Rotten Apple

Screaming Females

Yeah, niggaz it's 2006
And I'm back in this bitch
G-UnitWhen 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 itAnd you can get it you can get it
In a New York minute
I got to get it got to get itRap 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 sizzlerThe 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 chinchillaAnd 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 energizedNothin' 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 inWhen I come through I'm comfortable
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And you can roll if you with it
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In a New York minute
I got to get it got to get itThis 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 wavesHalf 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 fuckedHalf a brick of yay 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' maneFind 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 'emWhen I come through I'm comfortable
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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 itAnd you can get it you can get it
In a New York minute
I got to get it got to get itYou 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 hitPull 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 meWe 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 ringShe 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 grippedWhen I come through I'm comfortable
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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 itAnd 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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