

# Haraam

Sean Price

Yo, Grown man fuck rappity rap  
P, Black eye apl.de.ap  
You will never catch me where the rappers be at  
I'm in the ville poppin pills, spliff an African black  
Uh, Keep quiet why you dudes so mean  
Cause I don't, Speak to dudes whose shoes all lame  
Get rid of ya team, fifth spit hittin ya team  
Ugandan lunch meat, I am Idi Amin  
I slap your snapback off  
for tryin ta snatch the god backpack off Muthafucker  
Niggas needin a song I'm like, Fuck rap then I read the Koran  
Kareem Said oh indeed, on my deen Hakeem  
Except when I rhyme  
every line from Sean is haraam  
I'm a work in progress  
Came a long way from the jerk in the projects, ha ha  
Ah where was I, Oh yes  
Old school nigga blunt and a Becks  
Sean Price, sabado gigante  
You a chain snatcher, I'm Carlito Brigante, P!  
Spit bodies, you be hardly rappin  
My shit off the wall, pa you Marlon Jackson  
All that rappin, flashin, cashin, fashion  
Don't make me, snatch him, catch him, slap him, stab him  
Everything that your crew do wrong  
Everyday I get dressed singin the new shoes song (New Shoes)  
I make the K spray ill (bong)  
Fam with the hammer, I am Beta Ray Bill, P!

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