

Rotten Apple (feat. 50 Cent & The Prodigy)

Lloyd Banks

Yeah, niggaz it's 2006
And I'm back in this bitch
G-Unit When I come through I'm comfortable
49's 45's a pump or two
We don't permit outsiders amongst the crew
Matter fact who the fuck are you? 'Cause I, I got to get it got to get it
And you can roll if you with it
I got to get it got to get it
The world and what's in it And you can get it you can get it
In a New York minute
I got to get it got to get it
Rap gone get that boy found in a river
Dead by a trigga thinkin' he Schwarzenegger
Fools don't take him I took him across the liver
Keep Lloyd line on my stomach from the sizzler The drama is a part of the story that I'm a give
ya
The black mags and back stabs are so familiar
The knapsacks and black bags are full of scrilla
That lame ain't a killa he softer than chinchilla And I'm a GT see a 4 door wheeler
Matter fact this summer it's 44 4 wheelers
45 on my side shorty ride for his pride
Forty eyes on the prize now I'm energized Nothin' but shiny shit around the neck n rims
Bitches only come around when ya gettin' record spins
What a way to double up, I'm headin' on my second wind
Rollin' luggage on the jet I ain't gotta check it in
When I come through I'm comfortable
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And you can roll if you with it
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The world and what's in it And you can get it you can get it
In a New York minute
I got to get it got to get it This is heroin medicine that morphine flow
My gun go off nigga and everybody know
I hold it down with the pound three hundred and fifty seven ways
Hollow tip graze 'ell put a part through ya waves Half Christian half killa half man half gorilla
I pop somethin' do a nigga dirty for that scrilla
Now I'm floored D's kick the door, found me on the floor
By my toilet tryna flush that raw, toilet wouldn't flush I'm fucked Half a brick of yag goin' round
and round
Mary J my life I'm goin' down

It sounds like we all came up the same
 Nigga I'm for real they just rappin' mane Find out when the semis come out
 I'll blow the engine out ya hemi no doubt
 I'm New York cities pharaoh, I'll have you starin'
 Down the barrel, you got 'em good, get 'em it's cool, hit 'em When I come through I'm
 comfortable
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 Matter fact who the fuck are you? 'Cause I, I got to get it got to get it
 And you can roll if you with it
 I got to get it got to get it
 The world and what's in it And you can get it you can get it
 In a New York minute
 I got to get it got to get it You about to get that ass caught up in some shit
 We about to show that ass how it get
 When the jealousy turn envy n the shit
 Turn deadly the innocent gets hit Pull up in them whips tinted out spittin' out
 Hollows and they rip, niggaz apart in the dark
 Or it's day time it's good with me
 Just cool I brought the whole hood with me We had a Gabriel right before MTV
 So we can g him to give us that chain for cheap
 We got David and Jacob for them bracelets and rings
 'Cause our in the hood makes their names ring She take a picture with me on B E T
 She the new talk of the hood it's P C P
 One taste of the stick she hooked like fish
 Me banks and have got this shit vice gripped When I come through I'm comfortable
 49's 45's a pump or two
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 Matter fact who the fuck are you? 'Cause I, I got to get it got to get it
 And you can roll if you with it
 I got to get it got to get it
 The world and what's in it And you can get it you can get it
 In a New York minute
 I got to get it got to get it

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