

## Sean Price f/ Buckshot, Flood, Ruste Juxx

### "Cardiac"

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[Sean Price] The first verse is the worst Like why the fuck they call you Jesus Price, nigga? And you curse in church Napoleon complex, niggas earth your Lurch Fuck a hook, nigga, earth my turf Nah I mean, gave a pound of vile pork, beat Malachi off Had to slap him in the face, with a Ballantine cloth Silverback Sean's happy on songs, I ain't dissing Just you muthafuckas listening wrong, listen Cock diesel niggas smoking on crack, Tony Atlas Fast forward flowing, you Thelonious baskets I mastered ya style and mastered ya styles I fight the fair one then blast a round wit the pound Sean is the best, ya'll niggas is the opposite, pa Shut the fuck up, put a sock in it, pa, be quiet I put a hole in ya hat, Jesus Price soul controller of rap, amen [Chorus: Flood] This that hard body shit, punk shotty shit Niggas shooting the party up over a bitch, shit This that Inglewood shit, niggas pull a trigger, quick This what eagle insist, yea fire and all this If you dealing with rich, then we gon' take it And if you dealing with chips, then we gon' take it But if you dealing wit tips, ma, then shake it Cuz my niggas is in this shit, and that's crazy [Buckshot] It's the five foot gorilla with the mind of a killa Killing every nigga in sight, murdered by ya mirror Ill reflections of a protecting ya face Bitches tucking in they necklace when I step in the place Niggas acting like they hard, but they soft as Jell-O You can tell them niggas pussy, when they by, hello I know, I was scoping you, was hoping I fall Like a pair on design shorts, no, not at all I'm not the one, but I got that two And if you need me to add on more, I bring it through Cuz I got a trunk for niggas who say they ain't scared Go for your gun, I let my mack ten braid ya hair With a little style, I call presto change-o When the bullets in the chamber, I press it to change, yo Right back atcha, with the knife and bat atcha Better ask you could I smack you, if I didn't, I was glad [Chorus] [Ruste Juxx] Yeah, run a good tree from the yard, then Juxx make you lick shots pon de squad, then I rock rock wit that bang bang boogie Stomp through hot blocks with that thang thang wit me It's all gravy and mashed potatoes, I smash haters Bust bullets, blast tazers, slash razors Say my

rap sheet is longer than my wrap sheet Young niggas  
ask me, rhyming to a rap beat Crack in the days of the  
eighties Produced alotta inner city hood crack babies  
Bird niggas moving like a chicken with his throat slit  
But I bet I lean 'em when I hit 'em wit this dope shit  
Never slip, slack off and blowing your back off Niggas  
is wack soft, we throwing your track off Never got a  
pack off, fuck the jack off I'mma let the latch off and  
pop ya cap off [Chorus]

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