

# 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

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