

White Trash

"Apple Pie"

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Walkin' through the ghetto on a Sunday afternoon
Now I was graced by beauty
Caught it shinin' off the moon
But I saw her and she saw me
Then we got together respectively
No, she was talking about love love love
Talk about, now I'm talkin' 'bout love

Now boppin' to the left of me and boppin' to the right
I bopped that mama so damn good
I knocked the nasty out of sight
I said, "Hey, little girl, who do you dig?"
Said, "Any kinda lover wants to pay for my crib."
No, she was talkin' 'bout love love love
Talk about, just talkin' 'bout love

My my my, to taste is to die
You're gonna taste like apple pie
Oh let me tell you another thing or two
You're gonna taste like apple pie
Dig

Now April was the season and it also was her name
I had that girl so deep in check that I soon forgot her
name
Could it be June or could it be May?
Does it really make a difference when she walks that
way?
Just talkin' 'bout love, love, love
I'm talkin' 'bout, just talkin' 'bout love

My my my, to taste is to die,
You're gonna taste like apple pie
Oh let me tell you another thing or two
You're gonna taste like apple pie
Here we go

Gonna take a piece right out of the sky

Well now April was the season and it also was her name
Had the girl so deep in check that I soon forgot her

name
Could it be June or could it be May?
Does it really make a difference when she walks that
way?
Oh, honey, I'm talkin' 'bout love
I'm talkin' 'bout, I'm talkin' 'bout love

My my my, to taste is to die
You're gonna taste like apple pie
Oh let me tell you another thing or two
You're gonna taste like apple pie
Speed it up
Oh let me tell you another thing or two
You're gonna taste like apple pie
Oh let me tell you another thing or two
You're gonna taste like apple pie

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