

# Death to the Culture Vultures

## Apathy

[Intro]

Yeah, Apathy screaming Death to these culture vultures  
Hehehe.. I shouldn't give a fuck right ?  
It's a bad look, but what's worse ?  
Saying something that I know Is right  
Or not saying nothing, When these fucking clowns  
Disrespect who you love, Who's a sucker then ?

[Refrain]

I do this for my culture  
To my very last breath  
[2x] Screaming death to the culture vultures  
Screaming death to the ...

[Verse 1: Apathy]

For all the dues I pay  
For all the crews I slay  
For all the fights I've fought  
For all the mics I've rocked  
For every crate I carry  
Every rapper I bury  
Every rapper that I love is lying in the cemetery  
Every dollar I spent, and every night I went hungry  
'Cos I've bought rap albums when I saved my lunch money  
Every time I had a memory attached to a song  
Soundtrack to my life, thank God this is long  
Every song I dedicated that got me some ass  
And for the walkman in my back that always got me through class  
This is for my squad, Demigodz for life  
I wouldn't even be here if It wasn't for Open Mic  
And if it wasn't for Celph and me and Louie out in Harlem  
I sacrifice my life with a mic, not for stardom  
Every rhyme I wrote and note books I filled  
MC's I killed, Studios I've chilled  
Every time I billed with dudes who I look up to  
For those who fronted, fuck you, I could probably crush you  
This is for the underdogs and underachievers  
For all my blown speakers, the amps and receivers  
An addict for sneakers  
This Is for all the professors and teachers

Consider that as a death threat for vultures and leeches  
Nas verses that sound like Malcolm X speeches  
And every corner of the planet that this Rap reaches

[Refrain]

I do this for my culture to my very last breath  
[3x]Screaming death to the culture vultures  
I do this for my culture to my very last breath  
[3x]Screaming death to the culture vultures

[Verse 2:Apathy]

For every sucker I diss to dismiss  
Now they cease to exist  
For the clones that I've crushed  
Turn they bones into dust  
For the snakes who deceive  
And I ain't even believe  
All of the swagger they leave  
I'm brushing off of my sleeves  
For the tapes I wore out, with all the titles rubbed off  
For these vultures, they soft  
Tell the fakes to fuck off  
For all the cyphers where I've stood  
And every borough and hood  
And for the freestyles I kicked to show them rappers was good  
And If you counted all the notebooks I purchased  
To scribble these verses  
You could probably cover the Earth's surface  
For miles on the whip, all the styles I've flipped  
For all the talk behind my back with the smiles I get Cause I really pay dues, fuck YouTube  
views And if I keep killing mics, I know I never lose  
For the fans, for my fam, for the man I am  
Pan Ams to Japan, suitcase in my hand  
For Connecticut, I had to put my state on the map  
And for these fuckers trying to take rap, I'm taking it back  
For the posters on my wall, magazines I cop  
12 inches I drop in Long Island's cop shop  
For them Nike sneakers For those nights staying out past curfew with Jerk Crew  
Knowing if you get caught your parents'll hurt you  
For these motherfucking vampires sucking us dry  
I hope you choke on a dick and get nut in your eye, bitch

[Refrain]

I do this for my culture to my very last breath  
[3x]Screaming death to the culture vultures  
I do this for my culture to my very last breath  
[3x]Screaming death to the culture vultures

[Outro]

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