

Sweet Apple

"1 Blood"

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["One Blood (It's Okay)" by GAYme & Junior Reid beat.]

[Junior Reid Sings]

[Intro:]

(Infa- Infamous!)

Yeah nigga! (G-UUUNIT!)

Fuck 40Glocc huh! [2 gun cocks]

Oh, nigga you a 40Glocc killa! [automatic gunshots]

You bitch-ass nigga, you ain't say "Fuck 40Glocc"!

[automatic gunshots]

When I was at your motherfuckin' crib nigga...

You ain't say fuck 40Glocc, damn nigga!

What it do nigga!

I'm a show you how the real Crips get in!

[Verse:]

The WestCoast is back at 'em, flashin' the Mack at 'em

Bust two up the accura. - Call me the black Dracula!

Flippin' birds like spatulas with crack I'm spectacular

You clap I clap back, blaaat! - That's the passenger.

How the fuck I'm a leave and I barely came?

This the resurrection, niggaz addin' fuel to my flame!

(FUEL TO MY FLAME!)

My dedigation rep the hood mash for tha Game

Catch you and ya niggaz slippin' - AND SNATCH OFF YA CHAIN!

I'm a two tone Tommy Tucker! - Tummy Tucker!

Stick a dick in ya momma's stomache! - 40 a

muthafucka! (hahaha!)

BIG BAD 4-0! - Now the streets is talkin',

Hit 'em up with sign language, now them heats is talkin'.

This fuacets gotta leak, get the coffins ready,

(BIACTCH!) ("DJ Nik Bean!

")

Plug 'em full of holes and his followers wittem.

He 6-4 swingin' from the balls of Fifty

The new face of LA - more bitch than Whitney.

I used to whistle for the homies, now I'm like (AIGH
CUZZ!)
Run 'em of the road knock a hole in them dubs.
The balls is big! - So is the buzz!
Fuck a.38 Snub, I got a Glock in the club!
We can lock up head up, tic-tack (blaaapp!)
The West ain't never left, how you bring It back!
Only bitch-ass niggas cover over they tats
And wake up by the comas - with' no get back! (GET
BACK!)
I'm a kick an' push his ass like he Lupe Fiasco
And tear this pussy - a whole new asshole!
He talk more shit then his ass can hold
Ask Bishop Lamont! - Or Glasses Malone!
Even Essay's says I wanna see like Homes
In the hood gettin' blunted, get my C-Walk on!
You wanna get flame on - I'll heat you up!
On Colt and City Crip-up, I'll beat you up!
FUCK you and your label! [gun cocks] (what set you
claim!) [blast]
I'll diss that too, if you was really to bang
He playin' head games, let the games begin!
I'll bring him the choppers (GAME OVER!) - all you see
is!

[Outro:]
Is that nigga real!
I find to kill him!
I know some real! [gun cocks]
Nigga this Crip! [blast]

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