

Sean Price, Rising To The Top

(Sean Price)

Yeah, we all cool, pa, anybody can get it
Winchester Remington's, any shot'll y'all hit it
Yo, dress sloppy, but my rap is deffer
Watch Rosewood go outside and slap a cracker
Yo, various styles and, various hot shit
Killed a nigga on a train with Barry Slovik, dude
Bottom line, you ain't ready for Ruck
Where your girl, duke, I'm ready to fuck
Do the knowledge, I'm ill
Especially when the god swallowing pills
Spaz out on your bitch while she double my deal
All my niggaz went through drama, for real
Ruck dred, Agallah, body armor steel, squar from the ville
Untouchable, Sean Conner's got kill
Ya'll niggaz chill before ya moma get killed, yo
Untouchable, Sean Conner's got kill
Ya'll niggaz chill before ya moma get killed, yo

(Chorus 2x: Agallah)

And we gon' give this all that we got
Blow the spot, keep rising to the top
All my niggaz, keep rising to the top

(Agallah)

Everyone welcome to the gangsta world of Agallah
Where it's me and my niggaz, my bitches, my guns and my cars
My dogs don't kill, they kill these rap stars
I like ridin' around with a gangsta broad
I'm a gangsta dog, go with the shotty, or I'm shankin' y'all
Wind up in prison, no thanks to y'all
Come back to the block, then I break y'all balls
Get murked right on the spot, so we don't have to brawl
Listen up, pa, don't fuck with Agallah
None of these niggaz could never see the catalog
I don't give a fuck if it's digital or analog
I flip, to any style, pa, press record
Give me a million, that's how you blessed the lord
Bullshit me? I won't even step to y'all
Consider the shit, this is what I left with y'all
Look at all the hot shit, that I kept from y'all

(Chorus 2x)

(Hook: Agallah, Sean Price)

It's music in the air, a lots of loving everywhere
Everybody, gettin' right, everybody, gettin' right
It's smoke all in the air, everybody wanna share
Niggaz is gettin' high, niggaz is gettin' high

(Sean Price)

I love thin raps and flows, I love gettin' stacks of dough
Like I love hittin' raps and hoes
I've been to club, where the stash is yo
Why you bumpin' me, god, actin' up in front of company, god
Got some shit up in the trunk of my car
We can fight right now, you get lumped in the bar
Bottom line duke; fuck who you are
Spit two gem stars out my mouth, give you a couple of scars

(Agallah)

The flame from Ruck and Agallah, and lendin' y'all spitley
We come through like this from Brooklyn, my niggaz hopin' shitley
While niggaz like Blick Street that be reppin' with me

My nigga Ike Eyes, yo I call him Ike Hitly
It's Agal-litly, featuring Sean Printly
We don't waste no time, we take care of this quickly
For real my nitly, it's about to get off the hitly
For shitly, you know where I'm at, my nigga, hit me
And God be with me, through the streets I move switfly
You want war, with a nigga, pa, then come and get me

(Chorus 2x)

(Hook)