

Trae I see ya, Rose
You know what it is
My attitude is fuck it, house big as publics?
Shoppin is a pleasure, pinky ring a nugget
Niggaz like the ride, sip lean out the bucket
I lean to the side, white whip Michael Douglass
Hard times call for drastic measures
I call my dog, he bought a mac 11
40 rounds hollerin where are ya'll at?
Nigga dead serious, chopper with a shoulder strap
Microphone, Michael? on I know I'm wrong
The man up above love for me to sing them poems
So sing along, you know the song I sing
Bring them things along, I gotta feed the team
It's ROSE, I need 100 bottles
Yellow bitches, all of them swallow
H town, nigga 305
I can move them packs, each and every night

Ughh, chyea
Triple black panamara? phantom of the streets
Quarterbackin bricks on top of these glass cleats
All these stones on my my neck and wrist part of the streets
Used to... and danger that was part of my?
I'm in the hood under surveillance buncha haters watchin
Couple choppers out for dinner, failin ain't an option
Reclinable seats, invisible ceilings
Competition is murder, haters I'm killin
Fuck a money machine, I don't count it I blow it
Bitch my money conceited, it look good when I throw it
I'm a asshole, therefore my temper is reckless
I'm the city of Houston, you can tell them it's Texas
The king of the streets, somewhere deep with gorillas
Behind something that's tinted, bitch you see the gorillas
These other dudes yellin truth, they only imitation
And when I see them it's fuck 'em minus the penetration

Uhuh, yea, uh
Were gettin situated, I know you bitches hate it
I'm in a new Aston, the one Swiss created
I can't give you a dime, but I can get you faded
Before you become a member you get initiated
A lot of racks, big ice, heavy weapon
The hood still love me cause I never left them
I distribute it, I get rid of it
It's all comin back, every bit of it
I'm territorial, it's your memorial
But don't feel bad, I'm talkin to all of you
This is real shit, and that's nonsense
I got AKs, I got Thompsons
I got investors, I get sponsors
They scared of the crew, I'm with monsters
It ain't nothin forsure but we touchin the raw
And they gotta let us in or we rushin the door