

# Fight Club

Sean Price

What up Crummie Beats?

Impossible my flow knock the wolves off of hells kitchen  
Hell of a vision  
I body into hell, listen  
Master park shootouts I'm after dark routes  
Knock on your door and throw a shark inside your house, nigga  
Open wide I made metal wolves cry  
With your misfortune and catastrophic collide  
The reason that I'm high is 'cause my momma just died  
I didn't even cry I just tried to murder the sky  
Another level my inner soul was embezzled  
Act disrespectful, my shooter rating successful  
I'm hood fights, I'm the six bullets that hit Suge Knight  
Nothing sugar here, I'm the nigga from the brook nights  
With no emotions see I vocally pop guys  
Pop goes the weasel, smoke spinach I'm Popeye  
Glock threads the needle, Dessert Eagle the flock fly  
Fall into apocalypse an animal archive  
Illa!

Barbarians

Best friends with Illa Ghee, I see y'all scared of him  
Fuck rap, they gotta be crooks  
Shook over shit, written in Prodigy book  
Real shit, fam damn and quick to cut a head  
Field trips, ham sandwich with the Wonder Bread  
Slap hoes, eat bacon  
Clap toes, feet shakin'  
So tough this nigga Ruck  
Write something better, so what I don't give a fuck  
Never ran, never will  
Then I ran when that mans hand's on the steel  
I'll be back though  
I'll be strapped, clap gats at black folks  
Decepts jumping your kids  
No black on black crime, I just hunt where I live  
P!

Off the top this will body your night club  
Who wanna die against this lyrical fight club  
Fuck a rapper ain't nothing here like us  
Who want to die agains this lyrical fight club  
Off the top this will body your night cub  
Who wanna die against this lyrical fight club  
Fuck a rapper ain't nothing here like us  
Who want to die agains this lyrical fight club, nigga