

Dead Price (feat. Sean Price)

Zeds Dead

Yeah, P!

Yo, (let's go) Listen

Ayo, I don't give a fuck about, what you give a fuck about

What you give a fuck about, I don't give a fuck about

Shut your mouth, cut your spouse, special victim unit

Drive-by, fly guy, the sket will hit your buick

Never let the music, dictate the policy

Promise me you'll never rap again fam honestly

Been around the world and heard all kinds of verses

Whatever it's worth, I curse, your verse is worthless

You on a stage shirtless, exposing your taco meat

I'm on the game first shit, behold the rocker heat

I'm on beat with the soft flow standards

No beef with a Jo-Jo dancer

I'm better than whoever you know raps

Oh, you know him? Fuck it, his flows wack

I blow stacks on kicks and clothes

You so wack, you a bitch for sho. (P!)

(Listen)

Yo, I don't give a shit about what you give a shit about

Cause what you give a shit about, I don't give a shit about

Kick him out, dick in mouth, kick it bitch, spit it out

Have my dick soften while she's spitting in chicken broth

Imma go [?] do nigga you wack

Just some motherfucking bubba-loo-doo nigga

Generally, generally, I smack your racist face off for fucking with P

Par for par the best barbarian sean

The arm, the double leg, arm, head of the don

Head from a broad, I was the head of the class

Now you got a lot of kids, but i'm better with math

Count your blessings, count your toes

Can't feel extremities off a ounce of blow

I'm not one of them niggas that will dance in clubs

I take pills, coke, and I dance on drugs. (P!)

YO!

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

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