

Cole Jude

"B.E.T"

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[Nikki Bonds - Black Rose Kartel]

Yeah, yo, '98 bitch, '99 to 2G, Rose Cartel
Brownsville to Canada, Toronto, Ghetto Concept
Nicky Bonds, Don Baracus, Daddy Rose, bitch
We independent in this shit!

Yo, livin the fast life, had two whips and crashed twice
Got so many hoes, probably was a pimp in my past life
Shake and crash dice, starin at a glass with ice
Bountiful to the Grain, so my tongue is legit'
What's up? I ain't came home, already thuggin again
When we in to build, who said that sellin drugs is a sin?
When we in the club, bitches straight lovin my man
Left hand weave, right hand huggin the chick
This rap shit, we got it macked down
I wouldn't settle it twice, this nigga said I cracked out
I blacked out, fuck around and back my mack out
Cuz I'm about that Jerry Stackhouse
I seen shermheads pass out, smokin that butta
While we's pumpin out the crack house
Wild cousin sickly, heard he tried to touch Nicky
Didn't know I stepped it up to fully auto' macks cuz they
bust quickly
Roll a dutch quickly, get pissy and puff with Missy
Suckin me off just to show how much she missed me
This Rose shit is veteran, got these faggot rap cats
feelin delicate
Bitch!

[Chorus: Baracus]

From Brownsville to Toronto
Undercover officers jumpin out of Caravans and
Corsicas
Pop the pistols, ready to go to war with us

[Baracus]

From Brownsville to Toronto...

[Kwajo - Ghetto Concept]

For the pit of Cold North, we connect like cas-techs
Pierce your mentalstate, wait, wheel off that casket

Megawatts rock concrete blocks, live from Shock
G.C., Rose Fam got your city on lock
In every nation, the target is submergin like Apocalypse
You got glocks and clips, we got extra clips, sink your
ship
What the fuck? Murderers collide well pronto
From Toronto to Brooklyn Streets, it's all peace
The G-O-D, we top biller, 7 biller
48 track serial killer, for real-a, countin mucho skrilla
Associates in harmonic, we sip tonic
We stay on it like a praying mantis, civilize the savages
Bombin this til there's nothin left, take your last breath
We be risin from the North, hot sex in the West
Double bulletproof vest, Concept snap that neck
Break bread with the elite, respect the intellect

Chorus 2X

[Baracus - Black Rose Kartel]
From Brownville to Toronto...

Comin straight out of Brownsville
A crazy mothafuckin name Baracus
America's nightmare, we hold cops hostage
Our music off the meat rack, we cause riots
We off the hook, we leave promoters shook
We tear the club down
I got bangers, enough colts throwin it down
Hittin switches, bouncin around
From a town, where 2-5's and 4-pounds kill, old dirty
Brownsville
In a kitchen with Ishmail, cockin the fish scale
Thugs stompin on the streets like Muslims in Israel
Don Baracus, a name they gave me in the ghetto
The way I blow my chrome metal
If I die, put on my casket, black rose petals
Drivin by yellin "Fuck the Police!", lookin for trouble
Bag 'em at 12 by 12 so our cash can double
Dice games, drop C's and G's on it
We like the pies, yo lots of cheese on it
50/50 cut when it's time to break the cake off
Act funny style, son my dogs'll tear your face off

From Brownville to Toronto...

[Daddy Rose - Black Rose Kartel/The Maccabees]
Yeah, nigga
Gangsta blood, been mackin thanks to blood
Violate man, shittit and we shank you cous'
Move in the night, like the moon in the skies
Plastic banger, look like a spoon in disguise

Ghetto struggler, looked at me sideways and my troupe
4-5ed
Had him leakin from his juggler
This was real, when we hit him, yea you know we slug it
up
Cock back that 4-5 and we double up
I got my chrome, where your's at? Nigga, where yo'
boys at?
Who you beefin to? We rip you, you better pause that
You woke up 4:00 in the mornin sayin "Daddy, where
my draws at?"
Negative, definitive G, I exhalt that
Stroll by from a drive-by, spectator hollerin, nigga yea
you saw that
We all that, ain't nothin to fuck with, homie fall back

[Dolo - Ghetto Concept]

Ain't nothin sweet, brush your teeth, bury your reef'
Black handkerchief, dirty glove, rusty burgundy
Murder your murder fleet, Michee Mee
North American street with the Brooklyn Iron Shieks
Chancelor chief handlin heat
Handle lugers, pistol grippers, cold cookie chippers
Brought up in the age of strippers, lime sniffers
Cristy sippers, whipped in the defended pippers
Unload the clip and crabs get thick up
Bad time nigga and your case of malt liquor
A life time of pain and misery before the Black Rose
delivered me
No more individually, we one eye
Full swarm, crime affiliation, brought together for the
assassination
of the Sons of Satan, fuck waitin

[Saulhaudin - Black Rose Kartel/The Maccabees]

Never sleepin, keep my gun out, come out creapin with
scripts
Got that Brownsville shit and if anybody get it
Raised by the drug addicts, hold automatics,
committed
to my ghetto where cops are found with their throats
slitted
Dope scripts, my hood is where the shit don't slip
My chrome hits with stomachs from New York to
Quebec
Set trip mine, detect tech-nine
Zippin up body bags, clippin up, spittin out slugs in
these streets
My thugs in the streets, no more sheit, bring it to a task
force
of police, no hold, black swarms be bangin my 'ville

[Baracus]
From Brownsville to Toronto...

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