

## Go Rambo

Sean Price

I know a man who's always right  
Says he's never wrong  
But one day when we needed his strength  
You found that all that gone

That's why I can't stand your ass now  
P!

Uh, go Rambo  
Four-four clap at them, open your toe sandals  
Oh no, the African rapper, the dope sample  
I told y'all cats when I'm focused, your flow shambles, P!  
I hit 'em harder with the large trey  
Bullets small but forward Iguodala the Andre  
Gun in my hand, the knife in the other  
Whichever one of them strike, say good night to your lover  
Lead pop, got mom dukes in a headlock  
No exaggeration duke, I'm tight with your mother, P!  
I don't listen to most rappers  
Most rappers suck, fuck, Ruck is the toast clapper  
Butter your bread, the gun to your head  
I eat, shit, sleep, murder, gun in my bed, P!  
Swing swords on the gunner pound  
Sean is the king, the lord of the underground  
Salute  
Fuck outta here, P!

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Pointing guns at my baby mother  
It's all gravy, throw the 80 at my baby brother  
Undiscovered, discuss gun squeezing, I hush hush the demons  
I'm the definition and the meaning  
On the scene, News 7, make reality dream wait  
I make fatality scream hate, so hate and say no more  
I'm spitting disrespectful from an ancient sword  
I ex-a-sketch then I X you like the angel's hoard  
When I rewind, see I seen it before  
So decline like mine, put the nine on the floor  
Peep in mind, I don't mind to put your mind on your door  
Mano y mano, couldn't stop the reign with the poncho  
Illa the animal, I'm straight from the Congo  
Flow as a tornado and this cradle in the condo  
Bottom line, sucker niggas, keep your distance  
Like a chess game, Illa keep a angle like a bishop  
Illa

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Mice say cheese, for the bread, it's all ground beef  
He probably ran to police before he found me

Always swim with the sharks, well then I harpooned them  
He ducked to water and swam, I got to part two 'em  
With the fish full of scale, I got to cook something  
I'll and Sean got a sale but there's some jooks coming  
I'm too good for the streets, I got my bachelor's  
I mean what's good with the beef, I got my spatula  
Dead bodies tell tales and open cold cases  
So put them back in the fridge the toes gray  
Bum, go Rambo  
Tank and plane got tape on both handles, bao  
Hit 'em from the land or above  
I handle a grudge so bitch will put a hand in my tub  
ICE, chill or be cold without a winter day  
I kill stars at the end like the movie Grey  
Wolf

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