

# Rosary

Max B

Verse 1

I try to tell em it was real, My nigga he wouldn't listen  
Now he set up wit 10 to 20, Sitten up in the prision  
Just finished readin ya kype  
It said "Max you gon' be alright..."  
Just hold ya head and continue to write  
Continue to fight"  
They need me nigga this ain't a free-bee  
Biggavel rated R yall niggas is PG  
We push the sixes, Wit the gat in the back  
Never fallin off, Never got slack in my mac  
All ya bitches they attracted to Max  
All they wanna do is suck a dick  
Boss Don pimp I'm on sum other shit  
Gettin this money reapin the benefits im lovin it  
Thuggin it, sizzurp and remy baby I f\*cks wit it  
I ain't tryna bluff wit the tooley, Baby im bussin it  
Tie em up and beat until we think its enough of it  
And I ain't done wit it, M.O.B nigga I ain't cuffin it  
The block's still hot, I ain't huggin it (nawwhh)

(chorus)

Nigga you better grip ya rosaries  
If you think of gettin close to me  
I'mma fix a nigga up  
I'mma hit the nigga up  
The fifth lift a nigga up owwwww  
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(Bridge)

This for my niggas in the can  
My niggas that's doin' time  
Hustlin for corner to corner  
My niggas on the grind  
Hold ya head lil nigga, You'll get ya time  
Hold ya head lil nigga, You'll get ya shine  
Stick up kids run the streets  
Then be grown be on the phone  
Nigga run up on ya home put 3 in ya dome  
Put 7 on the pinky, Put 3 on the stone  
You better leave them boys alone

Verse 2

This shit is gettin lovely  
My niggas they gettin ugly  
Screamin they gettin hungry for chow  
And these niggas they gettin money  
It's kinda funny, I managed to live it lavish  
Couldn't get a couple dollars from niggas when I ain't have it  
Now I'm takin trips out to paris, Flyin into da night  
G-550 45 hundred a flight, least 9-50 45 hundred a flight  
Baby lick da balls let it glide under the pipe  
You see me on my pimp strut

See me wit the fifth tucked  
See me back it out when there drama and let the shit bust (nawwhh , nuhh-uh)  
I ain't never bitch up  
Cops tryna connect me to murder, they say they got my picture  
Give a hundred grand to them bitches  
Tell em hit the buildin  
This the first of the month, baby we fittina make a killin (yeaa)  
I make it look it easy, I know yo niggas hate me  
Eat a dick and get you a glance of the milliow dollar baby (owwwwww)

(chorus)

Verse 3

My honeys they tell me im in my swag  
Got the piff lit while she blowin me in her jag  
Baby this dick it cost it cost a g  
Gimmie money for cabs  
Cause M-luddie on the corner  
He need sum money for slabs  
They love my music, They say its a good look  
Keep ya bars up to speed, And you stay wit sum good hooks  
Lemme show you the definiton of a thug  
We make it rain and get it poppin everytime we in the club

(Bridge)

(chorus)

Outro

Yea f\*ckin wit this one baby... got the game kinda off balance right now  
But you kno..... keep up the speed.. doin it for Gaine Greene ya kno  
Dipset...Its Ya boy Biggavel just displayin my Versatility gotta love it  
Say it to em again baby, talk to em

(chorus)