

# Sean Price, Slap Boxing

(Sean Price)

My son got a gun, I say shoot, that's where the gat'll spray  
Make these faggot niggaz go that a way, run  
Your fab five is jumping, big knives, guns, bats and sticks  
Fuck all that rapping shit  
Give a fuck about your bar with the verse, put pa in a hearse  
Best bet is throw your car in reverse  
You can act up if you want, clapped up in ya front  
Pull ya chest and ya back, skit left hooded laugh  
Y'all niggaz do the row when I rhyme  
Matter fact use a gun when I rhyme, yo  
I throw shots from the back of the rover  
Chickenwing Bob Backlund, that tag on your sofa  
Niggaz actin' like they don't know Sean, til I  
Run up on 'em, smack 'em up with the fo'fo nam  
Focus the fire, throw shots, hopin' you die smokin'  
Alot after the toast is retired, motherfucker

(Rustee Juxx)

Yo, fucking with Juxx, you already know what crime it is  
Hard body beat breaking, that's what kinda rhyme it is  
Kingston Ave., you already know who grind it is  
Black beretta, special opt, that's what kinda nine it is  
Body the wax, first I grab 'em by the neck  
Then I throw the sawed shotty to back  
Cold blooded, black hearted, swing the mac retarded  
My weed clientele, excel my crack market  
Shawshank swangeler, monster track mangler  
Wild cowboy, two hosters on my wrangler's  
Barbarian, I'm a savage, street viking  
Bullet street striking, faster than grease lightning  
Spit volcano, rain, hail, fire  
Cuz misery sell millions, and pain sell hater  
Fiend for the foam, my throne is indestructable  
Niggaz like 'word, son, them niggaz cant fuck with  
you'

(Rock)

Aiyo, I shake the ground when I walk  
I mean I shake the town when I walk  
Flip pound and lay you down for your thoughts  
Lay you on the ground with your thoughts  
Have your thoughts all over the ground in the park  
Make a sound when I talk  
Shhhh, it is the greatest, underrated MC  
Niggaz hate but don't say it to me  
They get chased in a tree  
The moves you make in the piece  
Ready to get Jason to be like - damn  
keep these niggaz away from the grease, please  
Bad news, gun click; you die, yo  
You want good news, switch to Geico  
A nigga fight me gettin his eye closed  
And his shine stole, not you pa, your shit rhinestones  
Think I don't know huh? Your jewelry corny  
It's cornier than cream corn and your team corny  
Ya whole fleet boring, born with a heat seaking pistol  
Locked on nigga jaw piece  
For talking that 'I can give and talk and see'  
Boy something like a phenomenon  
That's why, some shit's like a feel arm my strong  
It's like the 'Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous'  
Bitch, they get used to rhyme and stunt, they wanna give it the anus  
And bring it down, now, wow, how bout

Fuck it, let 'em chow down on dick with sauerkraut  
Whyle out, have it come to the heaters, down South  
Roundhouse, any bitch, you get caught in the Brown Brown  
Brownsville!