

# Rotten Apple

50 Cent

I'm on parole, I used to be on probaaaaaation  
I'm with my gun I get full coporaaaaaation  
I tell you "take it off" no hesitaaaaaation  
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 medicaaaaaaation  
Niggaz be hatin', they don't know what they faaaaaacin'  
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'ma eraaaaaase 'em  
If they try an runaway, I'ma chaaaaaaase 'em  
Now with the pound, and I'm a lay 'em down  
That's how it's goin' down

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

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 confuuuuused  
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

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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

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