

Brokest Rapper You Know

Sean Price

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It go, Frederick Douglas, Nat Turner
Ku Klux Klan, big black burner
Ashtray, cigarette butts
Box cutter gem star, watch this nigga get cut
Ten dollars, two tokens
Friends hollerin', "Yo, what you smoking?"
I reply with, "none of ya biz"
It's father's day and I ain't get shit from none of my kids
Listen, liquor store, let me get a fifth
Weed spots, let me get a spliff
Mad as hell, plus I'm frustrated
Last album came out, you motherfucks hate it
Rock solo, Ruck broke
Here's a hundred dollars, what a fucking joke
Eviction notice, yo, I gotta go
Album been out two months, ain't did a fucking show
Ruckus, you ruined, I put the barrel to my dome
But what the fuck are you doing? Chill
Found a new way to build
Fuck rap, started selling 2-ways and pills
When the stomach growls, and the fridge there
And you starving, and ya kid's there
It's... motherfuckin' critical pa
My pursuit of this rap, knew this straight trivial, pa
Niggaz all pray loyal, til yet, they all jet
When they fuckin' with a four dollar royalty check
And if you feel me, act like you know
Sincerely yours, the brokest rapper you know, Sean P
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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