

# Sean Price, Spliff-N-Wessun

(Sean Price)

It go stop with the bullshit  
Playing game niggaz, hopskotch when the tool click  
Don't make me pop ya  
Ya black eye and blue, bitch, Frank Sinatra  
You see SP, you'll be thinking rasta  
Think it's peace & love, but I think to drop ya  
Think gangsta rappers, got ya thinking mobster  
It's a fact, you're and act, or, think you Oscar's, no  
That's when I slap this jerk  
Tell your Jesus piece, send him back to Catholic church  
Niggaz actin' like my motherfuckin' gat don't work  
Til you hit and then collapse in the dirt, I'm screamin' that you hurt  
Motherfuckin' right, that shit hurt  
Niggaz play tackle football with a plastic Nerf  
Bitches with dreadlocks and drinks in the back  
Suck dick, plus we make biscuits from scratch

(Rustee Juxx)

Niggaz dial 9-11  
I told the Smif Wess, one nine, one-one  
Forty five's and P2 29's  
Storyline, it begins once upon a crime  
Rustee Juxx in the gutter like stash crack  
Any block, any bitch, I'ma smash that  
Aiyo, fuck force 1's, rip stone in they goretex  
Blaze up, fools you walk me through a vortex  
Size 3, Brooklyn playalistic  
Mossberg, music, duke don't get it twisted

(Sean Price)

Aiyo I shine (you shine)  
In this day of time (we pop off ya head with the nine)  
Nah (we not soft, go head with the lies)  
Duke you a knockoff, ya plans and designs is  
Off the table, I'm dead broke, nigga, they cuttin' off my cable

(Rustee Juxx)

The criminal of the year, yea I'm back to rob  
So take ya shine off when you see me on the job  
Do to the mac, I'm strapped, ready to clap  
React, stop runnin' ya yap, and runnin' ya stack  
Sure carryin' top and blue gems  
Flash you in ya Benz, for stoppin' gold rims  
Pumpin' on the block, through rocks that glow stim  
And I'm rollin' on 10, the size of my Timbs

(Sean Price)

Let me get a turkey sandwich and a bottle of juice please  
A dollar change left, fuck it, give me two loosies  
We ain't got no track  
Three songs, one session, it's a kind ol' rap

(Rustee Juxx)

Still rip a nigga ass, raw rap on the red  
Catch me in the weed spot, trigg'in' on the dred  
See me in the flesh, real liftin' ya chain  
Only feel is the flame, fifth in ya frame  
In the cut wit ya bitch, feelin' up on her butt and her tits  
You wanna fuck but she can start suckin' his dick  
I got a click that move more crowds than Eric B.  
With a shotgun, air ho tech, and desert eag's