

Refrigerator P

Sean Price

It go, nice rap and Mic Tyson fans, no
Tight fashion, might jack sedans
Dancing machine
Adamantium rapping regime
The shit you holding is dead colon cancer the cream
The slugs move everything around me, S.M.E.A.M
Huh? What the fuck that mean?
Kick over the kids stroller nigga Ruck that mean
Mean Gene Okerlund spoken the word of Kareem
So sacrilegious with the word rhyme gestures
Sold crack to bitches in their third trimester
You know how it go
You know my flow dope ala Héctor Lavoe
Never catch P on the girl song
I smack shit out your "We Are the World" song
Get a hater scary
My defense intense Refrigerator Perry

Yo
Shot somebody fam, clapped the nine
Lock my body, can't trap my mind
Raps divine father, father divine I
Conversate with the congregation that's relating with mine
You new to the one, two
Can't escape your fate
Great who can I run to?
True, words of nerds don't hurt me
Half man half machine, the team's Murphy
On and on 'til the break of dawn
Making Shawn mad she like, "Dad fuck making songs"
Nigga the gun out
Gun pop and one cops say, "nigga done gummed out"
Get a hater scary
My defense intense, Refrigerator Perry

Lock my body, can't trap my mind
Lock my body, can't trap my mind
My defense intense, Refrigerator Perry
P!

I'm a hardcore hip-hop artist
I am, what I am
And that's what you get when you listen to Sean Price
That, you know what I mean?
I'm not trying to reinvent the wheel
This is what I do
You wanna hear that kinda shit?
You best to fuck with me, 'cause I'm the best there is at what I do