

## Sean Price f/ Buckshot, Louieville Sluggah, Steele "Fake Neptune"

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[Chorus 2x: Buckshot]

Ah, you see too hard for me

Ah, you see you hardly me

Disrespect anyone, no pardon me

Any time you set it off, you can start with me

[Sean Price]

Meanwhile, nigga, back at the ranch

Smokin' a spliff with this bitch tryna faster her pants

P, off with the blouse, and off with the kangol

Victoria Secret, bitch, Caribbean mango

Her favorite song on Nocturnal, was Brainz Blo

Put on my pants, if she can let the brains blow

Heh, I had to find that funny

Lost my wallet, gotta find my money, bitch

How you gonna shit on me?

After I let you shit on me, freaky deaky

Nowadays I had it up to here

Don't make me fuck around and cut your hair, listen

All things Sean Price, four wings, fried rice

Nigga, duck sauce, who the fuck the boss?

Yo, ask me no questions, I tell you no lie

Unless the judge is wack and the jury is jive

Uh, old school style, Furious Five

Get my man Grandmaster Caz, to snuff ya ass

On a, world tour, with Muhammed, my man

In a piece of shit truck, smelling like vomit and ham

[Steele]

And when the coochie smell bad, but the shorty look good

What the fuck a nigga suppose to say, tell me

If I like to do a little rap, put money on stacks

Tell me how a nigga suppose to get get paid

Wait a minute, now you mean to tell me, I'm stuck in this shit

Rappers either bending over or riding dicks

Check 'em, down and dirty niggaz stuck in the ditch

The realest in the myst, tuckin' a fifth, ohh

[Louieville Sluggah]

It's like a switch from Crys' to Molt Liquor and  
Colt 45, on the hittin' hand sittin'  
If you can't stand the heat, get out the kitchen  
It's either you with you, or you all around bitching  
Pop pop, what happened to that boy?  
He got popped, got rocked by a real mccooy  
I was fucking his broad, she was feeling joyced  
She said; let's go have one a girl or boy  
I said; not me to copy, have you talking crazy  
You cool and all but I pass, baby baby  
To all my Queensmen and Brookmen  
Crooked men, if you ever looked out, then good  
looking  
A niggga pray that we stay away from the bookers  
Cuz any kid get locked up, to another Brooklyn  
Avenues and streets, boulevards I creep  
Until every fucking dollar bill meet, yo

[Chorus 2x]

[Sean Price]

Yo, alotta niggaz rhyme, some of y'all nice  
Some sound the same, but not Sean Price  
The O.D.B., and the B.C.C  
I'm David Ruffin, say when it's nothing, no  
Need for acceptance, no need for applause  
All you need is a gause, when you bleeding, ofcourse  
Of course, I ain't playin' no more  
Fuck holding back, fuck what I'm saving it for  
Get busy, bisexual burners, both ways with the biscuit  
Hit, niggaz and bitches, and occasionally infants  
Yo, save it man, tricks are for kids, bitch, David Blaine

[Chorus 2x]

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