

Mac Lethal

"Rotten Applie Pie"

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[spoken]

Trust me bro. Look. I know you're in the building,
rapper.

Studios are always in buildings, man.

They're not outside! (Give a speech.)

[rap]

Somebody said that classics never go out of style.
But that's a stupid thing to say because they actually
do.

And judgin by the people that are settin all the
standards,

All of us go out of style too.

Oh Lordy Lou I swear to Christ,

I'm short a screw or something now the only music
bumpin

is that 1980's hair band Ask "Pop-Rap"

I'd rather beat a dead horse then throw a saddle on it,
and ride it,

Man it ain't goin no where!

You ever seen an Irish pot head that flows with no hair?

I got a little Buddha belly but I don't really care.

See I could never date a girl that's on a magazine
cover.

Cause self absorbed women don't make good lovers.

Motherfucker just because it's hard to write don't make
it smart and bright

I'm matin with the mothers of invention.

Bring my art to life.

Deliver menacin blows, and now the nicotine flows
throughout

my bloodstream, so I'ma give a riveting show and paint
the message.

It's like I scraped the edges of my razor up against
my wrist but it's nothing major.

Cause only punk motherfuckers call the cops.

And I'ma blow a hot bubble of poison til it pops.

[chorus]

And you can't find me in the burbs and you can't find
me in the streets.

And so you wonder what happened to me, to me.
You gotta trust that I'm just smokin something.
Dealer with emotions, pumpin beats, tryin to set the
style free.
I want a piece of the rotten apple pie
I gotta make you bounce cause you know it's do or die.
I want a piece of the southern rotten apple pie
I gotta make you bounce cause you know it's do or die.

In 1997 I would smack my teacher with my purple
Trapper-Keeper
Rockin Stan Smiths and an Ol Dirty Bastard t-shirt
Bingo, now I'm hittin a six,
in the high school lunchroom, with liquor to mix
Let's save the charts. I'm healin y'all from all the
wasted art you're feelin (man)
I wish that I could get pregnant with Ava Gardner's
children (damn)
Instead, I'm doin the twirl,
as I watch text messages ruin the world (and
technology, period)
I'm waitin for the day we can burn copies of each
other's
girlfriends and skip the technology period.
Cause Aunt Flow's an old fashioned gal,
and computer love just ain't her style (gross)
Lordy Lou all I wanna do is make it til I'm 42 so I
can feel just in every grouchy thing I say or do.
Until then you better watch out for that tailspin,
No I'm not a rapper I'm a used car salesman.

[chorus]

Hey, Sku, scratch my vocals right here.
This is motherfuckin music to drive-by to.

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