

No Rapper

Apathy

No one can rap quite like I can
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No one can rap, can rap, can rap (3x)
I'm like Tyson,
way before the tat on his face
A knucklehead punchin' meteors back into space
Evacuate the Earth, these puny humans in trouble
I'm even ruinin' rubble, head for the moon on the double
I'm brass-knuckled up,
money pulled tighter than Elliott
Dippin' quick with E.T. on his bike basket
I like static, mic addict, white magic spells like a sorcerer
Man with the wingspan of the Nemesis Enforcer
I birth rappers, don't bite the hand that feeds you
I'll bite back, I'll eat you, devour and defeat you
I'm lethal with raps, only leave you with scraps
Of the meat that you sink your teeth through
That was Ap's, it's a fact
Fuck hoes till they backbones collapse
Who the fuck asked you up?
You a sucker for snatch
Sufferin suc-a-tash
, motherfuckers is trash
Next time you listen to your buddies wear a gas mask
What a blast, similar to nuclear waves or atom bomb
Back to the lab to rap to ancient Babylon
Sinners can soak in hellfire for treason
And these newjacks get slapped in they craps for breathin'
And it's freezin' in the summer
July and June were seen colder than night on the dark side of the moon
You collide with a goon who spawned inside a cocoon
Fuck whores inside a saloon, then ride to high noon
Any survivors consumed, or left alone with the fumes
Are liable to be suicidal, left inside of a tomb
You should stay off the mic, stick to bein' a fag
Cause no rapper can rap quite like I can
I'm a bionic commando, rockin' metal gear
Find me in the studio with a dead engineer
And I never shed a tear for the shit I shouldn't'a did
Shatter bones when I shove a shaker to your ribs
I'm the lord of the rings, four fingers and brass knuckles
Walkin' on the surface of Saturn, breathin' gas bubbles
Heavy ammunition, I'm a powerful magician
And someone's a demon when four moons are in position
I'll be cockin' back a cannon that mechanically links
With an army rollin' deeper than the Gramercy Riffs
Separate fact from myth
Suckas get lit, jugulars slit, I'm runnin' this shit
I'm rep-killin' suckas from Tokyo to Temecula
Rockin' my competitors to knock 'em out this nebula
I can assemble several metal weapons in seven seconds
Set 'em up to puncture while you pumpin' Evanescence
Rappers get soft every second, so I ain't sweatin' y'all
Flows I compose stay flammable as ethanol
So on Friday I'm practisin' gunplay
Playin' Rebecca Black backwards to Black Sunday
Ready to rip, we're rappin' the repetition

I'm dope, the definition of death and demolition
Priests get premonitions and pray
They not prayin', it's peace
Cause AP is a beast, I don't play
Way two fourty I kill rappers in my way
Swear to God 99% of newjacks are gay
With they nerdy-ass voice and they little frat flow
Whip they soul out they throat, throw it through a black hole
I blackout, pack backpacks with black pistols
Leave you shook as criminals seein the bat signal
So fall the fuck back think they're bein' a fan
Cause no rapper can rap quite like I can