

Cam'Ron "Cookies & Apple Juice"

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Killa

Yo, I won't kiss her, maybe hug her but I don't even like her

I might get it, hit it, split it but yo, I'll never wife her
I'll Rowdy Roddy Piper but when she can't decipher
Love from fuckin', no fussin', buzzin', she out my ciper

Come through in a Viper, goddamn, I might white Nike her

Yeah, she straight, but get it straight, underestimate
I might just dyke her

You fight and fuss, wanna bite her, lock the girl down
just like Rikers

I ain't gotta do that, once I hit your shit, the damn
bitch's a lifer

This dude wanna write her, email, text and type her
He a runna, I'm a gunna, baby girl, a sniper
Roll the blunts up, ma, I'ma get the lighter
I'll have you squirtin' for certain, yeah, bring a diaper

Milk, lemonade, I'ma fuck around the day
Hand guns, hand grenades, meet me at center stage
Baby boy, go hire a squadron
My crib got more poles then a fire department

Cookies with some apple juice, cookies with some
apple juice

I ain't mad at you, cookies with some apple juice
I ain't mad at you, cookies with some apple juice
I ain't mad at you, cookies with some apple juice

First lady so wavy
Lady of the birds, this is the Byrd Lady
Harlem standin' up, you know it gets crazy
No, I'm not your girl but I could be, baby

Yes baby, I'm sexy
Why you itty bitty girls wanna test me?
'Cause I fly high, floatin' with a jet speed

That's why ya man wanna sex me

Yup, he said I'm cute, tried to throw me in the loop
Hit me when he hungry, lick my cookies, drink my apple
juice

Apple coupe, zoom zoom, horse your Porsche, vroom,
vroom

Zoom zoom and not the poom poom
Smash real fast, got up out his room

Classy, yet I get nasty, nasty but never trashy
Bright light, yes bitch, I'm flashy, no, you will never
pass me
Ask me, ask who, ask you, I'm sick, somethin' like a flu,
flu
You stink, somethin' like a zoo, zoo
Lay low, you know what to do, boo

'Cause you don't want no problems, please trust, girl, I
will solve them
4 5, yes, I revolve 'em, now it's hell up in Harlem
This for that Midwest, Down South, dirty, dirty
Bitches catch up, tie your shoes now, hurry, hurry

Cookies with some apple juice, cookies with some
apple juice
I ain't mad at you, cookies with some apple juice
I ain't mad at you, cookies with some apple juice
I ain't mad at you, cookies with some apple juice

Milk, milk, lemonade, 'round the corner fudge is made
Cookies with some apple juice, I'm just tryin' to get paid
Milk, milk, lemonade, 'round the corner fudge is made
Cookies with some apple juice, I'm just tryin' to get paid

I said cookies and some apple juice, cherry jeeps,
apple coops
No hassle, hit 'em with the gavel, ask 'em, my whole
staff will shoot
What could the bastard do?
They run, we run this town, we'll run you down, they'll
laugh at you

Damn no, look at mommy shakin' her derriere
Fuck Christmas, you could have a merry year
Where you wanna go? Everywhere, what you wanna
do? Let me hear
I'm talkin' Vegas, I don't do them teddy bears

But I do, do the fishnets
Pre-ejaculation and get my dick wet

But I'm tryin' to get your lips wet
Doggy style, facial, huh, welcome to DipSet

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