

# Apartheid

Sean Price

I can't lose  
The best MC in my hood, I can't choose  
Worst MCs in my town, I can't cruise  
Never fight dude with white spikes on dance shoes  
The lame stuffer  
Bang, deranged fucker  
I walk bys and guys became Kane Tuckers  
Make enemies, make friends  
I make money, money make moves in the state pen', P  
This is my slot, rookie  
Your snot box get rocked over hydro cookies  
Slapbox niggas  
Free can of soda with the snack box, nigga  
The rest I can't tell ya  
But catalog this shit as the best of Mandela  
I tear apart gods  
Separate head from neck and call it Apartheid

With the bloodclaat  
Nigga, fi gunshot  
Mafi play big shot  
Shoot up them drug spot  
Rude boy say fuck cop  
Sean P and Buckshot  
Buckshot, slugs fly  
'Nough man a die for them tough talk  
Tomahawk, these shots walk the walk  
Llama spark, choppa bark  
Box him up, cart him off  
Leave, we are king of kings  
Some say lord of lords  
We spit the hardest bars  
mastered the art of war

If Ruck don't like you, Buck don't like you  
Ruck down, buck down, what a nigga might do  
Black moonwalk on 'em, rest in peace to Michael  
R.I.P. Phife from Tribe, he in the light too  
Hip-hop heaven, you see seven, that's the God  
All praises due to Allah, sun, moon, star  
Some move bars, my nigga Ruck move cages  
It's only one Buck, but I bust two gauges  
Yeah, drive your bitch crazy with my stick shift  
Now she gassed up, wanna ride on my Clik dick  
Groupie with an Uzi, nigga, shots after shot  
But I'm bulletproof, when I'm in the booth, bombaclaat  
Listen, if my nigga Ruck never said your name  
Dead your claim, you with the fame, you with the lames

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Yeah, the most area typical  
Great ape, say it to your face, no subliminal  
Straight craze, fuckin' maniac, act cynical  
Finish you, you's a little nigga, raps minuscule  
Fuck is wrong with these niggas?  
What in your mind would make you think I'd do a song with these niggas?  
I know hitters, pimpers and killers  
Lions, tigers, gorillas  
Leave you tied up for a skrilla  
Won't find you 'til next December  
Salute to the foundin' fathers  
That birthed you when you was little  
And saved you from all the sorrow  
They did it so we wouldn't have to do it  
But we all want a taste, take a bite, taste the fluid  
Drew, knew it, paper, blew through it, whole crew stupid  
Bar fights, dark nights, but we all got through it (That's Boot Camp)  
I'm my brother's keeper 'til the day I'm sleepin'  
Eat thy food, roll a tree and put your feet up, Apartheid