

Jimenez Jose Alfredo

"Hah!"

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* released in '96 as Rose Family, on Rawkus Records

"Hah!" is chanted in the background all throughout song

[St. Nickolas]
Black Rose, Black Rose
Moneray, Moneray
Corleone, Corleone
Nicky Bonds, Nicky Bonds
Mista Go, Mista Go
Holiday, Holiday

Ring-around-the-rosie
It's that old lady you know bein nose
Call a jake, but they case ain't strong enough to hold
me
Society's out to fold me, but can't control me
My homies, lonely like Bugs Bunny for money
A jolt to get you jaw, but kid ain't nothin funny
Shit's changin like the weather, get your act together
Bitches packin berettas in hoodie sweaters and
leathers
Flippin did grim, although they man don't see cheddar
Livin in the lost somewhere up North in Rhode Isle
Style, I meditate like a monk from Shao'

"Handle it son, fuck it!" -- Raekwon

It's that project shit that make my mind slip and my
nine spit
Rollin with convicts, flippin on dime chicks
As time ticks, crime shifts from hustle to hustle
Struggle to get some zeros, tired of eatin chicken
wings and heros
2 .45's ain't makin it, I'm ready to grab the pistol and
start takin it
I gotta get some CREAM, nahmean?

[Daddy Rose]
So check the 4 trey's, dark Liz Claiborne shades

Used to wear my hair in braids
Then I went back to fades
Livin my life by playin spades
Spittin razor blades, guns and Money Trades
Became my man a, callico, .45, .58
Give me 2 handguns to set my B.I. straight
Get the pawn, wear mocknecks, stay in sets
Skills, fuck my ex, smoke a joint
The wild kinda guy, stay high
Me and my Fam' play for keeps, nigga you will die
In the depths of the village where I be
come see me, face-to-face, build on today's degrees
I puff the skunky blade, in tune with G.O.D.
Set you free, mathematically
Remove the pain from you vision, allow you to see
how we get down in BC, thuggly
When you see us, hide your shines and your money
Hide your red bone honey
Corleone, these assholes in this industry ain't funny
Who said PC won't eat, laid it down in the street
In the hot summer heat, cuz it's like that

[Sauldin]

Caught us, street hustlers
Love is sleep, chokin the mufflers
Always smokin when we meet
Shuff-shufflers rollin deep
Holdin with prudent customers
Ghetto salutin, shootin one time for niggas foldin
While I'm reloadin, gun smoke from salutin
Hung by the throat, jury slung, Black Rose control it
like dope settle, coast-to-coast, metal-to-metal
coastin, heavy metal, sippin on moet, oh
Crackin boosters, braggin blunts
Baggin shows, the host of corvetto
Coastin the ghetto, con-Deniro postin for Deniro
Trials play heros, got Shang Hai with no alibi
He died in front of the candy store, fried
We bagged him up, braggin, gettin tore up
Crookin corrupt, while jaggin, jacked cabin
Blowin smoke out of your nose like a dragon

[Daddy Rose]

Are you wit me?
Black Rose, are you wit me?

Sight one, test evils with hood supressents
Feedle charge card, killed confessin for God
Chaufer, Roley, your portfolio, Corleone
Don, cristal with bubble, wisked out affair
Population Click run the world, Crime Syndicate

Dreddy key-cut it like locksmiths
Cock .4-5th, pleaded like 5th if
incriminatin evidence exists
Guns crawl, while I'm all off, tipsey
Gun the clientel like circumcisions
Believe the myth, never can believe Brandy slipped
Fire place, fortress, Lord beyond Don
Keep Cronz handy, Moneray Jack
El Padre, adios '96, '76

[Corleone]

Nigga, North side, full quantum, black taunter
Main underworld sorcerers, Columbian ties
Wear crosses, bitch nigga, Golith slayer
We sling shots like sling rocks at King David
In the book of psalms, the killer San Juan
blood on my palm, too many sharks in my water
Give an order to the Don Senora
Cross the Mexican border, intoxicated, never sober
The Brownsville chain snatcher, Puerto Rican poppi
choker
Ganja smoker, Adidas padre
On the corner sellin Coca Colas
Nine shot Desert Eagle toters
Takin over from New York to Minnesota
Transmittin, shittin like the Great Britain
Population shuttin shit down like Bill Clinton

[Daddy Rose]

The ghetto started gettin rough
Many Crones and thugs got tossed
If not for the courage for the fearless four,
the ghetto would be lost
the ghetto would be lost

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