Bully Rap (feat. Realm Reality)

Sean Price

Nigga kill yourself!
Faggot-ass nigga, fuck outta hereUh, this that Brownsville bully rap
Hoodie rap, take a nigga chain, smoke the goodie track
Surrounded by the wolves in the wilderness
Liquor piss, slit your wrists so niggas won't get pistol-whipped
Mo' niggas won't get pistol-whipped
If I was you, then I'd probably have to slit my wrists
Sean price, the villain beatin' any feelin' this
Slit your wrists, so niggas won't get pistol-whippedUh, you cowards are bogus
Split head like red sea power of Moses
Due to my weight gain I had to double the dosage
Of drugs that I do, a nigga stay toasted
P! body, g harmin your bars off
Ruck keep you slumped in the pom-pom
Listen, god is the greatest, allahu akbar
Praise due, ooh threw hot rock at cop car
Off my deen, red like off the beam
Scorched the scene, niggas tryin to cross the team
Listen, nigga my 80 scorchin
Niggas comin with the cops, I'mma Tracy Morgan
Heh, I fuck around and throw your baby organs
Use your baby organs just to make a baby organ
Whoo! I sell dope to your momma
And I ain't even vote for Obama, P!Uh, this that Brownsville bully rap
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Sean price, the villain beatin' any feelin' this
Slit your wrists, so niggas won't get pistol-whippedYo, P! uh, I get paid to
Make music burst through walls like kool-aid came through
("oh yeah!") niggas came through with they tools and they goons childish
Funny when you niggas "bang zoom to the moon alice"
Keep it clean, sneaker fiend what it do dallas?
Heat set to death, I strike a nigga 'til hand callous
Uh, nigga you know how the fam go
Big bid, big nigga shoot at your Sam Crowe
Crewin' through shit like ludes was in there

Uh, blow two-fifth, I'm loony up in here
Uh, fuck around and I punch hats
Off niggas heads then replace that with dunce caps
Uh everybody and they son rap
Bang! everybody and they son clap
Hoo! I make money from the dope I push
To make it funny I ain't vote for Bush, motherfucker P!Uh, this that Brownsville bully rap
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Mo' niggas won't get pistol-whipped
If I was you, then I'd probably have to slit my wrists
Sean price, the villain beatin' any feelin' this
Slit your wrists, so niggas won't get pistol-whipped

Songwriters
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