

# 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  
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She says I'm tasting just like my high, my high

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