

Apathy f/ One Two, Celph Titled "Me & My Friends"

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[VERSE 1: Apathy] I remember in the '90s it was all about forties and blunts Nas cassettes, Das EFX and Reebok pumps Punk motherfuckers that were claimin they got tecs And rockin ski masks like Q-Tip in Hot Sex Before them underground rappers with complex When Mobb Deep and Jay still lived in the projects There wasn't Escalades floodin the streets It was all about Lexus Coupes and the Jeeps Yup, what I wouldn't give to see it again Doin stupid-ass shit, just me and my friends Like callin up bitches, if (?) got pissed We'd pop shit cause caller ID didn't exist (Click) I can still remember dancin to Kane Every day with Dewayne, LJ and Charmaine Life's changed, but this is how it be till the end Still doin dumb shit, just me and my friends [CHORUS] (Hey hey hey Try to take the crew and we don't play play Say say say) --> Lauryn Hill It's just me and my friends (Hey hey hey Try to take the crew and we don't play play Say say say) It's just me and my friends (Hey hey hey Try to take the crew and we don't play play Say say say) It's just me and my friends (Hey hey hey Try to take the crew and we don't play play Say say say) (Goin out, just me and my crew) --> Biggie Smalls [VERSE 2: One Two] Yo, the crew I roll with - cold as hell We own the streets like OG's own the jails Mack college bitches, they know us well But now that I'm 23 I feel old as hell Suave motherfuckers with the fliest of hoes Peepin bitches (Yo Ap, keep your eyes on the roooooad) Nothin's really changed, we work fast on it Since hats with silver plaques that said 'RAP' on it Ignorant little punks provokin a fight Kinda like stickin a pipe through the spokes of your bike Cruisin down Franklin, tappin the brakes Hey yo Rube, put that dutch down, we passin the jakes Spot didn't get hot or jump until we came A fridge full of forties like Nuthin' But a 'G' Thang Rap pack of Godz and we willin to pop And stick together like waffles when they still in the box [CHORUS] [VERSE 3: Celph Titled] You couldn't tell me nothin back in '92 when I was wildin, duke Rockin British Knights, gold chains and Cross Colors suits Me and Joey boostin bikes out of front yards We'd smack you up just for doin nothin, we was dumb hard Known from

Armenia Ave and back down to Egypt Like in Tampa
you either showin your balls or you don't show your
face Strictly Miami Bass hits playin from Disco Rick And
gangsta shit from the Geto Boys, they minds was
playin tricks We used to load up at Manuel's then And
launch bottle rockets at people's houses until we'd burn
our hands I gotta manage the jam, I remember like,
"Damn I'm so proud to be a hip-hop fan" Started makin
beats and writin raps, that's when the bug got in me
Flipped out when my man [Name] pulled an armed
robbery I ain't seen him since he went to prison,
wonder how he's livin Heard he's out the pen, so one
love to you my old friend [CHORUS]

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