

Black Rose Kartel

"Shit Is On"

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*Opens w/ Daddy Rose talking over the chorus

(Chorus) Elohim X2

Shit is on, shit is really on
Like the hot butter to the popcorn
Shit is on, 'til the break of dawn
To the tick-tock and you don't stop

[Daddy Rose]

Fuck all y'all newly rappers
Only bust guns when the ball drops
Super thug I got kryptonite slugs that make you all drop
Come to your town and stick who getting money
Make them all hot, tie up your pops
Then pop 'em in his fore spot
No love for them hoes, Daddy slam cock and break out
Snatch the ATM card and enjoy the cake out
ABG niggas don't give a fuck, turn your wake out
Creep on Jakes body 'em while he on the stake out
Don't make me get cockeyed, leave you lopsided
Lose my mind and let my glock guide it
Shift gears like old school ten speeds
Breathe by the rhythm, mens bleed
Daddy bury mothafuckas like seeds
Put 'em under bushes and weeds
Mothafucka!!!

(Chorus) Elohim

[Saulhaudin]

Spray rounds at your door
Everyone lay the fuck down on the floor
Cock four pound at your jaw
Duck tape 'em, give us the raw
Tie up his whore, pistol whip 'em, wire his jaw
Ambush, and push your shit in
Hitting, gats will spit at the rip
Headshots creep to sleep for bricks and birds
The chips in the street
Faggots bend me or send me automatic MAC minis'
If I can't eat, you won't

I tote guns that bust, you don't want it with us
Stick up your payload and lay low in the streets
Street's my thug, gotta lot of mugshots
Pictures and diamonds, studded halos and parole
Control, the strips of the bing
Anybody could get bodied from the sty to the shot
It's sing-sing, everyone die, I got balls to shot call
My thug's maneuver with lugers, slugs and rugers

(Chorus) Elohim

[Daddy Rose]

Daddy be a baller like Marbury, Stephon
Like Gianni Gotti, Mr. Rosalina, the Don
It's Teflon by Mr. Universe; you're just a runner up
All you niggas wanna do is play the projects and run
'em up
Me, I wanna buck, shit, and plus get my dick sucked
I'm the new shit like PokÃ©mon
Freak nigga, Jamaican hoes call me strokey-mon
He left his body, sex organs like Pikachu
And diffuse, have my crib after hour, shit
Let me get a peek at you, hold up
Cock sucker who you speaking to?
Glock .9 leave you leaking through
Your Gucci sweater, you and your crews better
Keep it moving, hour-on-the-hour, shit I keep improving
I'm like fuck a delicate nigga, I keep 'em grooming
Drama on, my Llama on, my hip, all my piece's moving

(Chorus) Elohim

[Saulhaudin]

Yeah, get at cats, my MAC spit at cats
Hit at cats, your strip we rematched that
Your work get pitched at, or get experts
In your face, haters push a Navigator Hurst
Lame for cane, killers in the game
Niggas dropped dime with my Kartel scheme
Thugs, Visine, shine Harley's and bristol cream
Pistol with beam that line, up niggas with feather
triggers
For cheddar air out thugs with Gucci sweaters with Uzi
Order graph slugs, truly yours; my Heckler & Koch wet
ya
Leave bullets; send ya nigga that will set off metal
detectors
Murder Captains, two Lieutenants, dunn I'm back in
spectrum
My son's starving, robbing niggas for icing them out
Brought four kites on my head 'cause I'm piping them

out

Back shot, hit the jackpot stash, wiping them out
Clit it, clip it, squeezly blood on your screebit
Pow!, buried the dead it, in the dirt, put in the work
Dirt, under my nails, the pity weight on my shine
Tip scale, Fishscale weight cake
Doubled up mugshots plugging your face

(Chorus) Elohim X3

(Outro) Daddy Rose

Yeah, suck something and make it all day
Black Rose Kartel, Hollywood disrespecter
Fuck all y'all mothafuckas, this is Daddy Red Rose
nigga
Black P Stone for life nigga, Kartel for life
Mothafucka suck our dick

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