

Hot Apple Pie "Down Here"

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Artist: Hot Boys
Album: Let 'Em Burn
Song: Down Here

[B.G.]

(y'kno about the Hot Boys nigga, y'kno about the Hot Boys nigga)
Nigga say New Orleans fake, nigga better fear down here
We have mo' muders than the days and a year down here
You got coke - we'd a make ya disappear down here
You outta line - we'd a leave ya block clear down here
If you ain't from here, you better not come live down here
We drank Champagne - we don't fuck with beer down here
We straight snakes - we come at'cha from the rear down here
We straight guerillas - you +Get It How U Live!+ down here
I'ma chopper toter - I ain't never showed no fear
I duct tape ya - rope ya and cut ya from ear ta ear
BGeezy is one of the hottest niggaz in the pad
Get outta line with me and I'll leave ya shit flat
Clickin' and clackin' blacka and bangin' ridin' at night
Jackin' and slangin' hustlin' and peerin' man that's my life
Baby - Slim - Fresh - Juve - Weezy - Turk
That's my clique - disrespect 'em
A get 'cha call ta the morgue quik nigga
Y'kno about the Hot Boys
Disrespect 'em a get a call ta the morgue quik

[Lil' Wayne]

(look look look)

I come with, k's and glocks, ready ta spray the block
Raise the spot, blica-blazin' hot
Ha! See I'm the, youngest C.M.B. nigga
Hollygrove hard hitter
Get rid of niggaz if you come with the correct scrilla

I'm on "De' netha dela" - it turn me ta killer
Say it's a shame cuz Wayne - an untamed guerilla
Ya got the dope and ya-ya - you drop it like it burn
I get that rope and tape and, I gatta have yurn
I know I'm raw - I know I'm out thea' bad
But I get it how I live, cuz that drought ain't playing
And I'm 'bout that cash, so I can bounce back fast
So I gatta dress in black with dirty 'Boks and mask
Pass me the smell of braish let me blow out my brain
I'm on the block, hotter than a trench ready ta do it a-
gain
Lil' Weezy - Hot Boy - have you feelin' the flames
Cuz these blood stains, in ya, Hilfiger my man

[Juvenile]

I ain't with that bullshittin' lil' one so take heave
I ain't gonna stop until all of you bitches leave
You mothafuckin' right I got a complex
You mothafuckin' right I'm takin' hits, with a contract
Been in nigga everywhere but under the foots
I'm try'na take lil' daddy head outta the roots
I'll catch him in the broad daylight - I'ont give a fuck
Find me a illegal dice game - we gon' fuck it up
Becuz niggaz, try they best, ta catch me
But I ain't, gonna let 'em, stretch me
I'm not, abouta run, cuz I'm a soulja
I keeps, me a gun, when In that Nolia
My tongue, never loose, cuz I'm a fool
Ask a nigga who bout it, them AK's rule
You better not be running through niggaz that I despise
Catch you off ya bases leave the murder rate high

[Turk]

(look look look)

Uptown is where I'm from - Magnolia soulja til I die
Keep a chopper with a drum - realest they come - ready
ta ride
I never been a hoe nigga - I been bout drama
Never hung with the young niggaz - I run with the ol'
tymers
Nigga want start something - kham'talkn about you
bring it
If you up weight it don't stunt - we leave you bang-ed
You didn't - say you didn't, be a man don't be no hoe
If you live by the gun - then by the gun is how you go
Niggaz don't fight no mo' - all they do is slang that iron
Niggaz they killin' slow - that's how it go in ('99)
Ain't no rules too this shit - spread when you wan'
spread it
Shoot then talk later - play it how you wan' play it
You got a problem with me nigga - we can do it how you

wanna
Spin a bend in broad daylight and I bet'cha you be a
goner
Shit nigga I'm goin' all out behind mine
Burn your block down, at any given time nigga, what?
Nigga, what? nigga, what? we come na tear it up,
what?

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