

Good Lobster

Sean Price

I punch a beat walker in his face
My name is Royal Flush a extra gun is on my waist
Both arms look like a nigga caught a case
I can't go for that like I'm Hall and Oates

Anoint defecation
Shut the fuck up nigga, the point exclamation
Hatin', loud mouth rappin'
Found out yappin'
Pow the pound out clappin'

Slap on any man
Spittin' grams
Verbal minivan
Sipping Henny, murder Minnie on your Instagram
Bodyslam rap, aiming for your clap twista
Razor blade rap slice you in your back, rippa

You rap niggas, I clap niggas
I see you with your momma, still slap niggas
You're all bitches, you're fake fucks
Talk shit to Flush and get fucked up
My gun's tucked

Back rippa, the black nigga
Orange box cutter ock suckers and whack niggas
Rap liver, open hand slap, saliva
Out your face, embrace the eight, no survivor
P

Watch rhythm
Socialize I'm a monster hitman
This a hit I'm putting AIDs inside the solar system
Solar wish, rocking polo so emotionaless
Hold the fifth
Quasimoto this is ogre shit

Shit, I'm in this music, I mastered this
Walk like I'm Aerosmith
In the corner I'm holding grip
This what we gotta get
When it's rich it's all rich
I'll be with your bitch and send her back quick

Better than most
The most high, the veteran dope
Elegant never delicate poet Black president, shit I never did vote
Black devil, clap metal, remember to smoke
P

Black Metallica
Metal malice massacre
Masochistic
Half sadistic, sick algebra
Gun is high caliber
Calculating sex trips to Cali
Illa fatality

Saudi Arabia

Wish death on your first born
First 48 toss the eight on the Autobahn
Order Sean, but Sean give orders
Kick your bitch down the steps and I guess I abort her

Second born
Take a second than your skin is torn
I ain't I ain't giving niggas warnings
Murder in the morning
Hear a lot of shots when I'm yawning
Body the whole show when I'm performing

It's cocaine on the speedboat
Catch me in the local clubs you know I got that cheap coke
Hot time, long coat
The gun got a damn scope
Hit you in your damn throat
I'm the mayor let's all vote

P!
Still here bastard
Clap ratchet, you ball at the wheelchair classic
Chill, you feel real rap shit
Wack shit you spill until the mac spit, bong

Wacka Flocka
Glock in your ankle sock
Hot rock your roster
Illa don't rap on the beat I blaze soccer
Pop cops, chop of blocks and box boxers
Holla

The niggas that I'm with is 'bout them street collars
And give you the biscuit first like Red Lobster
You're imposters, with fake drama
I crack your team in half like some good lobster

One more time