

## By the Way

Sean Price

Gotta be P hating  
The fist to your face claiming Muhammad Ali shaking  
Fist full of chips grated, gotta be P caking  
Whimp you with Jim faking, gotta be P aping  
I sell white rock, and clap canons  
I'm old school like white rock soda and backgammon  
Rap phantom, Sean is a starving artist  
I gain a lot of weight cause a nigga eating regardless  
You a target, and talk about bullseye  
You a Target employee, a good guy  
And ain't nothing wrong with that, nigga  
Ain't nothing wrong with this  
I make something strong with rap, nigga  
And guess what, the nigga next up  
He can't make a song for shit  
P - mad smart, no Cornell West shit  
But I can make death ring your doorbell next, kid  
I told y'all I'm with the family, chill  
Don't sleep on a phone call, it'll get your family  
killed

Gotta be Sean  
Gotta be who bodied the song  
Cause Brownsville ill, gotta be on  
Ruckus, you wrong  
Gotta be - what the f\*\*k is you on?  
Popping pills, chopping krills - what the f\*\*k is you  
doing?  
Gotta be the best rapper to spit it  
Clap in a minute  
Gotta let these niggas know who still actually live it,  
P

It gotta be P snapping  
The fifth to your face, shake, I gotta be relapsing  
Spit in your face, maybe gotta be P laughing  
Gift from the eight? Great, it gotta be P clapping  
I can't stand around you bitch niggas  
Emph beam make your team steam like a fish dinner  
But the new shit burgandy  
With new kicks straight from Munich, Germany  
My net worth be making your neck jerk  
Expert whenever, wherever the sket burst  
The most fabulous flow  
Yo, your whole shit dead, toe tag on the floor  
Villain of speech, rappers play pretend with the beats  
Hit with the knife, goodnight, then I send 'em to sleep  
Nigga, General P  
And the kit is like the Confederate General Lee  
P!

[Hook]