

# Sean Price, Brokest Rapper You Know

[Sean Price]

It go, Frederick Douglas, Nat Turner  
Ku Klux Klan, big black burner  
Ashtray, cigarette butts  
Box cutter gem star, watch this nigga get cut  
Ten dollars, two tokens  
Friends hollerin', 'Yo, what you smoking?'  
I reply with, 'none of ya biz'  
It's father's day and I ain't get shit from none of my kids  
Listen, liquor store, let me get a fifth  
Weed spots, let me get a spliff  
Mad as hell, plus I'm frustrated  
Last album came out, you motherfucks hate it  
Rock solo, Ruck broke  
Here's a hundred dollars, what a fucking joke  
Eviction notice, yo, I gotta go  
Album been out two months, ain't did a fucking show  
Ruckus, you ruined, I put the barrel to my dome  
But what the fuck are you doing? Chill  
Found a new way to build  
Fuck rap, started selling 2-ways and pills  
When the stomach growls, and the fridge there  
And you starving, and ya kid's there  
It's... motherfuckin' critical pa  
My pursuit of this rap, knew this straight trivial, pa  
Niggaz all pray loyal, til yet, they all jet  
When they fuckin' with a four dollar royalty check  
And if you feel me, act like you know  
Sincerely yours, the brokest rapper you know, Sean P