

Cherry Pie (feat. Freddie Gibbs)

Freeway & The Jacka

One flip from the big bright light in the sky
Two shots in the head to live in the light
The light, the light
One spark from the blunt right out cherry pie
She says I'm tasting just like my high, my highPow wow with my trucking, getting from my all
star
Hit the strip club, fifty deep, bitch, we all hard
Blow a quarter pound in that bitch, getting nabbed off
Cop 100 grands at the end if it pop off
In and out of town with my bitch picking guap up
I can make a bitch slow dripping with the top off
Wake up very early in the morning, make her life burst
Shake up everybody in the morning, twisted sniper
Sexy girl hop in the traffic, it's that field check, fuck all this rap shit
'Cause it's real, cop the feel, on some knick shit
You make it sweet till you leak on the bed sheet
One flip from the big bright light in the sky
Two shots in the head to live in the light
The light, the light
One spark from the blunt right out cherry pie
She says I'm tasting just like my high, my highStraight from the cake, told my dog it's gonna be
straight
I'm whipping weight, all day play aerobic weights
Bitch catch a date, we don't say no hoe, we don't catch a cake
Get hold of a boat load, fuck one, then they all participate
Roll another blunt, just sit back and get chosen
Live everyday like fuck the world, stuck a dick in the clover
Most of these rapper niggas is groupies, I treat 'em like hoes
And I bet your bitch wanna fuck with a nigga like me I suppose
Yeah, did it all myself and the shit wasn't easy
Young rich nigga, never took shit from Jeezy
Yeah, at the end of the day man, these streets gonna feed me
CE to the O, my niggas need me
One flip from the big bright light in the sky
Two shots in the head to live in the light
The light, the light
One spark from the blunt right out cherry pie
She says I'm tasting just like my high, my highYeah, I was squeezed through semi, send them
bullets through a boss
We taking in, no need to ask us any room for
Official murder rap, we murder, catch you heard of us
We the man, these other rappers keep they tools on

They go to other cities scared to keep their jewels on
While I'm forever shining and in this city I'm in
And real niggas show me love in every city I'm in
Niggas try me, pull my hind me, I spit them slugs
Y'all stuck back in the day, I'm on my new twist
I'm in the old school listening to my new shit
I'm on the west coast, I'm open, I'm rhyming with Jacka
Half these rap niggas is actors, be happy to smoke them
One flip from the big bright light in the
sky
Two shots in the head to live in the light
The light, the light
One spark from the blunt right out cherry pie
She says I'm tasting just like my high, my high

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>