

# P-BODY (feat. Rock of Heltah Skeltah)

## Sean Price

Word up, Sean P, (BODY), P-Body  
"Knowwhatimsayin', I mean this is me"  
Introducing P-Body, 9th Wonder, P  
arm-leg-leg or arm, head  
Megatron  
Decipticon Sean  
Fuck around and send your ass back from where you came  
Back in the dirt, back in the earth, back off my turf  
black power, black, red, green and shit  
Smoke sum, but sell powder cuz crack-heads be needin shit  
Pssh, I'm in the hotel with ganja  
Don Cheadle Hotel Rwanda  
Go get your partner, Rock in here nigga  
Go get your momma, my cock right here  
I got this here, it's a different doctrine here  
Fuck if the cops aware, you get popped in here  
Listen, I fear no man but God  
Matter fact, duke I am the God, P-Body  
Four eyes, two arms and three shotties  
Got shit on lock like Irv and Gene Gotti  
A mean mommy from Puerto Rico who sell? pedico?  
And for the right price princess will pop at your people  
"Knowwhatimsayin', I mean this is me"  
P! Pound for pound perfection, and punch potholes in pretenders  
Pay attention it's gon pop off  
Body get beat, embody the street  
Anybody get bodied when its beef, introducing P-Body  
Supposed lie to cops and tell the truth in the booth  
Instead you tell the truth to the cops and lie in the booth  
Fuck a backward ass rapper get smack with the gat happily  
Boom-shack-shack and the cannon backup your faculty  
The left hook'll shatter your chin  
Similar to Darryl Dawkins when he shattered the rim  
Niggas get mad at my Timbz and my thousand dollar jeans all year  
Boot Camp, bitch recognize my team's strong  
Nigga, kneel down, kiss the ring  
R. Kelly a verse when I piss on your sixteen  
Nigga rap Prime Minister pah, President P  
Pop off my pistol partially parched pass the tea

Truth be told, God top rankin' I'm not thinking  
Saying whatever, love it when I put it together  
Listen, y'all bitch niggas probably Punani  
I bust a shot, you start running for mommy, P-Body  
P! Pound for pound perfection, and punch potholes in pretenders  
Pay attention it's gon pop off  
Body get beat, embody the street  
Anybody get bodied when its beef, introducing P-Body  
Partnah, we practically pioneered this position  
You punks pop shit, he popping the heaters  
You gon see a body, somebody gon be a body  
Some body probably gonna need a body transplant  
Listen this is the BCC, and double D  
In the 2k6, we make hits  
We make chips, I'm always stacking my dough  
Can't be the "Brokest Rapper You Know", P-Body  
Yeah, get money or get lost  
Or get your shit split, we lickin the fifth off  
This ain't no gangsta rap  
How many muthafuckin gangsters rap, listen  
I mean, truthfully you might think you that  
But overall dude I think you wack, P-Body  
The name is new, the face the same  
The judge is wack, the case is lame  
I love the rap but I hate the game  
Matter fact, bitch, what's my name, P-Body

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

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