Ha, killah priest, daddy rose Same rose, abg, rose cartel, what? '99, the beginnin of the endin baby Yea, gon take you there, what? Yo, yo, yo, ugh ugh... Same rose, I throw the chrome to ya knot Same dude known for runnin in spots, bustin the glock I'm runnin the block, flippin quarters of rock wit transporters that's cops Who smuggle pounds on the yacht Blowin rounds from the pound till it's hot When it's nice I'm blowin town in a drop Killah priest hold me down wit the wop Disrespect me let the silencers pop Snitch niggas get found in the lot for trynna take us Supposed to be a man, switch sides like cross-faders The source hate us, we toss shit like hot potatoes Think I got the vapors, disease cause prayin nations Resorts me to lay in fakers, we turn it up in this game I'm gettin buck in this game, we sippin, rum on the rocks Gettin, dumb on the block, it's the haters that clock that make me double wit Shots, yea this, money I watch keep me rubbin my glock, like it 's burnin my Crotch, still I turn it a notch Know I'm, runnin wit plot if I run in ya spot, aim invisible do ts at the tip of Ya knot Yo, yo, same rose Killah priest daddy rose Abg maccabees, rose cartel Peace stone ridahz, ugh, we in this bitch...