

# Bloc Party (feat.Apathy, M.Shinoda, Takbir)

## Fort Minor

[Green Lantern:]

...vasion![Mike:]

Hey Ap, why dont you do the uhthe intro on this shit?

Apathy:

Yo Apathy, Fort Minor, Styles Of Beyond, Demigodz[Mike:]

Here we go[Apathy:]

Yo,

Rappers like heavy metal and ghettos

Guns, metals and ammo

I pistol whip two of ya and fuck Meadows Soprano

A cat who sells them bugs but tell them thugs that

Rappers like, Rappers like

a'ight

Rappers like heavy metal and ghettos

Guns, metals and ammo

I pistol whip two of ya and fuck Meadows Soprano

A cat who sells them bugs but tell them thugs that

They dont know how to carry more heat than welding gloves

I walk amongst the gods, keep my head in the clouds

Always show groupies love, getting head in the crowds

Put it in your girls mouth blast off like NASA

The master of nastiness

Transform a classy bitch into

A little cheap freak sadomasochist

Dastardly bastard who raps so disasterous

Spit and heal the cripple like Christ the miraculous

Who 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

Bury foes when the flows comes through your stereo[Mike:]

There we go flipping unpredictable verses

Cursing the first words like torrets on purpose

Flip the bird like a back-heavy jet

Perverse as it is

I can't stop and its making me nervous, ok?

Get me on a track and I'm cracking

Packing a backpack full of tracks on some CDs

Be me, fuck that and not likely

To bite me you need to be you times ninety  
I got schemes and a team so hype 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 the bang bang drums and hanging you lames  
in the same no name gangs you came from  
I dont 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 'em[Tak:]  
It started off lookin' 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 crew that sips a little brew way too much  
Hooligans, smacked in the face with aluminum bats  
Your fucking rap show's good as me, boo-booin  
I said I was rude, step in the shoes, you don't believe me  
You can ask Devin the dude how I strip down you bitch clown stand in my socks  
Rip the mother fuckers ass like I'm Cannibal, watch  
You want to be stoned? Beat 'em with a basket of rocks  
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, whats 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[Mike:]  
Let me hear that

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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