

Sean Price, Fake Neptune

(Chorus 2x: Buckshot)

Ah, you see too hard for me
Ah, you see you hardly me
Disrespect anyone, no pardon me
Any time you set it off, you can start with me

(Sean Price)

Meanwhile, nigga, back at the ranch
Smokin' a spliff with this bitch tryna faster her pants
P, off with the blouse, and off with the kangol
Victoria Secret, bitch, Caribbean mango
Her favorite song on Nocturnal, was Brainz Blo
Put on my pants, if she can let the brains blow
Heh, I had to find that funny
Lost my wallet, gotta find my money, bitch
How you gonna shit on me?
After I let you shit on me, freaky deaky
Nowadays I had it up to here
Don't make me fuck around and cut your hair, listen
All things Sean Price, four wings, fried rice
Nigga, duck sauce, who the fuck the boss?
Yo, ask me no questions, I tell you no lie
Unless the judge is wack and the jury is jive
Uh, old school style, Furious Five
Get my man Grandmaster Caz, to snuff ya ass
On a, world tour, with Muhammed, my man
In a piece of shit truck, smelling like vomit and ham

(Steele)

And when the coochie smell bad, but the shorty look good
What the fuck a nigga suppose to say, tell me
If I like to do a little rap, put money on stacks
Tell me how a nigga suppose to get get paid
Wait a minute, now you mean to tell me, I'm stuck in this shit
Rappers either bending over or riding dicks
Check 'em, down and dirty niggaz stuck in the ditch
The realest in the myst, tuckin' a fifth, ohh

(Louieville Sluggah)

It's like a switch from Crys' to Molt Liquor and
Colt 45, on the hittin' hand sittin'
If you can't stand the heat, get out the kitchen
It's either you with you, or you all around bitching
Pop pop, what happened to that boy?
He got popped, got rocked by a real mccooy
I was fucking his broad, she was feeling joyced
She said; let's go have one a girl or boy
I said; not me to copy, have you talking crazy
You cool and all but I pass, baby baby
To all my Queensmen and Brookmen
Crooked men, if you ever looked out, then good looking
A nigga pray that we stay away from the bookers
Cuz any kid get locked up, to another Brooklyn
Avenues and streets, boulevards I creep
Until every fucking dollar bill meet, yo

(Chorus 2x)

(Sean Price)

Yo, alotta niggaz rhyme, some of y'all nice
Some sound the same, but not Sean Price
The O.D.B., and the B.C.C
I'm David Ruffin, say when it's nothing, no
Need for acceptance, no need for applause

All you need is a gause, when you bleeding, ofcourse
Of course, I ain't playin' no more
Fuck holding back, fuck what I'm saving it for
Get busy, bisexual burners, both ways with the biscuit
Hit, niggaz and bitches, and occasionally infants
Yo, save it man, tricks are for kids, bitch, David Blaine

(Chorus 2x)