

John Gotti

Sean Price

Yeah!

Outlandish, I brandish the weapon of mass
Destruction, I cut 'em, I'm bustin' yo' ass
Sucka-ass cats be sufferin' succotash
Sylvester, still wreck you, fuck's this trash? (Woo)
I'm Sean Price (Price) and the price is millions
Gang-raid mother, the soul of a thousand children
Half God body, other half Rob Zombie
Lift chrome, gets dissed on like I'm John Gotti
Investin' in chrome, Sylvester Stallone
First blood, the first slug rest in ya dome
Uh, the man stunt with the God step
I'm old school like manhuntin' the projects
Believe it, dude
Undisputable bars, you far from believable
I epitomize fuzzy
Then dignify sky-rise that signified Bugsy

'Dro indo, a nine milly, my truly fly
Lay a nigga out like Cochise in Cooley High
Headshots, death shots, red tops
Mediterranean cuisine at the best spots
À la carte or whole menu for wifey
Baby backs with good head and some Nikes
Don't take me lightly
Half these suckas, they wanna fight me
What's they reason? They girl want a piping
Popped the E and drunk the forty 'til they said I was hyphy
This ain't no live feed, this is my life, G
A crazy Puerto Rican, split your head to the white meat
Get a nigga hit up in the bing when the kite leave
It's Coronelli Capone
I'm the reason E.T. phone home, 'cause he pussy
Pop-off on the rookies
The empire get fired upon, and quickly

I don't hit weed, the weed hits me, I'm just G
Don't ask if I rap, I emcee
I rhyme dangerous, trigger finger hand gestures
Won't spell it out, I'm illiterate to all sign language
I'm anguish, workin' ya nerves, purgin' the verbs
Never been a nerd with the words
No I don't splurge on a bird, she gets nada
Burnin' herb on the block, no ?
But still I feel a power surge
Find me where the dollars merge
Beat your shot clock 'fore you chop a bird
Choose your sport from where the users snort
And violate rules in court
Like a black John Gotti style
Blowin' trial in a pair of crocodiles
And yeah, we still the hottest out
Where the fake shit is not allowed

I'ma giant, you's a hobbit, wack like a mob hit
Gun bust ya shit, leave your whole knot gushin'
Like a Russian with slick-back hair named Vitali

Son, you ain't a G, you more like, "Gee, golly"
We prolly steppin', women all swoon
Who's rude, a tall goon and still read Carl Jung
They said pick one side, what are we, ten? (What are we, ten?)
I wanna watch CNN and listen to C-N-N
Scooped her in the hooptie, the new side chick groupie
Waves be three-sixty like Anderson Coop's
This for my cats who step in the spot and make the party theirs
Took the GB, TECs and some Cartiers
Dudes who had to read as hobby and were still out
Committin' robberies, that's a juxtaposition
In the lobby with Prosecco on the glass
Spy, spaz, never let a set goal pass, check it
Before they all Gusto with low cash
Rap dudes better learn to keep them shekels stashed
We both put out projects that had people ravin'
'Cause my shit is a classic and yours techno trash
Cats be drinkin', world prolly end, then some Somalian
Butt pirates take their drinks and slip some molly in
I'm a classic, man, type S for the package
You wack, even your white friends is laughin'