

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 owwww
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(Bridge)

This for my niggas in the can
My niggas thats 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)