

Clans & Cliks

Sean Price

Shame on a nigga that try to run game
Get a hollow point brooded in your brain, Wu-Tang, nigga
One nation for the people, ain't nobody equal
We the chosen few, here to go insane, Boot Camp, nigga
This a chessboxin' mystery and goin' down in history
The 36th chamber full of flames, Wu-Tang, nigga
Microphones on the last stand, the world is in my hands
Basic training's over, time to war

Ayo the rap nigga got a shotgun in his hand
Let off, the wheelchair nigga got up and ran
Died with his man, shot up the cameras, hopped in the van
Vanished, but son will come out tomorrow and blam
Rock is a damn animal, monster
Bigfoot, I will sasquash ya to Godzilla, take a quick look
Brownsville crook, get bright with the beam
Take your french vanilla, butter pecan, ya ice and your cream

Monster rapness with my nigga
Flow like a pound of loud how we got the spot lit
See that white light flash right before I hit you
I shoulda just rocked pinstripes with the whistle
I'm so official
I'm so forreal, so physically I'll
Sickness, no cure, no prescription or pill
Can stop the head crack, this is too fire for the 6
Wu-Camp Clik, you know my niggas do that shit, do that shit

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It's only natural, actual facts are thrown at you
Impact'll blow trees back and crack statues
One thing's for sure, two things for certain
Gun game is raw, I do things in person
Face my fears, make this clear
That ain't fear no man except God, you hear?
P, now back to my typical verse
Murder, death, kill, Brownsville, don't get hurt, P
Chief hard bars
Bullet to your brain frame is beef tartare
Bloody and gun hungry, fallin' back with the tower
Studyin' 120, call me back at the God hour
Knowledge my wisdom
See me with Bernadette, you must acknowledge my wisdom
I got three kids and claim two on taxes
Popped three wigs and made two closed caskets, Wu-Tang

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This for diamond rockers, ice lit
Known to take off in choppers
Motorcycle gloves on
Drugs in the Benz poppers
Hood caviar, been savvy, God
Harry Winston bangles
Flooded with 40 karats of Pringles
A vet rhymer, fly as a jetliner
Look at the wall, mad pictures of my team, I regret grindin'
Brick paper, flip paper, known to just vic paper
Yo slide off and rewind the time
Should the peep and my niggas we eatin'
This the movie makin'
Buy big jewels, fuck with the dimes
Oven roast one of y'all post and tryna be the most
You not real, you fuck around and get lined
This is facts, either you winnin', God, or gettin' taxed
Givin', chest cave niggas and give 'em that
Meet the fly Jameson boys, 10 to 12 toys
Meet the , buy your bitch oysters and blow her back out

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Incarcerated scarfaces, Cuban links and matchin' bracelets
Just comin' home from catchin' violent drug cases
Them the niggas I be fuckin' with and groupie niggas eat a dick
New niggas out here doin' way too much sucka shit
On some wack shit, fuck this rap shit
Bust a Gat shit, Dru won't know what happened
'Cause I do a Doley, potato over pistoli
Fuck your fame, I want your life, fuck your Rollie

I flow fluently, who I be? That villain
Of your beeswax, ease back 'fore I squeeze Gats
We don't need that, do we? Do we?
Just keep it rap, groovy
That lean and skinny jeans, that's why you rap booty
Hooties, kids in the hall, this is bigger than y'all
Monkeys in the middle, I'm like middle finger 'em all
I ain't got no issues, if you scared then get you a dog
I might Michael Vick you, take from the rich and give to the poor
Real fire, man

Grip the iron, man, like Tony Stark
Throwin' darts, watch the shallow farce, all the homies sharks
Know the arts, master killer bars holdin' golden arms
Leg, leg, arm, head to toe, dipped in camouflage
I Inspectah Deck rep Decepticons
Drizza with the RZA, y'all pawns on the chessboard
Cap ya dons, chef up hard bars, this is God degree

Float like a butterfly, sting like a killer bee

Boot Camp, nigga

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