

## Latoya Jackson

Sean Price

Yo, stop frontin' (yeah)  
And use your head, let's go

Clap with the O'Toole  
Tre Deuce, that take you back to the old school  
Pain that is raw, Rudy, rap, and gin, uh  
If Kane battled raw, Kool G Rap would win  
Better than most, veteran spoke the truth  
In the booth, little youth need boots  
I'm loadin' the four, homie  
Gun son niggas now go to the store for me, haha  
No doubt, Sean is the veteran, better than most out, most out  
Better B-boy  
Beam me up Scottie, this shotty's for Leonard Nimoy  
Sell crack in Iraq, that's the desert D-boy  
Pocketless sweatpants, dammit the man Leroy (Leroy)  
Rap rules peasants  
Pa, I'm gettin' the, ah, the Black Bone record, P

Yo, stop frontin', and use your head  
Yo, stop frontin', and use your head  
Yo, stop, stop, stop frontin'  
Yo-yo, stop, stop frontin'  
Yo, stop, stop frontin' and use your head-head

Bruh, your whole life's a letdown  
Your dawgs call you a bitch, bitches don't call you  
Rats call you a snitch, snitches call you connect  
Your baby mom's a street bum who still calls collect (Hello?)  
Vamps bite, wolves take chunks from my neck  
You Twilight, I'm Michael J. Fox in his prime  
Cujo flow for niggas slobberin' and barkin'  
Sandlot, Bambino's ballin' a beast (Beast)  
Shittin' on your plans to walk the yard where we eat  
Roshambo your kids, airbag your seats, pricks  
Still cop nicks to smoke these  
High grade when hittin' it works like old cheese  
You be at the liquor store sellin' burned DVDs  
My life cold as ice, Rick James, Teena Marie  
Used to be the smart guy, T. Mowry  
Now you caught me, turn to be test for Maury, P

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Yo, stop, stop, stop frontin'  
Y-yo, stop, stop frontin'  
Yo, stop, stop frontin' and use your head

Yo, the opera anthem, shots are random, opps were standard  
The gold package a old rapper with tantrums  
Can't be dumb, handfuls of chrysanthemums  
All linen, lookin' like women  
P a vet, grow hair out, it's a Chia Pet  
We expect you to dress just like Madia, yep  
Uh, Denaun shook ya ego  
Slave to the rhythm, peep the god book of negroes  
Deploy the fashion

Wack dresses, shit that's tattered, Latoya Jackson  
Rap solely with the fam'  
Smoked out, broke, ravioli in the can  
Two cans of pink salmon  
Take the bones out, the chroves out them like Malcolm  
(That's a negro that's out of his mind)  
Seen flow developin'  
Bank flow low though, Franco-American, uh  
American Werewolf in London  
Lookin' for The Beatles and dressin' like Don Cheadle, P

Go, go, go, go  
Ho, hey, ho, hey