

# Church Bells

Sean Price

Rastafari-ari  
Haile Selassie eye  
Taj Mahal ghost limit us, oh  
Empress [?], oh

Ah when the church bell ring  
And you hear the fat lady sing  
Them shooters never ever try this again  
Man dead, we shot with fire  
No start no fling, no, oh  
When the church bell ring  
And when the fat lady sing, oh, oh  
Them shooters never mistaken  
Man dead, we shot with fire  
No start no fling, no, no, no, no, no

P too Screamin' on the corner like a Hebrew Israelite  
Frightened with the titans  
Wolf thug love, niggas is likin' the lycan  
Bullshit thugs get a knife to your Nike and  
Pop your air bubble, yeah niggas don't fear trouble  
Uh, the men pop thirty  
Off digital jam, the Hancock Herbie  
Go, P, a thug in his essence  
Fuck faggots, unrequited love is the message  
Sean poppin' for the nation  
Or pay him, non-non-profit organization  
Uh, I beat your ass for free  
Then sip weed grass with Talib Kweli, P

Oh, yes, sing  
Ah when the church bell ring  
And you hear the fat lady sing  
Them shooters never ever try this again  
Man dead, we shot with fire  
No start no fling, no, oh  
When the church bell ring  
And when the fat lady sing, oh, oh  
Them shooters never never mistaken  
Man dead, we shot with fire  
No start no fling, no, no, no, no, no  
No, no, no, no

Yo, uh, to whom it may concern  
I'm not concerned with whatever this shit may concern  
My eighth burn in place, your ashes in the urn  
Compassionate with rappin', lot of action with the words  
I'm what you hope to be, vocally  
Socially a misfit, loco with the biscuit  
Uh, cry ouch when I enter  
My GemStar make your Goose fly for the winter  
No fashion, a fad  
Drug traffickin', rappin', stashin' the smack in the cab  
African-American, more American than African  
Crackers wanna put me in the box and send me back with them  
Top five, I'm top gun  
Rappers all wack with the raps, but not son

Nigga, you fell for the knife's slaughter, fool  
Sean cool, in Hell with ice water, P

Ah when the church bell ring  
And you hear the fat lady sing  
Them know them shooters never mistaken  
Man dead, we shot with fire  
No start no fling  
Oh, when the church bell ring  
And when the fat lady sing  
Them shooters never mistaken  
Man dead, we shot with fire  
No start no fling, no

Today we're going to learn how to play the P Chord. The first thing you want to do is get your fingers in this position. And if you lift your middle finger, it becomes a P Minor