

One Two Yall

Sean Price

(Sean Price)

Ya'll motherfuckers do it for the love of the rap
I do it for the love of the rap, and the dubs and the lack
Do it for what dub in the black, in the club with the gat
Do it for the thugs in the back, who be hustlin' crack
Stop, y'all niggaz brand new to the game
My gun blow lead, two in ya brain
When it's all said and done, we gon' see what's up
Holla at Rock, he probably with Ruck
That was forever, my nigga Sean Price the boss
Slap niggaz talking about a Mike Tyson loss
I'm a broke rapper, hope that you like the floss
Plus a gold snatcher, four clapper, lights is off
None of y'all nice, all of y'all wack
And it's thirty eight snub noses, pressed in the small of ya back
Ya'll niggaz got hand skills, but can y'all brawl with a gat
Rosa Park niggaz callin' it back, Sean P

(Chorus: Sean Price)

One two y'all, and you don't stop
To the beat y'all, when the drums drop
It's Sean P, y'all, and ya don't stop
Rustee Juxx, Boot Camp, and Ruck and Rock
One two y'all, and you don't quit
Sean P, Big Ruck is the ultimate
One two y'all, and you don't stop
Cuz you won't stop, and I don't stop (Sean Price)
On the fourth of July, Jamaican niggaz rock corduroy shorts
Sip Guinness stoute, forty's in quarts
Drunk and high, skunk and tie
Pop's did Tango & Cash, just once every dime
While followers path, try'nna straighten demolish staff
Bag out the fifth, and hollow ya ass
Back when Buckshot was making "Who Got Da Props"
I was on the strip, who got the rocks, P
Trained by ya vet, aimin' to sket, bangin' ya chest
Flamin' ya flesh, straight David Koresh, ooh
You can bullshit with rap if you want
Fuck bullshit, and catch a full clip, I'll bring it back when I dump
Fuck ya no name idiots, Kurt Cobain cocaine cigarette

Play lean, acting ignorant
Lickin' it, ain't playin', hittin' shit
Still maintain, entertain, still getting it
(Chorus)(Sean Price)
I got a glock with a clock on the top
So when you pop it or not, you know what motherfuckin' time it is
Ya girl, on the top of my cock, you feel the snot in the box
You like, 'that bitch, grimey, kid'
Curious George niggaz need to mind they biz
For I fuck around and find your crib
Open the door, hoping for far, scoping the four
Get on some disrespectful shit, and start groping ya whore
She got coke in the drawers, no doubt, crack in the ass
I pulled it out the crack of her ass(Chorus)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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