

# 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/>

