

50 Cent, Rotten Apple

[50 Cent]

I'm on parole, I used to be on probaaaaaaation
I'm with my gun I get full coporaaaaaaation
I tell you "take it off" no hesitaaaaaaation
Nigga you play around, I lay you down
That's how it's goin' down
Don't play wit' me, I don't have patieeeeeents
My headachin', and I need my medicaaaaaation
Niggaz be hatin', they don't know what they faaaaaacincin'
Nigga you play around, I lay you down
That's how it's goin' down
I be in court throwin' signs like I'm a maaaaaason
Nigga witness against me, I'm eraaaaaase 'em
If they try an runaway, I'm chaaaaaaaase 'em
Now with the pound, and I'm a lay 'em down
That's how it's goin' down

[Chorus]

Better watch how you talk
Better watch where you walk
On the streets of New York
That's how we get down
22's on the jeep
Somthin' deep in the seat
When we creep wit the heat
That's how we get down

[50 Cent]

Wise men listen and laugh while fools talk
Stick up kids don't live long in New York
Fuck around and catch the wrong jukes on the street
Get caught slippin', then get hit wit' like three
In every hood in the US, I'm that nigga they feelin'
Rap full of good guys, 50 Cent is the villan
I play the bar with 8 bottles all night gettin' right
Teachin' the hoodrats what Cristal taste like
I put 60 on wrist, 12 on my fist, 100 on my neck
We in the hood nigga schemin', what you expect?
My S on 22's leave ya hos confuuuuuused
On the track ready to choose, like "Daddy we want you"
My love live ain't change, the shorties still hug me
Bullet wound in my face, and bitches still love me
Now Nelly told you how them country boys talk
I came to teach you how we put it down in New York
That's how we get down

[Chorus]

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[50 Cent]

In the city, a young buck'll tell you how the mac spit
O.G. give 'em the word, you gonna get yo' ass hit
I don't know why niggaz like to talk bad about me
I'm the richest nigga they know without a G.E.D.
Man it could be the money, it could be the ice
It could be they'd like to be me and can't live my life
You should here they be sayin' man "50 be flippin'"

"Shot my man over 7 grams, that nigga be trippin'"
I know death is promised, I don't fear gettin' murked
It's when a nigga half-way killa ya homie, it hurts
Now we can hit the club and get it crunked
Or you could start some shit, and I could hit you with
the pump, you can have it how you want
But I know you like my style (Uh-Huh)
Ya like how I break it down, wanna get rich?
I'll show you how, take this pack, pump these pieces
That's how we get down

[Chorus]

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