

LL Cool J, Apple Cobbler

[LL Cool J]

Uhh.. uhh.. uhh.. uh-huh

Uhh.. uhh.. that joint is hot baby!

[Verse One]

Lights, camera, action - hold up
You know my style, I been blowed up
Paper was young, now it's growed up
Stacks so thick it's hard to fold up
Yo B, find another rubberband in the truck
Count up the money, I'ma stand in the cut
Stroll in the party and I toast Cris' up
Tell that a muh-hucca gets this up
Shake that cookie like what like what
Toss me a drop it's like lightning struck
Look at that apple cobbler butt
Whatchu wanna do, whatchu think? Want cut
NBA Live in my truck
Parkin lot like all jammed up
If there's beef it's best you duck
I'm gon' eat 'til I'm filled up

[Chorus: Timbaland]

Throw it to me - that apple cobbler
Baby it, can I see (can I see) that apple pie?
I said throw it to me - that apple cobbler
Baby it, can I get (hey) can I get it deep fried?

[Verse Two]

So much sugar it's makin my head rush
Tell me what the recipe is for that stuff
Break me off a piece of crust
I'm so full I'm bout to bust
Just one slice is not enough
Dang that thang tight like handcuffs
What I gotta say to you for you to give it up?
What if I was payin you so you could live it up?
Hoochie seats inside yo' truck
Tiffany rocks and trillion cuts
You be Starsky, I be Hutch
Ride shotgun, I pop that clutch
Juicy sweatpants drive me nuts
Take my 2-way, stay in touch
I'm gon' scoop you, heat you up
Take you, bake you, eat you up

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Turn that hair 'round, buck them hips
Love when your hair get stuck to your lips
Apple cobbler sweet and thick
I'm gon' eat you 'til I'm sick
Yo' dessert is worth a grip
I admit you make me trip
Make me wanna run to the mall like I'm a trick
I can't believe you're makin a baller have a fit
Trippin, switchin past my clique
Lick that juicy, ask my clique
Stretch them jeans girl make them fit
Make me go outside and pit
You know me, my cake is sick
Me and Timbo makin hits
Apple cobbler, thick and rich

Just how hot can one girl get?

[Chorus]