

Word to Mother

Sean Price

(Well, I've written
You know
Many verses in my secret garden
And now I'd like to share them with a few of you here today
Thank you, everybody)

Uh
Yeah, yeah
Rrr
Vainglorious
Listen
P!
Yo, yo

Every word that I utter, wo-wo-word that I stutter
Make me worldwide with words, say word, word to mother
I write word to paper, the paper reveal words
That make me a wizard, voilà, peep and observe
Professional, P is lethal with words
No evil intent, heaven-sent so believe in the word
Peep my words, (Words?) Heavenly words
Words that get me bread, said to be clever with words
See, I'm deep with words like Jacques Cousteau
Or I can be shallow, uh, I got that flow
See, my slow flow stands up
Leave you broke as a joke, homie, Jo Jo Dancer
The word been nice (Nice), the word been bad (Bad)
The word address your dressin', dressin' like Sinbad
P, my words crazy ill
I write money 'cause these words pay my fuckin' bills
P!

I'm the greatest poet alive!
I'm the greatest wordsmith ever...
I'm the.. I'm Robert Frost
I'm-I'm Lord Byron
My-my verses are impetuous
My rhymes impregnable

(Well, well, I'd just like to say
Thank you for the words
But, you know
We need this, too)

Word is born, the wordplay make you flip
A king with words, you know what I'm sayin'? Word up
Word to your mother, let the words flow
The fuck is Sean Price? And my word is born
Word up, word up
Wo-word up
Wor-wor-wor-word up
Word-word to the mother
Word up, wor-word up
Word up, word up
Word up, word-word
Word up, word to the motherfucker
P!

This is '86
This is like, the year
No tricks in '86
It's time to build
This the year, this that summer
That summer of '86 changed hip-hop forever