

Pyrex

Sean Price

Whole lot of shots followed
After I bust your snot box with a Ciroc bottle
Shoot the fed, one mano-a-mano the clown
I'll pull a pound on a Ronald McDonald
You a happy meal nigga, with a toy in the box
I clap the steel, nigga, put your boy in a box
P, and the gun that'll slap ya
I'm lying, just like the rest of these dumb ass rappers
Provide flesh, most of y'all niggas can't test besides Tech
Most of y'all niggas can't dress
Copped twenty pair with Vinnie one time on tour
Listen, love is love, clap the gat at y'all players
The CEO of your label is a basketball player
That mean your shit is never coming out
Sean Price, I'm forever dumbing out, pyrex
Pyrex, a microwave, and a whisk
You're probably thinking I'm baking a cake when I'm working a whip
You probably think it's pyrex
Wake up, all of that crack in the street talk
It's made up like "Jack and the Beanstalk"
When I talk, the streets listen
When you talk, the streets dissin'
I don't even like you
I don't even wanna fight you
So stay the fuck away
For such and such from such and such, combust and spray
Don't make me abuse my power
One telephone call, shoot this coward
I was the bum, but the pendulum switched
Now my whole team supreme, no Kenneth McGriff
Y'all niggas is fiends, steamed tilapia
Ving Rhames in the bing, slapping ya, animal
Different beast on my fucking sweater, giranimal
Half monkey, half man; the manimal
P, heatmiser in disguise, surprise beat fire
Spark fire out your face and break wires
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>