

# Rotten Apple Pie

Mac Lethal

Trust Me bro...I know your in the building rapper...studio's are always in buildings man...there not outside...give a speech

Somebody said the classics never go outta style  
But thats a stupid thing to say because they actually do  
And judgein' by the people that are settin all the standards  
All of us go outta style too  
Oh Lordy Loo  
I swear to christ I'm sure to screw or somethin  
Now the only music bumpin is that 1980s band es pop rap  
Id rather beat a dead horse than throw a saddle on it and ride it (man it ain't goin nowhere)  
You ever seen an irish pot head that flows with no hair?  
I gotta little buddah belly but I don't really care  
See I could never date a girl thats on a magazine cover  
Cause self absorbed women don't make good lovers mother fucker  
Just because its hard to write don't make it smart and bright I'm painten with the mothers of invention  
Bring my art to life  
Deliver menacing glows and now my nicotene flows throughout my bloodstream so I'ma give a rivet and show and paint a message its like I scraped the edges of my razor up against my wrist but eh...its nothin major cuz only punk mother fuckers call the cops and blow a hot bubble a poison till it pops

Now you can find me in the burs  
And you can find me in the streets  
Until you wonder what happened to me...to me  
You gotta trust that I'm just smokin' somethin  
Dealin with the motions, pumpin beats, tryna set the style free  
I wanna piece of the rotten apple pie  
Gotta make it bounce cuz you know its do or die  
I wanna piece of the rotten apple pie  
I gotta make it bounce cuz you know its 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.

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