

The Roots F/ Musiq "The Appetizer"

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(I told you once I told you twice, the Bigga Figga
nigga ain't nothin nice so get your game for the day I
advise ya it ain't the meal it's just the meal it's
just the appetizer)

Start the flow show playas gotta get low
Poppin at the ho hoes in the front row
Mack on a bitch for the hell of it
Because it's not relevant but still she gotta do it
I do what I want to do the boys in the blue
Wanna fuck with the niggaz in my crew
Knowin it's the top notch down with the functions
Better known as the Get Low Productions
Passin them licks going nationwide
Shit was thick when I was taking that ride
Tryin to get a show here trying to get a show there
Mothafuckas trippin but a nigga didn't care
Bumpin my shit everywhere I went
Gettin my money in dollars and cents
Jiggin my tapes on Mac Daddy boulevard
Didn't give a fuck if you had a hot credit card
Playin my demo rollin in a Limo
Me and young Herm with the indo
Two mack daddies dog and a caddy
Pitbull drop gold Z's and a candy
D-Moe the Youngsta, Seff the Gaffla
JT The Bigga what more could you ask for?
Maybe you could ask for Steve or Gigolo
If I didn't tell you then they will let you know
Peepin out game so you better try to wise up
It ain't the meal it's just the appetizer

(yeah that's my boy JT in this mothafuckin record for
you just a little appetizer, but now we got the full
force meal cause you know the deal ya know)

At the party at the Hyatt hotel
You ain't got a room too bad oh well
You can be a baller with a fat stack
But forger the ass if you ain't no rapper
Poppin at a bitch but that ain't shit

The nigga that qualified got a platinum hit
That's right groupies playing like Snoopy
All I want is the oochie coochie
Tryin to get them before they get me
Plottin on the one with all the money
A Honda Accord and a gang of ass
On my tip for a backstage pass
Tellin me to come whenever I'm ready
Asking more questions than Fab Five Freddy
End of the summer and shit kinda cool
Wanna give up the ass before they go back to school
Notice at a party bitches be in fresh clothes
See right through them they ain't nothin but turf hoes
Straight pony tails and clothes that they borrowed
Look good now they won't look good tomorrow
Niggas goin out for punk ass bitches
Keepin em fresh and a pocket full or riches
Get some game is what you better do
Find a trick and sell her a dream or two
That's how it's done in the city of Frisco
Niggas be mackin, niggas be gettin low
Not going low on them hoes like them others
Being myself I can't be like them brothers
You better get some game and you better try to wise up
But if you eat the ass then that's your appetizer

(Yeah what's up my nigga you done that shit what's up
my nigga JT's in the mothafuckin house kick some
more
of that shit for your boy)

Startin my last verse straight outta Frisco
Comin from the shoulders don't need no pistol
Niggas always talkin about how they gangstas
Pop a nigga quick but I'd rather bank ya
And wake you up and bank your ass again
And go to the store for some juice and gin
And walk to the house and make me another hit
SP-12 coming out with some funky shit
Like this song here called appetizer
Just to let you know and just to remind ya
Poppin much flavor is it spicy enough?
Or is it too tender, or is it too tough?
I think I put it together just fine
Ya hear me once and ya wanna rewind
So that's just lettin me know that it's on hit
You hear my style and niggas can't fuck with it
Try to play deep and they out on the show
Goin toe to toe they can't fuck with my flow
Cause you know my style too sick
Like the crazy mothafucka named Gin, the pit

Shake em up shake em up shake em
Drag him in a cut cause now it's time to break him
Tear it off nigga what you got
Tip toe tip toe to the mothafuckin spot

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