

## Hot Apple Pie

### "Help"

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Featuring B.G.

What's up man?  
These Hot Boy\$ back at it again ya heard me?  
Oh and it's Guerilla Warfare time  
We got these ol' bitch ass niggaz scared  
Look here

Luxury cars on chrome I play that  
Five figure bonds on charges I'd paid that  
Ounces of coke at a young age look I weighed that  
My click done blewed up you know haters they hate that  
Come around me with a bad bitch you know I'mma take  
that  
Put a chopper in my hand, and watch how quick I  
sprayed that  
Drop a track watch how quick I go and lace that  
Cash Money I don't think y'all niggaz could really faze  
that  
Beef with me, I don't think you ready to face that  
Put money in front of me and watch how quick I chase  
that  
Nigga give me the weed and I'm ready to blaze that  
I'mma man and if it's my charge, I gotta take that  
Mouth off yo brains, and I'mma have to waste that  
K bullets burn, you talk and watch you taste that  
I'm so large, I gotta phone, the fedz can't trace that  
You gotta respect I'mma fool, how you love that

Hook:

Got these bitch niggaz hollerin' HELP  
Them Hot Boy\$ coming please somebody HELP  
They on fire, they goin burn me somebody HELP  
They got guns, they goin shoot somebody HELP  
Please somebody HELP

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Got these bitch niggaz hollering' HELP

Nigga, my click raw, play it us we blow shit  
We was trained for war, believe we act a fool bitch  
We take situations fo, we don't play no games bitch  
We put on sound to talk aloud, the kids claim shit  
We on another level you stuck on the same shit  
CMB came through now we done rearranged shit  
We got the game locked these wannabe soldiers ain't  
shit  
Y'all ain't from uptown, can't come homebound and say  
the flow, you  
bitch  
We don't wear the suit, we wear tee's, fro's and reez  
We think absolute, got bigettes on our rollies  
Y'all know we drive fine cars, Lexus and Benzes  
I don't know what women think they could fuck wit B.G.  
Not in a million years, you could come and top this  
I wonder who goin do my beats, Fresh rock shit  
Give him five or ten minutes, he goin drop a hot hit  
Fuck that other nigga, them Hot Boy\$ come in and shot  
shit

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These Hot Boy\$ on top trained for drama  
No way you goin run, try to hide, we goin find ya  
I you forgot it's my job to remind ya  
We bust twos, playa haters we misuse  
I don't give a fuck, I bruise nigga  
If you ain't know, Cash Money straight fools nigga  
Now Baby got the tillery duct off fo' sho'  
Me and Lil' Weezy, jumpin' out the two do'  
Lexus coupe with the combat boots on  
Soldier fatigue, ready to get our shoot on  
Niggaz goin bleed  
You heard of us, we murderers, and dangerous  
Ain't no serving us, we creep silent like burglars  
We busting our bang, that's off top we trill

We don't fuck with the lame, we all real  
And we about our motherfucking change  
We do or die for life  
We represent to the fullest, and we ride tonight

Hook (2x):

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(during the last time the hook is said)  
It's like that ya heard me?  
We told y'all niggaz need help right now  
We steal and fuck shit up ya heard me?  
Just like that man, not all everybody goin be Hot Boy\$  
But nigga know who the original Hot Boy\$ is  
Ya heard me?  
It ain't no secret  
Them Cash Money millionaires  
Man that's the motherfucking real, original Hot Boy\$  
Everybody wanna be Hot Boy\$  
Boy that's cold, that's sorry  
Niggaz know they sorry fo' that too  
But it's all gravy  
Can't strip em  
Ya heard me?  
We laying it down  
And it ain't no secret  
You need to get yo' own shit  
Damn, why you have to run with our shit  
We put this shit together  
We the originators  
Yea

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