

The 3 Lyrical Ps

Sean Price

Yeah, P!

(La musica de Harry Fraud)

I could tell by your beard you don't love Allah
You got the Bryant Gumbel face

It go, waste removal, we dispose brothers
Embarrassing the family, Keyshia Cole mother
Man down, stand down, blam rounds
Have bitch niggas thinking that me and my camp clowns
Listen, Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey
I'm strangling brothers, I'm harming them daily
I shoot a fair one with a midget
Duke, I shoot an airgun at a pigeon
Shut the fuck up
Y'all niggas is bantamweights
Fucking with the white with the Tony Montana face
Andre Iguodala
I smack shit out of you, make your padre give me dollars
I'm not just a rapper I'm a pain of my trade
Abstract art, just throw a grenade to your brains
Word to me and mine
Every word from P divine
I smack shit out of niggas dressing like Key of Shinee

Yeah

The rap great, the beat crazy
On the daily, serve bullets across your temple get grazed it
Blood pouring out that vein, that's not wavy
All I do in this world is get the money mainly
All I want in this world, my pretty Four pound in her Chanel clutch, yeah th
at's sweet
For the life, I'll put your brain next to your feet
Break all your toy soldiers and make it complete
Then take a couple double shots with the team
And party like it's 2020 on the beach
Life is what you make it so I made it iconic
I fuck her so good, yeah my dick is bionic
I'm dope like chronic, I'm nasty like vomit
I spit up a verse, on your level? I'm beyond it
Black Mafia, Infamous, on that Mobb shit
Baby, you are now rocking with the best, we good regardless

I hear you talking but it don't mean shit
'Cause niggas will pop on you like SEAL Team Six
Cheers to the killers in limousines
Those from Thailand with a ship through the Philippines
Soak the kerosene and thrown in the guillotine
Burnt with your head cut off, you don't dream
You're gelatin, my skeleton is like Wolverine's
Your family come for revenge, blow 'em to smithereens
I'm like Morpheus on opiates
Matrix, facelift with the can opener
Gatling on the stand whenever the van open up
Doors slide, hit your face like it's rawhide
Bullets hit your teeth like it's fluoride
I'ma bring you through hell, I'll be the tour guide
So what you want the hawk or the.45?

Don't you ask me 'bout no rappers they can all die