

Sean Price f/ Rustee Juxx**"Spliff-N-Wessun"**

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[Sean Price]

It go stop with the bullshit
Playing game niggaz, hopskotch when the tool click
Don't make me pop ya
Ya black eye and blue, bitch, Frank Sinatra
You see SP, you'll be thinking rasta
Think it's peace & love, but I think to drop ya
Think gangsta rappers, got ya thinking mobster
It's a fact, you're and act, or, think you Oscar's, no
That's when I slap this jerk
Tell your Jesus piece, send him back to Catholic church
Niggaz actin' like my motherfuckin' gat don't work
Til you hit and then collapse in the dirt, I'm screamin'
that you hurt
Motherfuckin' right, that shit hurt
Niggaz play tackle football with a plastic Nerf
Bitches with dreadlocks and drinks in the back
Suck dick, plus we make biscuits from scratch

[Rustee Juxx]

Niggaz dial 9-11
I told the Smif Wess, one nine, one-one
Forty five's and P2 29's
Storyline, it begins once upon a crime
Rustee Juxx in the gutter like stash crack
Any block, any bitch, I'ma smash that
Aiyo, fuck force 1's, rip stone in they goretex
Blaze up, fools you walk me through a vortex
Size 3, Brooklyn playalistic
Mossberg, music, duke don't get it twisted

[Sean Price]

Aiyo I shine (you shine)
In this day of time (we pop off ya head with the nine)
Nah (we not soft, go head with the lies)
Duke you a knockoff, ya plans and designs is
Off the table, I'm dead broke, nigga, they cuttin' off my
cable

[Rustee Juxx]

The criminal of the year, yea I'm back to rob

So take ya shine off when you see me on the job
Do to the mac, I'm strapped, ready to clap
React, stop runnin' ya yap, and runnin' ya stack
Sure carryin' top and blue gems
Flash you in ya Benz, for stoppin' gold rims
Pumpin' on the block, through rocks that glow stim
And I'm rollin' on 10, the size of my Timbs

[Sean Price]

Let me get a turkey sandwich and a bottle of juice
please
A dollar change left, fuck it, give me two loosies
We ain't got no track
Three songs, one session, it's a kind ol' rap

[Rustee Juxx]

Still rip a nigga ass, raw rap on the red
Catch me in the weed spot, trigg'in' on the dred
See me in the flesh, real liftin' ya chain
Only feel is the flame, fifth in ya frame
In the cut wit ya bitch, feelin' up on her butt and her tits
You wanna fuck but she can start suckin' his dick
I got a click that move more crowds than Eric B.
With a shotgun, air ho tech, and desert eag's

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