

Apache "A Fight"

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"Fight, fight, a nigga and a white!
If the nigga don't win then we all jump in!
Fight, fight, a nigga and a white!
If the nigga don't win then we all jump in!"

[Apache]

Should I give it to 'em straight, water it down, fake or front?
(>>?) Nah fuck that, let's be blunt
I fought one of Yacub's crafty caucasoids
My burner's smokin all American whiteboys
Said, "Excuse me," he ignored me I figured everything's peace 'til he yells, "You dirty black nigger!"
Hold on, stop, don't that word mean ignorant?
Nah, fuck that, I know what the nigga meant
Crack that jaw, what's more bring it
I'll rip your fuckin arm out the socket if you swing it
Motherfuckers think cause they're pink they're immune to me sure
I'm a virus you don't have a cure for
Guard your grill caucasian, you want clout?
Let him swing first then I knocked his ass out
Shoulda shanked him, could get sued too
Fuck around my next single'll be with the Lifer's Group

"Aiyyo a fight, fight, a nigga and a white!
If the nigga don't win then we all jump in!
Fight, fight, a nigga and a white!
If the nigga don't win then we all jump in!"

[Apache]

Here comes five-oh (five-oh) at least four or five deep
Tryin to creep cause I put paleface to sleep
I'm with it, you're damn right I did it
Cause his punk-ass provoked me and you ain't gonna smoke me
Stab or snuff me, tried to bumrush
Didn't think I was quick enough to slip the cuffs
I for one spun around but knuckled up
Left jab, right cross, then an uppercut
Tried to dodge duck dip on the flip tip

Turned my head and my grill caught a nightstick
Things looked dim, not for me, for him
Cause out of nowhere, my troops stormed in (YEAH)
Posse up, time to roll and show no fear
Come prepared and oh yeah, wear your right gear
I won't attack a cracker for nothin
If a black and a white's in a fight I'm jumpin in

"Yo it's a fight, fight, a nigga and a white!
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Fight, fight, a nigga and a white!
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[Apache]
I got 'em hopin and prayin for a great white hope
(yeah)
But all they come up with is great white dopes (huh)
Clumsy honkies tryin to damage
Their best friend in the ring is a towel and the canvas
You feel mighty? Don't play fight me
We won't tussle straight up I'ma bust ya shit whitey
You'll rupture, your structure's narrow
My body is the bow, the left, the right jab, the arrow
So who's next to test? It's not wise or smart
It's a brawl, and I'ma flush all your vital parts
So you want me you little Marky
Let's play a game - it's called PIN THE TAIL ON THE
HONKEY
Too much of the black fist, he couldn't hack this
Pound for pound his body became, target practice
In a fight with a white if I don't win
The whole crew jumps in!

"Aiyyo a fight, fight, a nigga and a white!
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"Yo it's a fight, fight, a nigga and a white!
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(Yo Apache you really fucked that white kid up!)
"Ay Vinnie, I kicked the fuckin mooley's ass y'know?"
"Yo fuck this, all this nigga chit!
Let's lynch all these black mudafuckas!"

{*beat starts again*}
Fuck it up! Fuck 'em up! Fuck 'em up!
Fuck 'em up! Fuck 'em up! Fuck 'em up! Fuck 'em up!

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