## **Think About It**

Yeah P! Ooh... hahaha... They're the same What you talking? We're the same Don't you see? What you thinking, what you talking? Huh? Listen Think about it P!

The weight of the world on my shoulders Take the weight and make the weight into boulders Take the boulders and break 'em down into pebbles Take the God body, break it down to a devil (Uh) I'm thinkin' I'm wrong, uh, I'm thinkin' I'm nice Think the fur match the hat, think Frank hit the fight (P) I'm thinkin' I'm makin' the crowd hyper Think I'm thinkin' wrong, that's emphatically now, cypher Thinkin' 'bout it, wait, erase ya rhyme Or keep the shit if you think I'm lyin' I think I got a whole lot of skills I think you need your purse pulled, think them dollar bills (Bills) I think yo unknown, holmes, who are you, pimp? I think my goons dance with brooms like you Boogaloo Shrimp Hahaha, I think I am, I think I ain't I think you is, who give a fuck? P

Think about that Then think about this

I think my name Illa, I know that I'm a G I know I wear a mask so you never know it's me You gotta know your enemies, uh, so know the ledge And never know nothin' when you locked up with the feds C'mon son, you know I know the rules of the game It's a no-no to not know my bullets will rain If you know like I know, my flow is cold as Chicago So act like you know, I'd rather battle than blow With full clips, I'm on my bullshit, I'm Derrick Rose My rhymes is black power, white powder through the nose I rock like Price partner, I'm solid as a rock When I rap I rock harder, like crack Rock of Gibraltar Rock you in your face, rock your brain with your nosebone I rock with many but I'd rather rock alone I'd still throw a rock if I lived in a glass home Your clothes outta pocket 'cause hole in you, rock and roll

Think about that Then think about this

I don't know, I think so, I guess Guess I'm 'posed to tell you somethin' different, don't hold y'all breath I ain't with the guessin' games, guess again, I let it bang And I just guessed I was invited since Illa said my name

**Sean Price** 

Rockness, the apocalypse of this pop shit No need to guess who, Gestapo couldn't have stopped this Monster, the guest of honor, fuck a guest list We'll be able to guess what you had for breakfast Yo, your guess is as good as mine, educated guess, bitch Cleanup man with a street sweeper, made a mess again No question, monster angles the reckless I guess it just ain't in your Guess jeans, you get left, bitch That's just it, niggas gettin' too big for they britches, snitches Stitches ain't gettin' the snitches, need ditches up in 'em Fuck your feelings, you feel I'm too violent I'm feelin' like fillin' the pump and huntin' niggas Guess who Think about that Then think about this Think about it... Think about it... Think about it... Think about it Don't waste ya time, erase ya rhyme 'cause it cannot fuck with mine Think about that, then think about this Think about it Think about that, then think about this Think about it Think about that, then think about this Think about it Think about that, then think about this Think about it Think about that, then think about this Think about it Think about that, then think about this Think about it Think about that, then think about this Think about it Think about that, then think about this Think about it Think about that, then think about this Think about it Think about that, then think about this Think about that, then think about this Think about that, then think about this Think about it