

Midnight Rounds

Sean Price

Know right, teach 'em right
Play close to sun, found what heat is like
Fangs on them wolves lookin' eager, right?
Wolves wanna see what you bleedin' like
Gods on the mic, keep the procedure tight
Beg on your life, we obsolete ya like
Hush, lil' nigga, you don't need to fight
Midnight round, escort you to the light

Dead satellite, free WiFi, encefalo
It's a consolation prize for reparations held in escrow
Salt, pepper, barbeque, ketchup on the eggroll
Fried rice, no vegetable
Presidente beer cap, brittle rap, you lose
I fell out the tomb to drop the boom on you niggas
That drop forbidders over brown water
Uh, the color match your eyes, inner-thighs, sorta
Freshman Friday on the short bus
Thinkin' like, "How can I be righteous and not war touched?"
Sean, can I have a word with you? (What up?)
Blowin' boom under blood, more vertical, word to who?
Son, dude most merciful, burnin' loot
I swerve, curb serve both tragic and absurd
Naked fiends like the full-length furs
Powderhead says she need a perm
Wrote the song and forgot the words
Give him space, he's a bit distrubed

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He did away with his Nikes, wrote 'em off as shark food
Deep beneath the waves, prune fingers grip the harpoon
Bringeth doom, fashion rappers into minks, used for toons
Clitoral, but never once moved from his barstool
Can't lose, make 'em feel like he crave news
Frank that same dude that pineapple with A. Cruz
Hookshot, lobs to that foxhole, let the reaper see 'em off
Death swung you niggas like police batons
Miracle man, one word'll do you rappers in
Tread through Hell, left with barely a singe
I'm from power, not shekels
Equipped with metal to startle daredevils
I'm stonefaced to what you lames peddle
Comin' at these kids like a case worker
They chest-poke, but them shaky hands scream nervous
The livin' moment of a cobra when it rise before it strikes
Well, honestly, I need a better diet than these mice

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The camp mega-trife, midnight round, escort you to the light

P, too, demonite
Screamin' on the corner like a Hebrew Isrealite
(As a matter of fact, as a prophet of God
I will tell you what's up
I hope your whole family drop dead tonight)
Fightin' with the titan
Wolf thug love, niggas is likin' the Lykan
Bullshit thugs get a knife to your Nike an'
Pop your air bubble, yeah, niggas will fear trouble
Uh, the man popped thirty
Off digital jam, the Hancock Herbie
P, a thug in his essence
Fuck faggots if applyin' love is the message
Sean poppin' for the nation
I'll pay 'em, non-non-profit organization
Uh, I'll beat ya ass for free
Then sip weed grass with Talib Kweli
P!