

# The Apple

Bill Cosby

i'm a little nutty and i know it  
but if you go back and take a look at my history  
you will see that i'm not the only one who's off his rocker  
there were many before me  
i was always labelled the black sheep of the family  
what a bad seed i grow to be  
but if you take a look at us now  
you'll see the apple didn't fall too far from the tree  
(haha)  
alright, look  
i'ma tell you the story from my side  
maybe you'll understand  
check it out  
you done witnessed unexplainable shit  
too insane to explain  
people run from what they just don't get  
maybe shady shoulda just hit 'em with a little bit  
did i spit too soon? should i of spoon fed 'em it?  
but i was just so eager to prove i was even worth  
being in the same league or the room with  
of the people of whom i was in  
every now and then i look up like i was seeking approval  
was it because of the pigment of my skin  
or was it a figment of my imagination  
maybe it bothered me more than it did them  
maybe it wasn't a big deal back then  
but to me it was, see what it was was  
i had developed the complex from being judged  
proof spit his verse, now i'm next, let's see who's boss  
i'm in the booth staring back to see who's mugs  
i get a reaction from, usually the first thumb(?) was from proof  
and the rest of the group backed him up  
and no one lied to each other cause none of us had deals  
it was real, we just wanted tickets for that meal  
sometimes i feel like it's just me  
sometimes i feel like i'm going crazy  
but take a look at my family  
cause the apple don't fall too far from the tree  
i said...

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cause the apple don't fall too far from the tree  
ever since my mother was pregnant  
with her second egg cause she said

that i had a baby sister who fell out of the window  
i was too young to remember  
kansas city projects  
i was like 5, 6, and how come  
i remember malcolm, isaac, and boogie  
if it was the projects in missouri?  
cause those're my best friends until isaac  
took my tricycle and my uncle todd went to try to go get it back  
and ended up getting jumped and cut in the gut with a switch and 70-some stitches  
which is still, to this day

why my mother still tries to show me some old fake picture  
of a fictitious little sister who never existed  
and this is why part of my life's so twisted  
but i can never be as sick as that bitch is  
and, by the way, that picture's one of my relatives

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you probably have to peel back layers upon layers of pain  
to see why everything i say is so insane  
what's different about my brain  
that separates me from other players in this game?  
on the surface, it may seem like a scheme  
or some sort of scam for me to get some damn sympathy  
but that's the last thing i need is for people  
to walk around feeling sorry for me (me)  
and i'm not a g, never claimed to be  
i gave my vest to cashis, just hope he  
dont need it more than me  
but we'll see, cause we ain't lookin' for beef  
but if it comes our way, what do we, turn the other cheek?  
come on

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