

## Bo Bice

### "3.14 Apple Pi"

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Let's do this.

Yo yo yo what's up? Word to my n-words

Don't got bros, don't hang on the streets  
I don't beat my hoes, I only beat my meat yeah  
Don't womanize cause you know it's true  
That when you look in their eyes you see their people  
too  
Mother effin suffrage!  
Mother effin suffrage!

You know I'm a gangsta, you know I do coke,  
But I had to go to diet, cause it burnt my throat.  
I've been doin drive-bys all of my life,  
Except the bullets are newspapers, the car is my bike.  
Yeah!  
The car is my bike

Yo yo yo 3.14 apple pi,  
I whip it out, clean it off, & stick it in her eye.  
And by "it" I mean contact lense, it must have got dirty

Yo yo yo 3.14 apple pi,  
I got rhymes and flows that make Hitler cry.  
George Bush won't he just yell and rant  
But he's a presiDON'T to ameriCAN'T  
Oh my God, that is good, the kid is good, I know'em, I  
know'em "yep", I swear to God!

I spit gangsta hymns, cause I'm a gangsta straight,  
I think of 20 inch rims when I masturbate.  
We're gonna be late, there's no time to waste,  
Cause the girls that I date, have a particular taste.  
The taste of my wiener, the taste of my wiener.

Yo, yo, yo! 3.14 apple pi why was I born white no one  
quite knows why,  
Gansgstas sell their rocks, I got a collection  
You couldn't get a rise out of a yeast infection.

Yo, yo, I'm a lyrical heretic, but I'll make you laugh

I'll hit with you rhetoric, then I'll cut you in half.  
I don't need to be a clown, I don't need to be nice,  
How bout you sit down, and I serve you slice...

Of my 3.14 apple pi, my voice is so smokey it'll make  
you high...  
Here's a confession it's all about me,  
Here's my impression of a broken jet ski.  
Badadadada dadadada fill me with gas, I might be  
over heated!

Here come the puns... here come the puns... here come  
the puns... here come the puns

All you little thugs wanna mess me with me?  
Know that I've been doin drugs since the age of 3.  
I took my cereal, stabbed it open with a knife.  
Snorted that shit and I got high on Life.  
Yo, yo, a guy asked me for change, saying my mind  
was too dense.  
I said you wont make cents if you don't make sense.  
"Yeah! Big finale!"

You know I flow and show it, you know that Bo know it,  
Yo, you're lawn I'll mow it and grow it cause he's a show  
poet.  
Yo my rims be spinning I winning, like adam I be  
sinning.  
Potato skinnin and knittin and separate those linens.  
And in my eyes you see flies, and though you people  
tries  
Just to disguise all your lies, but baby I be wise.  
You know I did it and shit it you brothers couldn't hit it,  
Then you try to ride it, too late! I already spit it.  
Potouie I already spit it I said apple pi.

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