

# Bloc Party (feat. Mike Shinoda & Tak)

## Apathy

Hey Ap, why don't you do the uh the intro on this shit?

Apathy:

Yo Apathy, Fort Minor, Styles Of Beyond, Demigodz

Here we go

Yo, rappers like heavy metal and ghettos  
Guns, metals and ammos  
I pistol whip Tony and fuck Meadows Soprano  
A cat who sells them bugs but tell them thugs  
They don't know how to carry more heat than welding gloves  
I walk amongst the gods, keep my head in the clouds  
Oh we show groupie love, getting head in the crowds  
Put it in girls mouth blast off like NASA  
The master of nastiness transform a classy bitch into  
A little sheen freak sadomasochist  
Dastardly bastard of rap so disastorous  
Spitting, healed a cripple like Christ the miraculous  
And fights my savageness, turns punks, pacifists  
The police clock Ap like there he go  
Always on the watch because I use to carry blow  
Always lock her down but I never marry ho's  
Barry foes when the flows comes through your stereo

Here we go flipping up a predictable verse  
It's a curse to burst words like turrets on purpose  
Put the verb like a backhand reject perverse as it is  
I can't stop and its making me nervous, ok?  
Get me on a track and I'm cracking  
Packing up a backpack full of tracks on some CDs  
Be me, fuck that and not like me  
To bite me you need to be you times ninety  
I got schemes and a team so hyped we  
Get on a scene make a scene on the nightly  
Say what I mean, whether mean or politely  
Living the dream in some clean white Nike's  
Or DC's, I'm not giving a shit  
Fuck the words that you heard and the lips that they hang from  
I stay banging to bang, bang drums and hanging you lames  
And the same no names gangs you came from  
I don't got an excuse, just talking the truth  
I'm fucking awesome when I'm rocking the booth  
And I stay ready with hot bloc rocking abuse

Y'all are really not stopping us dude, yeah Tak, get up

It started off get on over and hit the galaxy  
Now we are moving them over they are crowing me the Cali king  
Anything tossed on my fuse getting chewed up  
With a quota six and little good weight, too much  
Going to get smacked in the face with aluminum bats  
Your fucking raps as good as me, Bobo and  
I said I was rude, step in the shoes, you don't believe me  
You can ask Devin the dude how I strip down the bitch clown stand in my socks  
Whip the mother fuckers ass like I'm Cannibal, watch  
You want to be stoned? Even with a basket of ice?  
Get your shit flowing feeling for the casket to drop  
You know them S.O.B.'s never get the record to stop  
Breaking the habit is impossible what happened to Tak  
He's unleashed, he's a beast so Sledge hand me a bloc  
Party, what's your corpses posing for? , the camera was shot, huh  
Styles and Machine Shop, necklace fly  
No wonder everyone is so petrified  
I said, Styles and Machine Shop, necklace fly  
No wonder everyone is so petrified

Let me hear that!

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