

# Science Of The Bumrush

Apathy

I would like to take a few minutes of your time to...  
Give you eh..The evidence on a few typical cases...  
Cases of individuals, which I consider so dangerous to this nation

4, 3, 2, 1

In this rap game you can say your better than me  
But on the streets you can't crack as many heads as me  
I take beef seriously; I'd rather beat you with the mic  
than let you battle me with the rhymes you wrote last night  
Those battles in the park you can save that for the 80's  
How I'm a let niggas when they whole crew tried to degrade me  
Give me your albums, run to the store sell 'em back  
Flatten your frame and use your body as a welcome mat  
No hospitality, I'll jus show you a hospital  
I make moves and do things, even God would say's impossible  
A wild animal, eager to break the chain lock  
Your bitch wasn't Asian, but she sure as hell could "Bangkok"  
I get paid just to talk over beats  
Step in your hood, act like I own it, walk all over your streets  
A lot of herbs don't like Celph, and say he's not underground  
But I'm a blow soon, so y'all can jus hate on me now  
I represent New York City, and the life that it leads  
Hustle for dough and stick a ho until her fucking pussy bleeds

Ayyo I'm too hot blow the spot  
Nitroglycerin  
Sizzling  
Dropping more lines then fisherman  
With hooks to keep you listen  
Feel the friction  
Cuz my diction  
Going to make you move like eviction  
Demigodz in the jurisdiction  
Keep it in mind like intuition  
You think you hitting but your missing  
Cats wishing  
That they had the ammunition  
To witness the documentary  
Of how my raps written  
I inhale a breath within my chest before I'm blessing hip-hop  
I'm taking every shot I got like bulletproof vests  
I never said that I'm the best but I'm better than you  
Try to step but I'm ten steps ahead of your crew  
I'm deaden you  
And every fake move you make  
Embedding you in the dirt  
Till I cause earthquakes  
Say you never heard of me  
But your ho knows my name  
Yo it's Open Mic  
Screaming on tracks like Lois Lane

You couldn't spit if you were a virgin bitch who hates swallowing  
Leave you wit fat lips like chicks getting collagen  
Implants to enhance  
Lips to blow

My dick for dough  
I'm slick rocking kicks and clothes  
Your girl buys me  
A little upset it don't surprise me  
I get more freaks between sheets than the Isleys  
My record is tight for wrecking the mic  
I know some ho at my shows getting naked tonight  
And all the promoters know if i'm setting it right  
They'll be cops in riot gear expecting a fight  
I'm off the hook  
Ya'll are just soft and shook  
So don't start it  
The meanest in Adidas  
Make a genius look retarded  
Ap's got more raps  
Than cats got drug raps  
Slug caps  
Or gats on thug tracks  
I need somebody to blast that  
Cuz I got the bomb set  
Like a Vietnam vets flash back

Yo, I rip the head off niggas that try to oppose  
And I don't like to talk to hoes  
Unless they don't where clothes  
Any rapper out there that think they better than Celph  
Can get decapitated with your head on my shelf  
Jus as a little trophy that I like to collect  
I make beef jerky strips from the skin on your neck  
I throw your hype man off the stage from running his mouth  
Me and my niggas on the corner straight dunnin it out  
With the semi-auto heat complete with chrome nozzle  
Jump on the FDR with the whip at full throttle  
My ancestors came from the island in Cuba  
Now I transcend the legacy thru chips in computers  
And take trips to Bermuda, with nothing else to do  
Swear my self under the oath and never tell the fucking truth  
I be so blasphemous I seek shelter in storms  
Beyond the norm avoid the lightning when i'm in human form  
Every verse I write is classic felt by heads everywhere  
Celph Titled number one master of the dragon's lair  
A bone carpenter make figurines out of your skeleton  
Rob you of your soul and take it with me back to hell again

Picture perfectionism  
Whenever I bless the rhythm  
I make heads spin like Rock Steady exorcisms  
Open Mic's the type of emcee who rips scenes  
Bullets stream i'm cutting you clean like wolverine  
With claws popped  
After the verse your jaws dropped  
I'm raw hot  
Big dick  
You're all small cock  
I'm gangsta  
(Wait, no he's not)  
I'm atomically nuclear solar supernova hot  
Defeating me is an impossible plan  
I burn emcees like a tropical tan  
Because no obstacle can  
Stand in the way of one unstoppable man  
I knock your dick in the dirt  
And put your face in the sand

For those who bite or copy me  
I'm striking like the lottery  
The mic's apart of me  
That goes together like ghettos and poverty  
And don't follow me  
It's possibly due to my high velocity  
Philosophy  
(And I'll fuck your mom muthafucka)

I got the whole entire planet saying Apathy's fly  
That's why they play me in their walkmans till their batteries die  
From the thugs at crack spots  
That listen with gats cocked  
To cats on laptops  
To jock whatever Ap drops  
These underground backpacker's think I'm crazy  
Cuz my favorite emcees are Biggie Smalls and Jay-Z  
I'm dropping data that could make your Pentium break  
And dick that could make a veteran lesbian straight  
You want to test like a ??? competed  
Stop playing Ap will never be defeated  
I leave the competition mentally stressed  
Like teenage girl taking a pregnancy test  
You better drop the mic from your hand  
You ain't the man  
You jus an overly obsessed fan like Stan  
When you finally built the courage to spit ask Celph  
(Yo the songs over money you played your self)