

Hot Apple Pie

"Introduction"

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[B.G.]

Bring Noise Nigga, I got something on my shoulder -
that bitch is so heavy
AK-47 a test ta a Mac-11, double clipped taped up
Ready ta spray something, 175 shots ta clear the block
I've rob through your neighborhood, day and night
Stole clothes people inside, ya hood on strike
I'm looking, for ya - high and low, nigga I'm searchin'
11 deep in the new Ford Excursion
Me and my nigga P. - brother D's on weed
Bet should re-infact, k' pot it clean
Once you found you get down, burn torchin' and beat
That's the treatment you get from a nigga in C.M.B.
I'm the B.G. but you can call me - Shot 'em up shorty
I'll get mad and try ta flush your head down the toirlet
Baby gave me the game - when this niggaz that's bitch
made
Gimme my props, call it Ace a Ace a spade of spades
nigga

[Juvenile]

Boss you wouldn't believe what happend ta me
Last night I got hit for a package of ki's
Who was it? Man I'ont know some cats
They kicked in my doo' shot my wife in the back
And you think them mothafuckers woulda left it at that
They beat me in my head until I said where it's at
Okay we go out in the streets and we get the word
We hit up anybody that we think selling them birds
Them fuckin moolignanis don't want no war'
C4 them down, let 'em burn in the car
Me not worried about no witness
'cause them won't see, anything linkin' up ta me
Boss, come ta find out it was Red and Black
Them connivin' motherfuckers gatta pay for that
I tell you what I gonna do, burn them cock roaches
And payment for the cops in case they wanna approach
us

[Baby]

I'm the O.G. nigga 'bout money and bitches

Know how, ta flip a brick and deal with ditches
My brother K.C. told me how ta kill these niggaz
While Troy had me in alleys dealin' with digits
Aiy, life is real my nigga, me and Lac pa' was killed my
nigga
It ain't nothing keep it real my nigga
While my homies carve life in the field my nigga
Ski' then family - thrill deal niggaz
Rambo and Sam - it is what it is niggaz
I've robbed niggaz - pulled triggers for niggaz
Drama's involved - we in like we in nigga
Homicide - we kill like we kill nigga
Behind them thangs - it is what it is niggaz
Birdman - a known shotcaller
Suburban man and Benzes and Prowlers

[Lil' Wayne]

(look - look - look - look)
Here comes Mister Bad nerves
What that fed up look?
Shorty got that do whatever for the cheddar look
And got no dope, weed or fetti plus I'm hurt and hungry
All I got is this beretta with 2 murders on it
I done walk 'bout four blocks
In a pair of old 'Boks
Dirty with no socks
Looking for dope spots
Man I'm on the prawl - untamed and wild
Been a year since I smiled
Better watch that child
Hat over my eyes, you can't see my frustation
Looking at niggaz paper chasin' with mean faces
Was told wait my turn - but damn I'm in-pacient
Pacin' the streets, with, the, mac-10 blazin'
Lil' Brother bail please, I'ma kill him for the scrilla
Do you under smell me - I'm telling your dawg
I was raised on bad ways from school on half-days
Have smart and have praise - stop playin' with me

[Turk]

It's in my bloodstream wodie, ta be the nigga that I am
Tote gats with hats take a nigga from his fam'
Nothin' but streets shit - it's all a nigga know
Knockin you off ya feet quick - it's all a nigga know
Drive-bys in U-Hauls - prepared anyday
Thuggin' is usual, do that every day
Bitch niggaz get roast, if your not from round my way
Middle of the court or one of them hallways
Quick ta steal ya, I'm real I ain't fake
Leave ya ass a murder scene in the middle of yellow
tape

Put a hole in ya thinkin' cap, won't be thinkin no mo'
You'll be put ta nap
Young nigga play it raw, raw - X ya bitch ass out
Me and my nigga Rat quick ta run up in ya house
Fuck it, I goes out 'cause it's in me my nigga
When it's a coke drought - I tote a semi my nigga

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