

Cam'Ron f/ Byrd Lady, Skitzo

"Cooikies N Apple Juice"

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[Verse 1: Cam'Ron] Killa! Yo I won't kiss her, maybe hug her but I don't even like her I might get it, hit it, split it but yo I'll never wife her I'm Rowdy Roddy Piper, (yes) but when she can't decipher (what?) Love for fucking no fussing, buzzing, she out my Sypher(ahh) Come thru in a Viper (Viper) God damn I might white Nike her (yeah) Yeah she straight, but get it straight, underestimate I might just dyke her (dyke her) You fight and fuss wanna bite her, (damn) Lock your girl down just like rikers I ain't gotta do that once I hit your shit the damn bitch a lifer (forever) This dude wanna write her (write her?), e-mail, text and type her He a runner, I'm a gunner, baby girl, a sniper (sniper) Roll the blunts up, ma I'ma get the lighter I'll have you squirtin' for certain, yeah bring a diaper Milk, Lemonade, I'm a fucking renegade Handguns, hand grenades meet me at the center stage (stage, stage) Baby boy go hire a squadron My crib got more poles than the fire department (Ahh) [Chorus: Skitzo] Cookies with some apple juice Cookies with some apple juice (Lady) I ain't mad at you, cookies with some apple juice (Lady) I ain't mad at you, (Lady) cookies with some apple juice (Lady) I ain't mad at you, cookies with some apple juice [Verse 2: Byrd Lady] First lady so wavy, lady of the birds, this is the Byrd Lady Holdin' up you know it gets crazy No I'm not yo' girl but I could be your baby Yes baby, I'm sexy, why you itty bitty girls wanna test me? Cuz I'm fly high floatin' with a jet ski that's why your man wanna sex me Yep, he said I'm cute, try to throw me in the loop Hit me when he hungry, lick my cookies, drink my apple juice Apple Coupe, zoom-zoom, horse and Porsche, vroom-vroom zoom-zoom and not poom-poom, smash real fast got up out his room Classy, yet I get nasty, nasty but never trashy Bright light, yes bitch I'm flashy, no you will never pass me Ask me? Ask who, ask you I'm sick, something like a flu flu You stink, something like a zoo zoo Lay low, you know what to do boo Cuz you don't want no problems, please trust girl I will solve them Fo' Fives cats, I revolve 'em, now it's hell up in Harlem This for midwest, down south, dirty dirty Bitches catch up, tie

your shoes now hurry hurry [Repeat Chorus] [Verse 3:
Cam'Ron] I said, cookies and some apple juice Cherry
Jeeps, Apple Coupes No hassle, hit 'em with a gavel,
ask 'em my whole staff will shoot (Shoot, shoot sh-sh-
shoot) What could the bastard do? (nothing) They run,
we run this town, we'll run you down, they'll laugh at
you Damn no, look at mommy shaking her derriere
(damn) Fuck Christmas, you could have a merry year
Where you wanna go, everywhere? What you wanna
do? Let me hear I'm talkin' Vegas, I don't do them
teddy bears (nope, nope, nope) But I do do the fish
nets... Pre-ejaculation to get my dick wet (No homo..)
But I'm tryna get your lips wet Doggy-style, facial, huh..
Welcome to Dipset [Chorus to fade]

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