

Title Track

Sean Price

[Verse 1:]

I'm the best in the borough, I'm the best in the city
I'm the best of the state, and the rest of you fakes
Don't question the ape, throw the sket at your face
Bang, bang, shoot 'em up, make a mess of the place
Oh, you a E head, oh, you a weed head
I got a big gun, bigger than Maxi Priest dreads
Fuck a rhyme though I'm on back on my grind mode
Me and my connect keeping it kosher like Shyne Po
How that nine go? Where your guns at?
Faking moves, 80's fool, he a lunch pack
This a dumb rap, but I can rap smarter
The educated rapper, the African Godfather
Just shoot and spray, Ruck boomaye
Mandingo warrior from the Alajuela
Y'all niggas know the flow is weak and
Your bitch suck dick for show tickets

[Verse 2:]

Yo, you a battle rapper
You be rapping in battles
I shoot the shit up, duke, it's a wrap for the battle
Niggas yapping they tatttle
It's a wrap when I catch you
Chrome to your eyefold, you got clapped at your apple
I'm God's favorite
I'm flagrant, arms facing
I'm breaking your arms while niggas raping your moms naked
P forever, I'm better, the wordsmith
Lyrically Michael the Tyson, you Trevor the Berbick

Smack a nigga on sight, B
Adidas track suit with Nikes
Mean mugging who? Your jeans colorful
Rainbow Brite, good night, I can't f**k with you
You a lame, homie, do ya thing, homie
Put your head between your legs and do your thing, homie
Literally, y'all niggas is bitch boys
The last LP - I quit, boy