

Sweet Apple

"Fuck Yall"

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(... it's because they was bitches)
I'm loved by many, hated by most
But respected by all, 'cause the Loc stares at young
whore
I done chop niggas up like a bag of rock
With Mac 90's and AK's and shut down blocks
You don't want to get to stay with extenders on 9 glocks
And for a little dough I have your ass up in a pine box
My niggas is grimy, they smoke wet and pack techs
Try me I'll beat on your chest like a drum set
You will me in traffic, we keep burners on the wide
I got a full fifth on my hip, with 40 on my side (yeah)
With a 40 to sip while I get high
So don't start no shit 'cause you'll fuck around and die
From that hollow tip when that hammer collide with this
Big bullet inside this.45 and the
Slugs fly hittin' your chest, neck and your thigh
And I leave a nigga leakin' and that's no lie

(... I intimidate these niggas)
They claim to be West but they not like me
Their music ain't worth shit so they give it for free
Me I throw crossovers over the beat
Hit you with a jumpshots, it's the play from the streets
And I don't mean B-ball, I play with the Heat
Make 'em pay homage if you disagree
Light his ass up like a christmas tree
Wrap him in plastic in the middle of the street
I spit Jurassic, I'm a motherfuckin' beast
I'm compatible with both Mac and PC
From locked up, mouth shut, never P.C.
I'm high as fuck on PCP
In the club with a hand gun, VIP
Any nigga that feel a cop, RIP
All I need is a clip to make me a treat
Make his ass wave a white flag, ask for peace

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