

Sean Price, Onion Head

(Sean Price)

Bitch harm me, the swiss army knife in my hand
Know that shit corny, but it can end the life of ya fam
Niggaz know Sean nice with the hands, watch me punch up your face
Dig in your pockets, leave you right where you stand
Gotta, dime bitch that live in Japan
Black belts, suck dick, chop bricks with her hand
Arigato, Sean Price slick like el gato
Three piece suit in the booth, ain't shit cute
Might, smack off half your smile, go to court with a suit
Smack the other half, after trial
Plead the fifth, y'all niggaz plead the eighth
Don't leave your face fucked up, now your knees is scraped, I'm buggin'
E-pills, mushrooms, and dust
Got that nigga Sean Price in the mood to bust
Sean P., the motherfuckin' all time great
New York, the M.C. nigga, the all rhyme state

(Chorus: Tek (Sean Price))

From, coast to coast, he traveled the land
Left footprints in grains of sand, it's
(Sean P) the soldier of force, the magnum deliver
In his presence, holding rappers for shiver
It's (Sean P), the six ' one, weighing an even 200
Lord help you if you double stacked up and blunted
It's (Sean P), under rated, best in the game
Allow me to tell these onion heads, what's ya name (Sean P)

(Sean Price)

Motherfuckers ain't as nice as me
And if they is, they wouldn't been Sean
That's fucked up for you, you should of been on
Rappin' again, punk rappers need to grab up a pen
Write some ill shit, nigga, and let the madness begin
Rhymin' for dough, no money, pa, rhyming for dough
No partners, just P, I'm lightin' the show
Niggaz said I lost my image, when I cut off my dreads
But I'm the nicest nigga out duke, fuck what you said
Let it be known, gold ring embedded with stone
So when I punch you in the head, the shit'll dent up your dome
Niggaz runnin' up, askin' bout Rock, I send y'all wacks to heaven
Motherfucker, ask God about 'Pac
Ask about B.I.G., motherfucker ask about Pun
Gangsta rappers can't fight, so they rap about guns one

(Chorus)