Sound of the Clap

Apathy & Celph Titled

[Intro: Apathy]
Uh oh, y'all know what that means
U ready to get into it?
Let's Go![Verse 1: Apathy]
My game is air tight, I can dick down dikes
I'm the flyest thing that's white since uptown Nike's
Wanna joke around, tryin' to diss, thinkin' it's fresh?
I'll hit u til' your legs embedded an inch in your chest
U better bow down this season, nobody's iller than Apathy
Beings in different galaxies will name their children after me
Sidewalk's crack when I'm steppin on the street
I ain't standin on the planet, it's restin on my feet
The pimp, player, the hustler, rolled into one
Breathin air into my lungs is like loading a gun
Fuck around, yo, I'll have bigger problems in dressin up as bin laden
And tryin to rush the president while he's joggin
I don't even understand why u bother rockin the beats
U woulda been better off as a stain on your father's sheets
Ap is the king, rockin royal jewels that'll blind u
UFO's couldn't illuminate like my shine do
[Chorus:]
Comin through your city
Hit the highway burnin rubber (Say What?)
Did I stutter mother fucker?
Step out of line
U don't want none of that
U better move back when u hear the Sound of the Clap[Verse 2: Celph Titled]
Push the limit try to beat me far
It's gonna take more than tour guides to help u CPR, see we are
Villains pullin heists, puffin cigars
Pullin surveillance tapes out of VCR's, retards
When it comes to beef y'all know I'm no stranger
Put the barrel to your head cause it's a real no-brainer
How am I the type to leave people frightened?
Cause my gat can sing a love song like Peabo Bryson
Mother fuckers know my repertoires great
Puttin heads through saw blades
My team being broke was just a small phase
These bitches won't seem to leave me alone
Even when I'm dead in my grave they still gonna try to jump my bones
Stuffin R&B chickens outside the label building
Asking Destiny's Child if they'd have my children

I got dissed but I wanted fat hoes instead
Bring 'em to the crib and watch them crack my? sofa bed
[Chorus][Verse 3: Apathy]
I goes right for the right price to touch up your shitty flows
Got more 16's than R. Kelly ho video's
Nowadays I get paid for makin a rhyme
With major labels at my door step, waiting in line
Cause it's hard to harness the hardest flows that I design
Blow your mind, bob your head until your breakin your spine
I stack chips, mack chicks, now I'm datin a dime
And wear my chain all the time just to break in the shine[Verse 4: Celph Titled]
Committing crime is my forte
I'm wanted in four states
For being spotted with sniper gear on all your tour dates
Shine so bright I gave the sun lessons
What's a Celph Titled verse without a mother fucking gun reference?
Cause I'm the cruddiest cat
U better study a map
And coordinate to where your body parts are landin at
C-cl-cl-clap
We came to bring the raw back
So you can... along with the track[Chorus]
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/