Mess You Made (feat. Block McCloud)

Sean Price

[Sean Price:]
P! ... Nahmean? Real talk
On some "Brokest Rapper You Know" type shit nahmean?
Do the knowledge[Chorus: Block McCloud]
Look at the mess you made, with your reputation
Look at the mess you made, you can't get a job
Look at the mess you made, got no dedication
Look at the mess you made, you're a fuckin slob
[Sean Price:]
Listen
I ain't had a hit since '96
Ever since then my career in a twist
The Fab 5 album got put on the shelf
But they still play "Leflah" on the Throwback at 12
My man said he heard me on Mister Cee
Yeah that's cool but it don't equal chips to P
The brokest rapper you know sell crack after the show
With a fo'-fo' that'll blow back half your fro
The drugs that I sold got fucked up God
So it's, Carhartt suits and construction jobs
It ain't rap dough but the money is cool
Gotta make sure Elijah ain't bummy at school
I guess this rap shit is a thing of the past
Took the ring off my finger sold the thing for some cash
The nice niggaz broke, then the rest get paid
Damn, look at the mess I made, the mess I made
[Chorus: Block McCloud]
Look at the mess you made, with your reputation
Look at the mess you made, you can't get a job
Look at the mess you made, got no dedication
Look at the mess you made, you're a fuckin slob
[Sean Price:]
Yeah you know how it go when you got no dough
Niggaz goin out to party and you got no clothes
And when you do get clothes then you can't go out
That's the bullshit I'm talkin about, check it out yo
Rags to riches and riches to rags
Just cashed a royalty check and can't get me a cab
Do the next best thing, that's to get on the train

Niggaz lookin at me strange, tryin to size up my change
I gotta cut corners in order to look good
Bathing Ape jeans, a jacket and matching hood
Niggaz think I'm fly that I'm actually all good
But I bought it from an African traffickin man goods
Money ain't a thing says the guy who's rich
While the broke motherfucker thinkin life's a bitch
Slit my wrists with a knife or blade
Damn, look at the mess I made, the mess I made[Chorus: Block McCloud]
Look at the mess you made, with your reputation
Look at the mess you made, you can't get a job
Look at the mess you made, got no dedication
Look at the mess you made, you're a fuckin slob
[Sean Price:]
Verse three
How you gonna be broke and your last name Price?
That's like, sweatin bullets and your nickname ice
How ironic, take two pulls, pass the chronic
Tryin to write a rhyme that'll get me out the projects
Try to write a rhyme that'll make me a mill'
But if you into takin pills I got a spot in the 'Ville
Right or wrong, I must get paid
Damn, look at the mess I made, motherfucker.[Chorus x2: Block McCloud]
Look at the mess you made, with your reputation
Look at the mess you made, you can't get a job
Look at the mess you made, got no dedication
Look at the mess you made, you're a fuckin slob
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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