Rotten Apple

Prodigy

The Rotten Apple made me like this
I don't give a fuck
I shoot a nigga down and cut a nigga up
New York made me this way; I'm all about a buck
My close friends was murdered, I bullet proof my truck
Shit, New York taught me, it's no mercy
It's no lettin' it slide, I'm so thirsty
New York!, New York!, nigga! (New York City)
It's Queens New York nigga!

Listen nigga, my face got the scars
My brain got the smarts, my chest got the heart
To fuck someone up, what nigga? I make it hot
Police be up on the block, cause P just shot
Some stupid fucka, now you niggas can't pump, ol' mad at me
Should be mad at that nigga whose tryna crab me
You know I ain't the one if you didn't you know now
These niggas be slow, 'til I blow the four pound
And put a 'lil pep in their step
I got death for any nigga with an 'S' on their chest
That's my reflexes, when you hear them shots
See if I gave it to a nigga he deserves what he got
Look my hammer got the cure for your amnesia
How conveniently we forget, P is Black Caesar
And Hell over in Queens that swell up in my jeans
Don't mean I'm happy to see you, that mean I got the thang

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Look here nigga!, I rap what I live, you makin' up shit
Old type of scenarios this how it really goes
In real life you're a puss', neva pull no jooks
Neva pull no trigger and let the blood gush
As for my 'lil cousin over here; niggas get booked
You pussy come back for his shit, the pussy get douche
We the ultimate Thug Niggas, The Grand Goons
Majesty and E Money Bags already told you
If 'Pac was still alive we be on the same team
We got bigger fish to fry than that bitch supreme
Now you listenin' with new ears, see me with new eyes
They play and they pray for the day I die
Nah!, I shoot shooters and, kill killers
Send your henchman and I'mma make a movie outta niggas
Huh? Straight snuff film, get your rub peeled
Remove your skull, my heart is so cold

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"The Mac is motherfucking back... "

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