

Hot Apple Pie

"Spin Tha Bend"

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Artist: Hot Boys
Album: Let 'Em Burn
Song: Spin Tha Bend

* send corrections to the typist

[Verse 1: B.G.]

Get off the block this my first and last time tellin'
bitches
Second step I Spin Tha Bend, Bussin, wettin bitches
I'm goin back to my old self, Pullin my Chopper of the
shelf
Wackin' you bitches until it's no one left
I don't play when I'm off in some drama you know me
It's kill or be killed when you beefin' wit B.G.
And nothing less than a hundred out the drum clearing
the street
Yellow tapes and white sheets on yo block all week
Bitch niggas that can't take the heat stay concealed
They know if they get caught in the middle they won't
live
Ain't no other way for me to keep it besides real
Disrespecting my mind, no doubt you a done deal
I'ma BLOCKA, CHICKA BANG, CHICK BUST
I'ma BOOM, chicka RAT, TAT, TAT ya home up
It's bout it when I pulled up get got it gone with the wind
You bet not be nowhere on the block when I spin tha
bend

[Verse 2: Juvenile]

Spots I be discoverin', niggas I be trumblin'
Stoppin' up on bubblin, from one side to the other end
Hoppin' out the bubble Benz, poppin' him and other
friends
Bitches I be smotherin' niggas just be stutterin'
Juvenile don't run no mo' I been through this shit before
Spin A Bend kick in yo door, lay it all down on the floor
Tell me something I don't no, All you bitches gotta go
Give me please all of the coke or I'ma shoot you in yo
throat
Fuck it I'ma never stop, standin' on whateva block

Lookin' for the cheddar spot, open up a better shop
I'ma jet when it get hot, Keep everything that I got
Damn it if I'm straight or not, I'm gone always be on top
Niggas wanna do me in, I'm here come and pursue it
then
Heads I'm gone be shootin' and you will never move
again
I'm not a gentleman or sweeter then cinnamon
Everytime I spin tha bend they say "Oh no it's him
again"

[Verse 3: Turk]

Look, Look

Nothin but soldiers where I stay, niggas dressin' in
camouflage
Real niggas 'bout pullin triggas and doin' drive-by's
Cut-throaters and snakes, keep the murder rate high
Niggas who carry Kays ready for war at any time
Killas who hit ya spot and don't care who be outside
People they call it hots sell heroin and rocks
Hallways & Cuts, stay duckin them cops
Stay on they P's & Q's you bet not try and plot
Nigga if you do believe you gone get chopped
50 fly at you like birds in a flock
And if you gotta crew one by one they gone drop
And if you got that work we closing down ya shop
My niggas be thugged out, Jabows and Reeboks
Bush fades and braides no designs and flat-tops
From the youngest to the oldest, they nuts lettin' em
drop
Spin Yo Bend like a dryer takin you off yo block nigga

[Verse 4: Lil Wayne]

*Ah Ahh, What What What What What, Ah Ahh, Ah Ahh,
What What What What What

La Lah, What, What What What What What, Listen, Hot
Boys Nigga*

It's time to break a nigga off and make him feel the
flame

I don't no what be in tight sent me to kill a maan
Steal a maan, a vest can't conceal ya maan
All the surgery in the world can't heal ya pain
Cause I Spin Bends, Lil' Weezy hoppin' out first wit two
M-10's

Ready to tear a nigga shirt and push his ribs in
Fill him wit hot ones

Run up on the blcok wit nothin but shotguns
I'ma young nigga, wig splitter, head busta
I said I bust heads DA DA DA DA Did I stutta
I swept and spray, ridin through my nigga
Police don't play so why do you? listen

You can run but you can't hide
I come wit a gun, cock, aim, fi
Late at night I will ride maan
When I spin a bend niggas die maan, Fa Real!

{*beat rides out then fades*

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