# The Bad Apple

## [Inspectah Deck](#)

Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens, Manhattan
And Staten and Staten and Staten and Staten
Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens, Manhattan
And Staten and Staten and Staten and StatenI'm from New York City, birthplace of the gritty
Dog eat dog, only jakes willing to work with me
Watch your back 'fore they lace your sizurp with a mickey
Bodies'll burn like dub sacks of purple stickyKojaks developing Kodaks of your meeting engagements
The young guns put pressure on the made men
The fiends'll, they'll cap you for your package
The mass act savage, living sis' selling her ass and titsYour best friend'll send shots to wet ya
The badlands, hammers on the waistband, the regular
Trapped in this hood dwelling, selling five and dime
'Cuz ain't 9 to 5 for two-time felonsAnd little man wanna be just like me
The sadness thing, he just might be
Where the livest, Christopher Walken, King of New York and
Resort to talking when the heaters on him, grieving on himBrooklyn, Bronx, Queens, Manhattan
And Staten and Staten and Staten and Staten
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And Staten and Staten and Staten and StatenOl' blue eyes said, "You make it here, you make it anywhere"
Drug wars for every square, bloodsport, the semi's air
Now watch where you walk through, watch who you talk to
Watch the young Gotti's, the'll off youIt's like the mafia plot
The fishermen, they find more bodies then cops
But the shots don't stop, trynna get it get it
Inside where the broads and the ballers kick itBig city lights, with chicks and ice
You living, you victim to them sick gritty types
Drooling with their tongues out, guns out, spraying clips
Who lay in the pits and pray for a taste of itIf you can sleep, you awaken by the loud sound
Of barking chrome, sound foul but I call it home
So keep heat when on the roam
Speak brief when on the phone
In these mean streets you all aloneBrooklyn, Bronx, Queens, Manhattan
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