

Haraam

Sean Price

Yo, Grown man fuck rappity rap
P, Black eye apl.de.ap
You will never catch me where the rappers be at
I'm in the ville poppin pills, spliff an African black
Uh, Keep quiet why you dudes so mean
Cause I don't, Speak to dudes whose shoes all lame
Get rid of ya team, fifth spit hittin ya team
Ugandan lunch meat, I am Idi Amin
I slap your snapback off
for tryin ta snatch the god backpack off Muthafucker
Niggas needin a song I'm like, Fuck rap then I read the Koran
Kareem Said oh indeed, on my deen Hakeem
Except when I rhyme
every line from Sean is haraam
I'm a work in progress
Came a long way from the jerk in the projects, ha ha
Ah where was I, Oh yes
Old school nigga blunt and a Becks
Sean Price, sabado gigante
You a chain snatcher, I'm Carlito Brigante, P!
Spit bodies, you be hardly rappin
My shit off the wall, pa you Marlon Jackson
All that rappin, flashin, cashin, fashion
Don't make me, snatch him, catch him, slap him, stab him
Everything that your crew do wrong
Everyday I get dressed singin the new shoes song (New Shoes)
I make the K spray ill (bong)
Fam with the hammer, I am Beta Ray Bill, P!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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