

# Cookies & Apple Juice

Cam'ron

KillaYo, I won't kiss her, maybe hug her but I don't even like her  
I might get it, hit it, split it but yo, I'll never wife her  
I'll Rowdy Roddy Piper but when she can't decipher  
Love from fuckin', no fussin', buzzin', she out my cipherCome through in a Viper, goddamn, I might white  
Nike her  
Yeah, she straight, but get it straight, underestimate  
I might just dyke her  
You fight and fuss, wanna bite her, lock the girl down just like Rikers  
I ain't gotta do that, once I hit your shit, the damn bitch's a liferThis dude wanna write her, email, text and type  
her  
He a runna, I'm a gunna, baby girl, a sniper  
Roll the blunts up, ma, I'ma get the lighter  
I'll have you squirtin' for certain, yeah, bring a diaperMilk, lemonade, I'ma fuck around the day  
Hand guns, hand grenades, meet me at center stage  
Baby boy, go hire a squadron  
My crib got more poles then a fire departmentCookies with some apple juice, cookies with some apple juice  
I ain't mad at you, cookies with some apple juice  
I ain't mad at you, cookies with some apple juice  
I ain't mad at you, cookies with some apple juiceFirst lady so wavy  
Lady of the birds, this is the Byrd Lady  
Harlem standin' up, you know it gets crazy  
No, I'm not your girl but I could be, babyYes baby, I'm sexy  
Why you itty bitty girls wanna test me?  
'Cause I fly high, floatin' with a jet speed  
That's why ya man wanna sex meYup, he said I'm cute, tried to throw me in the loop  
Hit me when he hungry, lick my cookies, drink my apple juice  
Apple coupe, zoom zoom, horse your Porsche, vroom, vroom  
Zoom zoom and not the poom poom  
Smash real fast, got up out his roomClassy, yet I get nasty, nasty but never trashy  
Bright light, yes bitch, I'm flashy, no, you will never pass me  
Ask me, ask who, ask you, I'm sick, somethin' like a flu, flu  
You stink, somethin' like a zoo, zoo  
Lay low, you know what to do, boo'Cause you don't want no problems, please trust, girl, I will solve them  
4 5, yes, I revolve 'em, now it's hell up in Harlem  
This for that Midwest, Down South, dirty, dirty  
Bitches catch up, tie your shoes now, hurry, hurryCookies with some apple juice, cookies with some apple juice  
I ain't mad at you, cookies with some apple juice  
I ain't mad at you, cookies with some apple juice  
I ain't mad at you, cookies with some apple juiceMilk, milk, lemonade, 'round the corner fudge is made

Cookies with some apple juice, I'm just tryin' to get paid  
Milk, milk, lemonade, 'round the corner fudge is made  
Cookies with some apple juice, I'm just tryin' to get paidI said cookies and some apple juice, cherry jeeps, apple  
coops  
No hassle, hit 'em with the gavel, ask 'em, my whole staff will shoot  
What could the bastard do?  
They run, we run this town, we'll run you down, they'll laugh at youDamn no, look at mommy shakin' her  
derriere  
Fuck Christmas, you could have a merry year  
Where you wanna go? Everywhere, what you wanna do? Let me hear  
I'm talkin' Vegas, I don't do them teddy bearsBut I do, do the fishnets  
Pre-ejaculation and get my dick wet  
But I'm tryin' to get your lips wet  
Doggy style, facial, huh, welcome to DipSetCookies with some apple juice, cookies with some apple juice  
I ain't mad at you, cookies with some apple juice  
I ain't mad at you, cookies with some apple juice  
I ain't mad at you, cookies with some apple juiceMilk, milk, lemonade, 'round the corner fudge is made  
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Songwriters

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