

Sean Price f/ Rock**"Church"**

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[Sean Price] Big word halitosis, multiple scoliosis
Doctor Kill, giving the rap dosage Postage stamped,
signed, sealed, delivered Distributed through out the
hood, muthafucka, what's good? Exciting, unorthodox,
biting, off to stop fighting Fuck it, now I'm forced to box
You got 22 tattoos, you 2Pac You tattoo much, touch
like 2Pac, dude, that sucks Smack ya live-r, out the side
of ya face, I ain't trying to be rude But dude, you fruit,
so I gotta make grace, choir -- (Jesus Price has all the
time) Yeah, all praises due to the rhyme, ya'll niggas is
foul Fuck it, Sean'll shoot two from the line Two for the
nine, I leave lead in ya jaw and ya rock These niggas
ain't ready for war, let 'em know [Rock] I told 'em,
these niggas ain't ready for retardation In it's realest
form in rap, this street car racing Rebellious, rederic,
heat start blazing After that, I seen Caucasians, in the
streets all taping shit up They could be trying to piece
ya faces back together You keep on playing, you hit
[Sean Price] Yeah, The Loudmouf Choir, luger lifting
your name The word-a-matician, magician, David
Blaine on your chain [Chorus 2x: Loudmouf Choir] Oops
upside your head, we smack you oops upside your
head You wearing suits and a towel on your head And
eating soup with the noodles and eggs [Rock] Ok, new
word, respeckanize my gangstaforcation and g-
dentials You scared to fire, banging your face through
ya Jeep window Get ya window shot up, in a residential
area And left, fuck a ocean and sea, meant you This
time it's the principality, punk You a point to prove, put
the pistol back, you'se a punk Push your shit all the way
off, a producer para-loser Yeah, pussy, that's you,
chump All that yackety yackety, your teeth, where the
animals be You get your ass beat, baddily, gradilly, P,
Alkatraz And the Beast Master, take a stab at me The
O'Connor red dots on ya face like bad acne Nappy
piece to be praying for ya niggas While I'm getting my
vulture on, preying on ya'll bitches, choir (Ruck, Rock,
Ruck N Roll, get you both on this collar hydro) Yeah
that's how I got my Bronx bitch, she breakdance and
bomb trays The fifty pop blocker, while giving me bar
bread Asking you car banger, and she go all way She

gone, go where I say, she know where ya'll stay, suckas
[Sean Price] Yeah, ya'll niggas 'ready to die', blast the
sket And then you realize, ain't no fucking 'life after
death' Smash your chest with a fucking medicine ball
You think you nice, but I'm better than ya'll Listen,
Tommy Tee on the beat, Loudmouf is the Choir Heltah
Skeltah on they job, and you fuckas is fired [Rock] The
fire supplier, forget your squad Nigga, I'm dope like
the tits on Oz, get your nod off [Chorus 2x]

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