

# Church

Sean Price

Big word halitosis, multiple scoliosis  
Doctor Kill, giving the rap dosage  
Postage stamped, signed, sealed, delivered  
Distributed through out the hood, muthafucka, what's good?  
Exciting, unorthodox, biting, ought to stop fighting  
Fuck it, now I'm forced to box  
You got 22 tattoos, you 2Pac  
You tattoo much, touch like 2Pac, dude, that sucks  
Smack saliva, out the side of ya face, I ain't trying to be rude  
But dude, you fruit, so I gotta make grace, choir -  
(Jesus Price has all the time)  
Yeah, all praises due to the rhyme, ya'll niggas is foul  
Fuck it, Sean'll shoot two from the line  
Two for the nine, I leave lead in ya jaw and ya rock  
These niggas ain't ready for war, let 'em know

I told 'em, these rookies ain't ready for retardation  
In it's realest form in rap, this street car racing  
Rebellious, rederic, heat start blazing  
After that, I seen Caucasians, in the streets all taping shit up  
They could be trying to piece ya faces back together  
You keep on playing, you hear?

Yeah, The Loudmouf Choir, luger lifting your name  
The word-a-matician, magician, David Blaine on your chain

Oops upside your head, we smack you oops upside your head  
You wearing suits and a towel on your head  
And eating soup with the noodles and eggs

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Ok, new word, respeckanize my gangstaforcation and g-dentials  
You scared to fire, banging your face through ya Jeep window  
Get ya window shot up, in a residential area  
And left, fuck a ocean and sea-ment you  
This time it's the principality, punk  
You a point to prove, put the pistol back, you'se a punk  
Push your shit all the way off, a producer para-loser  
Yeah, pussy, that's you, chump  
All that yackety yackety, your teeth, where the animals be  
You get your ass beat, baddily, gradilly, P, Alkatraz  
And the Beast Master, take a stab at me  
See all kind of red dots on ya face like bad acne  
Nappy piece to be praying for ya niggas  
While I'm getting my vulture on, preying on ya'll bitches, choir  
(Ruck, Rock, Ruck N Roll, get you both on this collar hydro)  
Yeah that's how I got my Bronx bitch, she breakdance and bomb trains  
The fifty pop blocker, while giving me bar bread  
Asking you car banger, and she go all way  
She gone, go where I say, she know where ya'll stay, suckas

Yeah, ya'll niggas 'ready to die', blast the sket  
And then you realize, ain't no fucking 'life after death'  
Smash your chest with a fucking medicine ball

You think you nice, but I'm better than ya'll  
Listen, Tommy Tee on the beat, Loudmouf is the Choir  
Heltah Skeltah on they job, and you fuckas is fired

The fire supplier, forget your squad  
Nigga, I'm dope like the tits on Oz, get your nod off

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