

Saint Maurice – Black Soprano Family feat. Rick Hyde & Elcamino Lyrics

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"Saint Maurice"

Ah, yeah, let's go, let's go
Black Soprano Family, huh
We the biggest in this s**t
Me, Rick, Heem, Camino

Ah, we've been settin' the tone

My n**ga Base, Loveboat

I'm from Connecticut, Eastside Buffalo in this b**ch

You know, all my n**gas

Yeah, The Butch', n**ga

Ain't nothin' I have regular, brick and a half measurer

I turned a hefty garbage bag to a cash register

And with a little luck, I put them digits up, grindin'

I'm puttin' pictures up, shinin', rockin' emerald-cut diamonds

T.D. Jakes in the kitchen, GTA when I'm whippin'

Crash that, jump in a new one, an easy day for a n**ga

Y'all gossip like Ricky Lake, y'all wishin' hate on a n**ga

Don't fit in lanes with these rappers, I've been done sprayed on a n**ga

When you get in the streets, don't lay on pillows and speak

Loyalty calls, don't expect it from n**gas who cheap

And little do he know, I'm a wolf to a little sheep

Heavy bars, and got a style so hard that it chisel teeth

We both in love with white girls, how about that, That's ironic
I put him on digi' scales, he got a tat' of Madonna
No emblems on that big body Benz', knew that I got her
So my old-ass next-door neighbor think that's a Honda
It's two type of leaders, you could be Bush or Bill
And only see half the picture like Bushwick Bill
I'm Mike Jack', smooth operation off crills
Now a n**ga makin' that lil' s**t off reals

I hear you n**gas speakin' blasphemous
S**t spread, like a pathogen
The whole time, your career got an Asturias
My next move need a half a M
That's establishment, throw that s**t far as a javelin
My Black Soprano piece a talisman
VVS's on it battlin', I'm up for any challenges
You try to take it, you a casualty
Shoot it casually or the switch'll make it sporadically

Come to Buffalo and see how we rockin'
They ain't even wanna consider us, but now we the topic
I was really in the trenches, tryna make me a profit
I'm talkin' bundles for the egg, moulds of pounds for the locket
With no sponsor, I still got my stripes, like Monster
Now n**gas just look good next to great, Smush Parker
Come get some, I'm givin' out work, James Fonda
I put you in a blender, like ingredients at Jamba, mother..

These n**gas know they can't f**k with us
So they been tryna join a team
This s**t like snowfall, starrin' Butch', me, Hyde and Heem
Durin' role-call, I had your b**ch behind the scenes

And the whole time, was gettin' rich behind the scenes
To you, this large money, to me, that's small things
To them, it's a house payment, to me, that's just a ring
S**t, flooded the Cartier, 'cause I felt like I needed bling
Youngin deserve a Grammy from lettin' this chopper sing

Shorty like Maxwell, he passin' pretty wings
Dumpin' off max shells and handin' out chicken wings
Double-R or the Lamb' f**k it, don't matter to me
And that b**ch don't sing, but she look like SZA to me
She might be your best friend, but she ain't no sister of me
Why y'all out there, contractors That bum ain't richer than me
I be in a mansion with a gun that's bigger than me
But when I pop out, n**gas don't want no issues with me
And that's my word, my word, my word, my word
My word

I've been on a dirty mission, dear God, I seek forgiveness
I came to kill the game for the throne, you be my witness
I had a wishlist, for some bricks and all the riches
It's Black Soprano Mob, not a gang, we be the biggest
I wore to whip it, baseheads, he need to fix it
Beamin' up the scott', now he stuck, his jaw twitchin'
We raw pigeon, grab the pots, we in the kitchen
They know I trail-blaze for the team, like Rob Strickland
I'm God-gifted, hit his chest, his soul lifted
Them BSF diamonds VS', we gold trimmin'
I told n**gas, turned it up and showed n**gas
Ask them oldheads who be on the East, a cold n**ga

I'm '0 Jigga, spendin' cheese, a big pimper
Then n**gas looked up, seen Heem, the big dipper
The quarter-bricker, half man and thirty-six'er

Made the oil lock from the soda, we gram shiftin'
Fork clickin', water runnin', we shock-stiff it
And I just got the key to the street, I'm locksmithin'
This Glock clickin', .33, like Scott' Pippen
I got some n**gas do it for free, but still tip 'em
I still risk it, price right, I still flip it
The county gettin' head in the office, like Bill Clinton, n**ga

Hahaha
They know, they know
BSF, motherf**ker
Eastside Buffalo, hahaha
Gone... versuri.online

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