

STFU, Pt. 2

Sean Price

All I do is rap and rhyme
I don't know today's math, don't keep track of time
Universal beat down, beat down your universe
Sean P AKA you the worstThe best rapper, the worst rapper
The sket clapper, the purse snatcher
The neck snapper, the Earth slapper
This your man Sean
The opposite of a fucking Duran Duran song
That nigga soft with the wack shit
My raps slap the Earth off of it's axis
You dealing with a motherfucking boss, you bastard
Niggas die when I'm raising my voice a ratchet
Motherfucker, do you
Form a fan, cast it, smacked posted on YouTube
P, I spray the gat at your ride
Sean Price the greatest rapper alive
Shut the fuck up
The first verse uno, second verse dos
First verse is bueno, the next one is boss
Back when Milk was chilling
My man smoked a bag of dust and killed his childrenNo fucking around, no Wilt the
stilingNiggas that's off balance gets killed for tilting
I bang burners at bitches that's built for building
Cover your Ralph Tresvant, quilt your feelings
Too hot, take off the hot sweater
Expose a lot of cheddar, get popped with a hot Beretta
African boss Mandela
Idi Amin when smoking the ya mean
Clutching the pound
Then I start waving my arms and fucking around
Niggas stop playing with Sean, listen
I spit prison imam bars
That'll put you in a ER, paShut the fuck up

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