

Sean Price f/ Rock, Ruste Juxx

"Slap Boxing"

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[Sean Price]

My son got a gun, I say shoot, that's where the gat'll
spray
Make these faggot niggaz go that a way, run
Your fab five is jumping, big knives, guns, bats and
sticks
Fuck all that rapping shit
Give a fuck about your bar with the verse, put pa in a
hearse
Best bet is throw your car in reverse
You can act up if you want, clapped up in ya front
Pull ya chest and ya back, skit left hooded laugh
Y'all niggaz do the row when I rhyme
Matter fact use a gun when I rhyme, yo
I throw shots from the back of the rover
Chickenwing Bob Backlund, that tag on your sofa
Niggaz actin' like they don't know Sean, til I
Run up on 'em, smack 'em up with the fo'fo nam
Focus the fire, throw shots, hopin' you die smokin'
Alot after the toast is retired, motherfucker

[Rustee Juxx]

Yo, fucking with Juxx, you already know what crime it is
Hard body beat breaking, that's what kinda rhyme it is
Kingston Ave., you already know who grind it is
Black beretta, special opt, that's what kinda nine it is
Body the wax, first I grab 'em by the neck
Then I throw the sawed shotty to back
Cold blooded, black hearted, swing the mac retarded
My weed clientele, excel my crack market
Shawshank swangeler, monster track mangler
Wild cowboy, two hosters on my wrangler's
Barbarian, I'm a savage, street viking
Bullet street striking, faster than grease lightning
Spit volcano, rain, hail, fire
Cuz misery sell millions, and pain sell hater
Fiend for the foam, my throne is indestructable
Niggaz like 'word, son, them niggaz cant fuck with
you'

[Rock]

Aiyo, I kick the ground when I walk
I mean that shit get town'd when I walk
The pound, and they get be down for ya thoughts
They be on the ground with the thoughts, have ya thoughts
All over the ground in the park, make a sound when I talk
Shhhh, it is the greatest, underrated MC
Niggaz hate but don't say it to me, they get caste in the three
The move that you making is peace, ready to Jason, is to be like
Damn, keep these niggaz away from the grease, please
Bad news, gun click; you die, yo
You want good news, switch to Geico
A nigga fight me, he getting his eye closed
And the shots don't knock you pa, don't get Rock
Don't think I don't know? Huh
Your cubix are corny, as corny as the green calling ya team corny
Ya whole fleet boring, born with a heat seaking pistol
Locked on nigga jaw piece
For talking that 'I can give and talk and see'
Boy something like a phenomenon
That's why, some shit's like a feel arm my strong
It's like the lifestyles of the rich and the famous
Bitch, they get used to rhyme and stunt, they wanna give it the anus
And bring it down, now, wow, how bout, fuck it
Let 'em chow down or get what's out bout, wild out
Have it come to the heaters, down south
Roundhouse, any bitch, you get caught in a brown route
Brownsville!

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