Hot Apple Pie "Respect My Mind"

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Lil' Wayne)

What what

Check Check

Head buster set ripper

Neighborhood superstar

Going to split up

While we dispose of

Nigga broad hitter

Hot Boys soldier

Expedition flipper hell

Niggaz be terrified of us cause they know how we play

Them niggaz hide form us or catch 3 from a K (AK)

I'm just a scrub I can't scuff

I'm too light to fight

I'm too thin to win so I ride at night

Your face respect nigga

You're playing with the wrong one

I'll break your neck nigga

You're playing with the wrong gun

I use K's to wet niggaz I'm spraying the whole room

Better watch your back nigga

little one that's a wrap

Watch niggaz step up when I bust a cap

Niggaz drop like (whistle) splat

keep joking here and gone show you what I'm bout

Respect my mind or get your brains knocked out

Chorus:

Respect my mind or get your brains knocked out

Respect my mind and have them boys in your house

Respect my mind look we ride on chrome

Respect my mind cause we get our shine on

Respect my mind cause we that Hot Boy clique

Respect my mind nigga you can't phase this

Respect my mind look we'll fuck your bitch

Respect my mind look we bout that gangsta shit

(Juvenile)

Watch me grow up

When I was small he had plan

My daddy was balling and he was the right hand man

My poppa bought us a house to keep our family secure Livin good on a ranch in the middle of the woods I understood at a young age my daddy would spray Seen him slit a niggaz throat and shoot one up in the face

He'd be murder case after case he was untouchable
But he had a right hand man that wasn't trustable
Who undercover slow made deals under the table
Working for the feds round my people wearing a cable
My daddy got busted so we got left at the door
All of our shit got repossessed
And our family was flat broke
Moved back inside the projects in summer 84
(?) from Yomey and Black Zo
And I got to the point where I wouldn't smile no more
Hooked up the same nigga that handled my daddy
dough

I know that he sheisty but the nigga just don't know Swear to god I ain't bout it but the nigga just don't know I got 2 under my belt and gone make it one more cock the 4-4 and knock his brain out on the floor respect my mind

Chorus

(B.G.)

Me, Wayne, Turk and Juvenile getting blunted In a pair if white suburb 1500 No stunting counting 100 thou nigga in front of the brick

He should have knew Hot Boys wasn't bringing back shit

That's how the game going that's how the game get played

Head buster for sure sweat no hoes haters get sprayed All week long look I'm a nigga on the grind All year long I make you niggaz respect my mind Every single day it's a must I tote the fucking iron Disconnect your spine leave your balky paralyzed I use blocks to bust heads I use glocks to play hotels to feds Niggaz know I ain't the one to be roughed on move when I'm coming through or you'll get stepped

I don't give a mother fuck if you got your vest on I'm shooting through that I thought you knew that that's how Bee Geezy do that I ride dirty and when I ride you die all the time you bitch niggaz gone respect my mind

Chorus

(Turk)

Nigga respect my mind can't then stay your distance
Kill realahs like that niggaz coming up missing
I soak your spot when you rapping on me
You get hit with shots when you hating on me
Must of had em whoa there
Do you think you ready for us
Disrespect my mind fucking over you is a must
Come through your cut
Nigga don't spook now
Cause when you was talking bout us it was all good huh
Nigga fuck all that I ain't gone talk I'm a save it
Original HB nigga I ride Mercedes
I got stacks of money and fucking plenty hoes
Nigga respect my mind or I'll knock off your nose

Chorus

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