

Who put the spiders in my apple sauce?
Took the pins out my hand grenade?
Somebody said that I deserve to die
I looked him in the eye and said the devil's not circumcised
Who put spiders in my apple sauce?
Took the pins out my hand grenade?
Somebody told that I deserve to die
I looked him in the eye and said the devil not circumcised

So play me a song on the guitar
Got a rainforest in my cigar
There's knots in my yo-yo string
Put a crown on my stallion, I'm the Polo king
I fell in love with a go-go dancer, she's a single mom
The underdog, I like to play the game with Diddy Kong
She the god type, throw that bitch a Klondike
Everything is alright, see it's written in the Psalms
I told her I get rich off my little songs
Gave her a billion reasons that she should come along
Immediately, she dropped her shit
But everywhere I go, they tell me "Watch your bitch!"
God damn! I guess I got another one
Good vibrations, Marky Mark and the Funky Bunch
I put the gourmet flavors inside the honey blunt
Got my head underwater but I ain't comin' up
Fuck air, my bitch's ass is like a plump pear
And she ain't pretty or ugly, I say she's just fair
Man this life is unfair

Okay I'm parkin' lot pimpin', I got nothin' to lose
And I'ma do this 'til I'm a hundred and two
Why you tryna stunt when we stuntin' on you?
I said I'm parkin' lot pimpin', I got nothin' to do
And I'ma do this 'til I'm a hundred and two
Why you tryna stunt when we stuntin' on you?

I'm readin' old Playboy magazines
Somethin' from the 50's when the journalism had it's peak
You play the background, you just a member of the faculty
I'm actually out here decision makin'
Had to get my shit together, I was missin' payments
I just pray to God that my lady isn't famous
She threw the gown on and we hit the banquet
She got her own stories, just let the bitch explain it

Mac, I think the girl that you speakin' 'bout
Was in fact the same chick, late night, creepin' out
Sneakin' out, my homie knew it, told me keep an eye
Found out she was twerkin', found out she wasn't workin'
The whole game switched when my man hit
Got me rollin' in a circle, top down, blowin' purple
Seen the parkin' lot, I'm 'bout to crawl up like a turtle
Seen the parkin' lot, I'm 'bout to crawl up like a turtle
Swang, switchin' lane to lane, still tippin'
Trunk up, top down, call it parkin' lot pimpin'
Mike Jones, switchin' lane to lane, still tippin'
Trunk up, top down, call it parkin' lot pimpin'