

## Hot Apple Pie "Bout Whatever"

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Featuring Young Turk

Young Turk:

(Verse 1)

Fatigued up full of that dope ready for war  
Me and Mark wit K's tearing yo station up  
Baggin' that kill shooting at anythang that's chillin'  
Wit a hundred rounds..so u know there's gonna be a  
killin'  
Better stake yo self in a place we can't see  
Ramble at night in the evenin' we creep  
Bout whateva nigga killin niggas like a season  
Duct tape body snatchin niggas for any reasons  
You best believe we'z real  
We too hot and hard to kill  
Now (?) low as they could we get it how we live  
Turn the (?) spittin' stainin' witnesses and all  
Ain't no escapin' choppers gone set it off  
Lil' Wayne bout that funky shit  
Leave nigga fire if out of line get rid of quick  
The.....Magnolia is where I be  
Where a soulja I leave a nigga stain  
messin' fo weed

(chorus)

1(Turk) --Bout whateva u bout whateva u want we can  
do it

2(Wayne)--Triggas I ain't and yo station I'mma run  
through it

3(Turk) --Bout whateva u bout nigga all day and all  
night

4(Wayne)--Look here man I ain't scared to lose my life

\*(Turk) --Bout whateva u bout whateva u want we can  
do it

\*(Wayne)--Triggas I ain't and yo station I'mma run  
through it

\*(Turk) --Bout whateva u bout nigga all day and all

night  
5(Wayne)--eah..man I ain't scared to lose my life

(Verse 2)

The young head busta  
Eliminating niggas like nuttin'  
Fifty shots I release hit yo block head bustin'  
Turk and Wayne the youngest of the squad with the  
ride  
Magnolia I represent til I die that's no lie  
Infered beams chest head shots I'm givin'  
Bullets flippin and still but nothing but gun smoke when  
u slippin'  
And yo body hot like shit you drop nigga  
Hit yo block in the jag wit the top dropped nigga  
Soulja rags wit black bows I thugged out  
Two times a hot boy wit' two slugs in my mouth  
Before five we cocked back always ready for beef  
Still got niggas on my side who gone ride wit me  
I hope u bout what I'm bout cuz if not ya all in  
I be in shitty colors A-K sex and ten  
No heisitation in my blood line  
Killin' niggas still no thang and I put it on yo mind

(Chorus)

Repeat Turk's line 1  
Repeat Wayne's line 2  
Repeat Turk's line 3  
(Wayne)--It don't matter I ain't scared to lose my life

(Repeat over again)

(Verse 2)

I let'em sagg strap wit' automatics fully loaded  
Gloc's wit' 17 for the haters is why I tote it...never  
loaded  
I'm sobber nigga I stay on my shit  
Nigga want beef wit me...I ..ee..jack on that bitch  
Bout that druggin' 17 nigga I'm thuggin  
Nigga disrespect me get licked out like a ruggin'  
I.....discharge like a hoe  
Nigga fall like ceaser to the morgue is where they go  
i ain't no hoe for you niggas that don't know  
I pack the A-K and the fuckin' fo..fo I let'em flow  
You get hit you crapped out  
Head shots that's what I'm givin' brains be all out  
You faint fall out when they hear about you  
I release, release the whole clip not few

Nigga you through when u fuckin wit' me  
Lil Turk the H-B from the U-P-T

(chorus)

Repeat Turk's line 1  
Repeat Wayne's line 2  
Repeat Turk's line 3  
(Wayne)--eah...man I ain't scared to lose my life

(Repeat first three lines over)

1\*\*\*\*\*

2\*\*\*\*\*

3\*\*\*\*\*

\*(Wayne)--Look here man I ain't scared to lose my life

(Repeat the last 4 lines over again)

Nigga...(what)...(what)

Nigga

Turk and Wayne

Ha...Ha...Hot Boys

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