blind 'em
It's hard to disagree when they know that I'm right
Don't know what it's like? I stick it in your sister every night

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>