

By the Way (feat. Torae)

Sean Price

The fist to your face claiming Muhammad Ali shaking
Fist full of chips
grated, gotta be P caking
Whimp you with Jim faking, gotta be P aping
I sell white rock, and clap canons
I'm old school like white rock soda and backgammon
Sean is a starving artist
I gain a lot of weight cause a nigga eating regardless
You a target, and talk about bullseye
You a Target employee, a good guy
And ain't nothing wrong with that, nigga
Ain't nothing wrong with this
I make something strong with rap, nigga
And guess what, the nigga next up
He can't make a song for shit
Cornell West
But I can make death ring your doorbell next, kid
I told y'all I'm with the family, chill
Don't sleep on a phone call, it'll get your family killed
Gotta be who bodied the song
Cause Brownsville ill, gotta be on
Gotta be -- what the fuck is you on?
Popping pills, chopping krills -- what the fuck is you doing?
Gotta be the best rapper to spit it
Gotta let these niggas know who still actually live it, P
It gotta be P snapping
The fifth to your face, shake, I gotta be relapsing
Spit in your face, maybe gotta be P laughing
Gift from the eight? Great, it gotta be P clapping
I can't stand around you bitch niggas
Emph beam make your team steam like a
fish dinner
But the new shit burgandy
With new kicks straight from Munich, Germany
My net worth be making your neck jerk
Expert whenever, wherever the sket burst
The most fabulous flow
Yo, your whole shit dead, toe tag on the floor
Villain of speech, rappers play pretend with the beats
Hit with the knife, goodnight, then I send 'em to sleep
And the kit is like the Confederate General Lee

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>