

## 50 Cent Tribute Band "Rotten Apple"

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I'm on parole, I used to be on probation  
I'm with my gun I get full corporation  
I tell you, "Take it off", no hesitation  
Nigga you play around, I lay you down  
That's how it's goin' down

Don't play wit' me, I don't have patience  
My headachin' and I need my medication  
Niggaz be hatin', they don't know what they facin'  
Nigga you play around, I lay you down  
That's how it's goin' down

I be in court throwin' signs like I'm a mason  
Nigga witness against me, I'm gon' erase 'em  
If they try to runaway, I'm gon' chase 'em  
Now with the pound, and I'm a lay 'em down  
That's how it's goin' down

Better watch how you talk, better watch where you walk  
On the streets of New York, that's how we get down  
22's on the jeep, somethin' deep in the seat  
When we creep wit the heat, that's how we get down

Wise men listen and laugh while fools talk  
Stick up kids, don't live long in New York  
Fuck around and catch the wrong jukes on the street  
Get caught slippin', then get hit wit' like three

In every hood in the US, I'm that nigga they feelin'  
Rap full of good guys, 50 Cent is the villain  
I play the bar with 8 bottles all night gettin' right  
Teachin' the hood rats what Cristal taste like

I put 60 on my wrist, 12 on my fist, 100 on my neck  
We in the hood nigga, schemin', what you expect?  
My S on 22's leave ya hoes confused  
On the track ready to choose like, "Daddy we want you"

My love live ain't change, the shorties still hug me  
Bullet wound in my face and bitches still love me  
Now, Nelly told you how them country boys talk  
I came to teach you how we put it down in New York

That's how we get down

Better watch how you talk, better watch where you walk  
On the streets of New York, that's how we get down  
22's on the jeep, somethin' deep in the seat  
When we creep wit the heat, that's how we get down

In the city, a young buck'll tell you how the mac spit  
O.G give 'em the word, you gonna get yo' ass hit  
I don't know why niggaz like to talk bad about me  
I'm the richest nigga they know without a G.E.D

Man, it could be the money, it could be the ice  
It could be they'd like to be me and can't live my life  
You should hear what they be sayin' "Man, 50 be  
flippin'  
Shot my man over 7 grams, that nigga be trippin'"

I know death is promised, I don't fear gettin' murked  
It's when a nigga half way kill ya homie, it hurts  
Now, we can hit the club and get it crunked  
Or you could start some shit, and I could hit you with  
the pump

You can have it how you want  
But I know you like my style  
Ya, like how I break it down  
Wanna get rich? I'll show you how  
Take this pack, pump these pieces  
That's how we get down

Better watch how you talk, better watch where you walk  
On the streets of New York, that's how we get down  
22's on the jeep, somethin' deep in the seat  
When we creep wit the heat, that's how we get down

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