

## 2pac by the Locker

Sean Price

Poppa Illa, Poppa Large  
Proper camouflage  
I gotta proper forty eagle after sergeant  
Let 'em bark like a penny bull  
Pity the fool, fool your flow's pitiful  
Simply on the interlude  
Higher power  
The weed's a little sour  
I'm not a Puerto Rican but I'm speaking to you cowards  
Shower posse rap  
All my guns is pointed down like a symbol of a Pontiac  
Illa is insomniac  
Manic maniac  
Vocals is a mirror of his habitat  
Raw butter moving like an acrobat  
Awesome the killer with a polo  
Boss Quasimodo, the hands of the devil caught in the photo  
Shadowed out a image  
I'm tryna end you niggas like the man with a vengeance  
Or a battle rapper sentence  
My battle rap's punching your door right off the hinges  
A workaholic that's going forward on forth and inches  
Illa

All praises due 2pac by the locker  
Watch who you call crazy Q  
The best verse on the song  
The best song on the album  
Album better than yours for sure  
P, valedictorian touring scoring mad money  
Blast dummy, Sean on my cash, caught a gash from me  
The cannon will reck you, animal service  
I'm Hannibal Lector, you Hannibal Buress  
Worthless, piece of shit rapper, pop the piece at you  
Don't say peace after I proceed to pop the piece rapper  
Bong, might trap you off  
No whites in the 'Ville but chill with Mike Rapaport  
My sound is really the facts that let the pain in  
My crown is merely a hat that let the rain in, P