

Apache

"Get Ya Weight Up"

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[Chorus]

A-P-A-C-H-E, GET YA WEIGHT UP!!
GET YA WEIGHT UP!!

[Apache]

To all you fictional fake fags, frauds and fronts
I'm here to get puffed and rip shit and I'm all out of
Philly blunts
Step up, step up - who's starvin for static?
That's like playin Russian Roulette with an automatic
Full grown, the last kid I did tried to hold his own
Rushed his crib, smacked his bitch, held him hostage
in his own home
Fucked up, goodbye - somebody sing his ass a lullaby
Tried for juice, but got a noose for a necktie
Black man, black ass and black heart
Use force, cut up his corpse, dispose of his body parts
To me fun is pullin a gun in a fair fight
I'm the hype type, my mic is my peace pipe
My tomahawk talks, you sink like a battleship
Fuck a bow and arrow, pass me the Tec and 2 clips
Gimme some comp to stomp, fuck the glory
Come witness more smoke and more bodies than a
crematory
You defeat me, beat me, on the contrary
I'll knock out your fronts and sell 'em to the tooth fairy
Ask the last kid who said I couldn't rock
I scalped his ass, and left his head in his mailbox

[Chorus] - 2X

[Apache]

I speak clear so you can hear, that's what I'm all about
So cut that niggidy niggidy naggedy bullshit out
Monkey see, monkey do, time to face the facts
One or two, only a few get props for that
Give the next man a face or neck brace to start
Took his girl, took his manhood and took his heart
Give him time to rhyme, then dump him in a ditch
Takin gangsters and makin 'em my "Gangsta Bitch"
Where's the conflict, trouble's comin and won't fail

You think your weight's up? Then step on a skill scale
You're too thin to win before I begin to blast
Your dialogue sucks, your lyrics are light in the ass
Me and mines remain fine and in mint condition
They get rougher, yours suffer from malnutrition
Stop sleepin on the job slob, I advise
Dream about kickin my ass, wake up and apologize
I'm a contender, while you plot and plan
Got speed and a lead like the Gingerbread Man
Bring your best buck, watch 'em get stuck up
Look for safety, I'm rigged to blow the fuck up

[Chorus] - 2X

[Apache]

Fuck it who's got dice; cee-lo I got the bankhead the
bank's a bullet
Lose with the Tec to your teeth, hold the trigger then
pull it
With the gift I come swift with a straight arch
Competition I leave 'em stiffer than spray starch
Got a high strung tongue, can you catch it or match it
Those who tried died by the hatchet
I play to win friend, your game I aim for the chin
Rap is a hobby, I kick ASS for a livin
So what you get radio play and your record sold
And you were told your shit just might go gold
When I step up and strike, be prepared to duck
I'm one deep, I don't sleep and don't give a fuck
I'm a hood from the hood, better yet instead
It might be safer for you if you covered your head
If you win then I'll begin to bruise ya
Fuck that, I'm goin out cause I'm a sore loser
When I roll up to stick-up I got'cha
Gimme mine, pay me or pay the doctor
Don't fuck with a man 'til you're full grown
Cause I'd hate to dislocate your ass bone

[Chorus] - 2X

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