

# Sean Price, Shakedown

(Sean Price)

Let's play freeze tag with icepicks  
Nightshift, selling white shit to white chicks  
Bikes with vicegrips, scuffed up Huffies  
For the crime, do Shyne time, that's fucked up  
You the type to get fucked up monthly, beat down daily  
And smoke up your disability check  
Sean Price, bout as real as he get, I'm no fool, I'm old school  
Like I'm hard as Gillmore with the skin  
If ya, walk through my block and talk about Ruck  
You get touched motherfucker, cause you talk too much  
Come walk with P, so you all can see  
How I get dough, spit flows, to an awkward beat  
Betta look both ways, before you cross the street  
The Pirelli's on the porsche, push you off your feet  
Sean P., one half of the incredible rap team  
Y'all niggaz smoked out, incredible track fiend

(Starang Wondah)

Y'all niggaz is too old to think the way you do  
And you cowards, never do what you say you do  
I'm in the hood, running with the same crazy crew  
And you ain't nice, you sound like Jay-Z, too  
Niggaz is frontin', actin' like bad boys  
Y'all move in silence, we make mad noise  
When it's beef in the streets, we don't try and make peace  
I got killas that 'just blaze', and they don't make beats  
S dot, size R, with the long flee  
Ghetto bitch, fat ass, with the long weave

(Chorus 2x: Steele)

Aiyo, get down, lay down, everybody get on the floor  
This is beef, you don't want that pa  
Better warn everybody in ya city or town  
Let 'em know, what what, this is the shakedown

(Steele)

Three star camouflage, mob the bar  
Vodka, cognac, it's a mardi gras  
Roll a big marley, y'all, fanto cigar  
I got mami in the back with the God  
Back to the car, get it in the back of the car  
I had her fiddlin' with the latch on the bra  
I was huggin' at the strap on the thong  
Thuggin' like a rap nigga song  
Grindin', to the crack of the dawn  
She make a nigga wanna come back in the morn'  
Make her want a nigga, back, after I'm gone  
That's what I'm on, baby got back, word is bond  
Have y'all like, 'damn, them shit is wrong'  
Have you like, 'damn, that shit is song'  
Flip down, lay down, sell or it goes through the raw  
Four door, gator poured on twenty fours  
Bucktown USA, connect with your boys

(Sean Price)

Aiyo, shorty look good  
Nah, she ugly, but I'm drunk as hell, so fuck it shorty look good  
The bitch did E, plus she smoke good trees  
So me being who I be, I had to do me  
The bitch wanted me to straight spit in the cash  
Slow dubs, slow fucks, Teddy Pendergrass, no  
I don't switch to bend yo ass, to fuck  
Over down, jump in your tenants and dash, yo

She talkin' bout that ain't fair  
Bitch that's two dollars, fuck you mean, that ain't fair  
Yo, Sean Price, and the price is cheaper  
Only splurge on icebergs, Nike's and reefer  
Timberland boots, and plus a gun to shoot  
And a pocket full of coke, in case I don't recoup  
Cuz, time is money and money is time  
And I just got enough time, to get that money

(Chorus 2x)