

Sean Wigginz

Heltah Skeltah

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Got all my Magnum niggaz in here, word up
Sean P, yeah, yeah, yeah, word is bond
Word up, M-F-C, hah, word up, yeah, yeah
Smack this nigga son, word up, hit himYo, niggaz is pipsqueaks, thinkin' shit's sweet
I come discrete, turn your ass into mincemeat
Ever since heat, got pulled from the waistline
With the bass line kick and snare, Duke I make your click awareSo, please God, never say Jack shit to Sean P
Before I launch three shots directly at your army
Word is bond, we be on some shit to the two-thou
Loose mouth niggaz catch a hole in they goose down
Down, down, down-down, down-down-down, down
Down, down, down, down-down, down-downDown-town, jumped off the train on Ebbets
Walkin' down the street, bump into my nigga Kevin
Whattup Ruck? I ain't seen your ass in the Seven
You still bustin' motherfuckin' shots at the reverend?
Hell no I replied, elbows was applied
Till his monkey-ass pulled out the heat, step asideOh shit, yo whassup whassup?
Yo son, yo, oh-oahhFuck you shoot him for man?
He just asked you a question
Fuck that, don't ask no questions in my shit
Word is bond, I don't like that, yo word up
Yo fuck them, yo fuck you
Fuck that cat, word up, Sean PThis, is the diary of Sean Wigginz
Recognize, motherfucker
Use your head for more than a fuckin' hatrack
Punk motherfuckers, word up, MFC for life

Lyrics provided by

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