

# Title Track

Sean Price

I'm the best in the borough, I'm the best in the city  
I'm the best of the state, and the rest of you fakes  
Don't question the ape, throw the sket at your face  
Bang, bang, shoot 'em up, make a mess of the place  
Oh, you a E head, oh, you a weed head  
I got a big gun, bigger than Maxi Priest dreads  
Fuck a rhyme though I'm on back on my grind mode  
Me and my connect keeping it kosher like Shyne Po  
How that nine go? Where your guns at?  
Faking moves, 80's fool, he a lunch pack  
This a dumb rap, but I can rap smarter  
The educated rapper, the African Godfather  
Just shoot and spray, Ruck boomaye  
Mandingo warrior from the Alajuela  
Y'all niggas know the flow is weak and  
Your bitch suck dick for show tickets Yo, you a battle rapper  
You be rapping in battles  
I shoot the shit up, duke, it's a wrap for the battle  
Niggas yapping they tattle  
It's a wrap when I catch you  
Chrome to your eyefold, you got clapped at your apple  
I'm God's favorite  
I'm flagrant, arms facing  
I'm breaking your arms while niggas raping your moms naked  
P forever, I'm better, the wordsmith  
Lyrically Michael the Tyson, you Trevor the Berbick Smack a nigga on sight, B  
Adidas track suit with Nikes  
Mean mugging who? Your jeans colorful  
Rainbow Brite, good night, I can't fuck with you  
You a lame, homie, do ya thing, homie  
Put your head between your legs and do your thing, homie  
Literally, y'all niggas is bitch boys  
The last LP I quit, boy

Songwriters

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