

Hush

Sean Price

Now hush little baby, don't say a word
Ruck is gon' hit you with the 9 then you heard
If the 9 mean don't do what it do
I leave the shit to drown and come back for part two Yo, Leaders of the New School, leaders of the old school
know Sean P put it down like he's supposed to
I be watchin these niggaz watchin the pro
Watch me take they bitch watch, now watch me go home
P, I'm from Brooklyn with the gauge
Animalistic rapper, man of a certain age
The slugs from the eighth spin through ya
I ain't tryin to talk dog, I am Ace Ventura
The Grape Ape, plate scrape, scrape shit, weight in a baggie
I'm hittin wiccan with Jake in the alley
Uhh, crime buster, swine, 9 touch ya
Mother made you, mother have you but motherfuck you Now hush little baby, don't say a word
Ruck is gon' hit you with the 9 then you heard
If the 9 mean don't do what it do
I leave the shit to drown and come back for part two Now hush little baby, don't say a word
Ruck is gon' hit you with the 9 then you heard
If the 9 mean don't do what it do
I leave the shit to drown and come back for part two P! Yo, you take a cab with a quarter ounce
That's old school, paper bag on the 40 ounce
I'm so cool, take the Jag to your daughter house
Tech N9ne text message to Sean, call your daughter house
Let me tell you what it's all about
Pop shit, get rich, bitch with a toilet mouth
"These rap niggaz whack Ruck, call 'em out"
Everybody whack except me, fuck is you talkin 'bout?
Damn near 40 record deal in the weed spot
My rap fuck yung'uns up lyrically down in Weehock{?}
Heheh, I need not to say more
Got a wife so I need not to pay whores
What I recite tight, you need not to say yours
Gun fight the gun type you need ock to pray more
P! I'm just an old man givin ya
Slaps with my hand that'll crack your mandibula Now hush little baby, don't say a word
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Ruck is gon' hit you with the 9 then you heard
If the 9 mean don't do what it do
I leave the shit to drown and come back for part two This man murdered the record
Niggaz don't want beef like hamburgers in Checkers
P! Lights out, nights out might slash you
Obama turned the White House into White Castle
P! Fuck outta here

Songwriters

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