

Travis Scott, Apple Pie

She say your bad ass always had a thing for sweets
Guess that's why I'm so hot on the street
Won't you and your friends come eat with me?
And let me show you how to whip that recipe
She say your bad ass always had a thing for sweets
Guess that's why I'm so hot on the street
Oh, won't you come over and eat with me?
And let me show you how to whip-hip-hip-hip that recipe

I don't want your apple pie, mama
Yeah, I ain't tryna dap up niggas blockin' me
Yeah, made it out the spot, straight to Quintana
And I'm still that nigga with diamonds on my blocka
I say when they come at me I bet they have some backup
I bet I take your bitch, she take that dick straight up the stasher
Keep an ounce of garlic just to keep away the Draculas
I just seek out to find my home, why can't they just leave me lone?

'Cause I don't want your apple pie, no, no, mama
I don't want your apple pie, no, yeah
I don't want your apple pie, mama
I don't want your apple pie no more
I need my own pepper pepper, please, pepper, pepper seeds
Need my own reme-remedy, my own legacy
Yeah, I don't want your apple pie, mama
I need my own pepper, please
My own legacy, my own recipe

I came to get it nominated
From a spot that y'all seen Bun B blow up (Woah)
I hate to break your heart, I bet I'll make the mark
That y'all see a legacy go up (Woah)
Goyard done break your pockets
Boy, I'm out in Paris lettin' all these beats go up (Woah)
I make in one appearance
What these niggas hatin' makin' in four seasons (Woah)
H-Town, know we gon' stunt
I'm for real and your Rollie tick (Woah)
Look, bitch, this the Rodeo
But I ain't goin' out for your bullshit (Woah)
And I don't want your apple pie, mama (Woah)
I don't wanna dap up niggas blockin' me (Woah)
I am everything except a rapper
Shit, I got at least twenty-five lighters on my dresser, aw, yeah (Woah)

Roxanne tonight
Roxanne tonight (Yup, yup)
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Roxanne tonight (Yup, yup, yup)

Huh, que será, será, so the story goes
On and on and back and forth, the evolution's absolute
Tours and shows and groupie whores
Wouldn't hesitate if he had to shoot, though he'd rather not
Forever been the elephant in the room
That everyone can't wait to run and tell about
The head to the body of the belligerent militant group
That sponsors the revolution that will not be televised
Decide to cross those lil' guys, you've obviously been ill-advised
Yet and still, the question that arises to the mind
Will he make it? Was it worth it?
Did he win? Will he survive? The Rodeo

