

# Rotten Apple

## Screaming Females

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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We don't permit outsiders amongst the crew  
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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 verse 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  
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