

The Bryan Song

Sean Price

(When you gonna realize money is the king of the land
The color of your skin doesn't matter when you got it in your hand)

I got that feeling to clap
A young black Bob Dylan of rap
You can fill in the gap
Sacrilegious, dick in the mouth of bad bitches
It's cool when it's G Rap on roads to riches
On fleek when I tilt my own beep, beep I'm vicious
Deep with the bullets I speak sleeps your mistress
No assistance, ghetto icing on the sentence
I'm different, pissing on the world from a distance

Alejandro!
Metal detect
Detect metal, level your set
Benevolent and legit, I'm the exceptional vet
The vet sent death threat direct express
One way ticket to hell, jail, fuck with the best
P, boss with a violent past
Break north, get lost like the Tribe of Shabazz
Knowledge 120
Breaking compounds down the brolic gun dummy
P!

The viking, the Brother Mouzone
Get your thoughts thrown from verbal to hand chrome
Rap predators don't get caught in the feeding
This is Mic Tyson writing social graffiti
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Ravaging the booth rapping shit
Savage in pursuit of happiness
I don't co-sign with some poor thoughts
Of bitch niggas eating collard greens with salt pork
This is the onslaught
The fifth have you rocking on the shit that your son brought
Glad to meet ya
Push your wig back you got alopecia
P!

Master Illa massacre
Move at any matter it don't matter
Illa is better than competitor
Your chatterbox get boxed in and brain splattered
Rain Pain captured in my vein
Cocaine like metaphors
Aim high in plain sight
Poke her on a plane pipe put in your dame
Got a .44 focus on your fame slain the predator
Legendary, I'm every murder inside America

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(Because I am so cool...)