

The first verse is the worst
Like why the f**k they call you Jesus Price, nigga?
And you curse in church
Napoleon complex, niggas earth your Lurch
f**k a hook, nigga, earth my turf
Nah I mean, gave a pound of vile pork, beat Malachi off
Had to slap him in the face, with a Ballantine cloth
Silverback Sean's happy on songs, I ain't dissing
Just you muthaf**kas listening wrong, listen
Cock diesel niggas smoking on crack, Tony Atlas
Fast forward flowing, you Thelonious baskets
I mastered ya style and mastered ya styles
I fight the fair one then blast a round with the pound
Sean is the best, ya'll niggas is the opposite, pa
Shut the f**k up, put a sock in it, pa, be quiet
I put a hole in ya hat, Jesus Price soul controller of
rap, amen
This that hard body shit, punk shotty shit
Niggas shooting the party up over a bitch, shit
This that ignorant shit, niggas pull a trigger, quick
This what ignorance is, yea fire and all this
If you dealing with rich, then we gon' take it
And if you dealing with chips, then we gon' take it
But if you dealing with tips, ma, then shake it
Cause my niggas is in this shit, and that's crazy
It's the five foot gorilla with the mind of a killa
Killing every nigga in sight, murdered by ya mirror
I'll reflections of a protecting ya face
Bitches tucking in they necklace when I step in the
place
Niggas acting like they hard, but they soft as Jell-O
You can tell them niggas pussy, when they by, hello
I know, I was scoping you, was hoping I fall
Like a pair on design shorts, no, not at all
I'm not the one, but I got that two
And if you need me to add on more, I bring it through
Cause I got a trunk for niggas who say they ain't
scared
Go for your gun, I let my mack ten braid ya hair
With a little style, I call presto change-o
When the bullets in the chamber, I press it to change,
yo
Right back atcha, with the knife and bat atcha
Better ask you could I smack you, if I didn't, I was
glad
Yeah, run a good tree from the yard, then
Juxx make you lick shots pon de squad, then
I rock rock with that bang bang boogie
Stomp through hot blocks with that thang thang with me
It's all gravy and mashed potatoes, I smash haters
Bust bullets, blast tazers, slash razors
Say my rap sheet is longer than my wrap sheet
Young niggas ask me, rhyming to a rap beat
Crack in the days of the eighties
Produced alotta inner city hood crack babies
Bird niggas moving like a chicken with his throat slit
But I bet I lean 'em when I hit 'em with this dope shit

Never slip, slack off and blowing your back off
Niggas is wack soft, we throwing your track off
Never got a pack off, f**k the jack off
I'm a let the latch off and pop ya cap off
Other Sean Price songs