

Battering Bars (feat. Pumpkin Head)

Sean Price

Nah mean
This is great, having fun
Ha ha, yeah, P!
What you say nigga? Fuck outta here
Listen, P!
It go, beast mode, I live by the street code
I beat foes the fuck up when the heat blows
Don't talk crazy on cell phones
Workers get ten off a buck like hell no
Hell yeah! I am that dude
Went bald, sell drugs, rapper with an attitude
Punch niggas through pizza shop windows
Red devil dust mixed with a little indo
Sean P, call me Kimbo
On drugs paranoid, who's lookin through my window
My nerves bad
English class failure, nigga my words bad
You herbs had your chance, it's my time
Serial killer theme music is my rhyme
In my prime, I'm a primate
Ape nigga when the 8 hit ya, that's my 9
The fuck outta here Yeah, battering bars, pa what's the matter with y'all
Simian twins, me and my friend shatter your squad
This is that trunk pop music, make you pull the ratchet out
Blood fire heat you up, then pull a casket out
I'm who you should ask about
I'll body any rapper, and get my paper back like Random House
Put your Henny up, and burn them trees down
Butcha laid the beat down, I'm like a beast now
You should not speak now, zip your lips God
Matter fact, log on to Shhhh Zip-It.com
My watch Flud, shirt Lo, kicks Nike Air
You'll never catch me in tight gear with spiked hair
Timb's standard issue, the pimp hand'll hit you
So hard it'll feel like a camel kicked you
I get ends and set trends
Roll with smokers that keep Bud on the side, like Rudy's best friend
Niggas talk crazy, like they just popped an ox
Come at me and Sean P like that, you'll get popped and oxed

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

