

Mytown

"Solidify"

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Hey yo blast it hittin hydro, make my eyes low
Why those niggas like killin son, i don't know
On the av(erage) impressin them silly whores
Rockin mad jewels and ice, but yo is it realy yours?
Fakin ass nigga, hatin ass nigga
Sayin peace god even thankin ass nigga
I ain't scared I said it on Jamaican ass niggas
Bust dred in the head and escape fast with yah figures
Flows tight like your daughters' twat, yo you oughta
stop
Bullshit you sayin, but fuck you call the cops
Mo thug keep a bitch in this shit
I'm lifitn the fifth and leave you dead on pickin the cris
Air out hit nine-five-north we switch lanes
On my way to Buffalo we sell crack to Rick James
Dedicate this to niggas who say fuck Sean and
DJs who don't play rock a ruck songs might
Walk up in yah station and rip up your playlist
Play this before i run up and and gun up and spray shit
You on some gay shit like Lamar Latrell
And whenever I sing shit it be hard as hell

Chorus:

Yo wherever you at throw yo hands in the air
My dog Sean P he gon eat this year
I can feel ya'll, it's all about the dollar bill ya'll
Move too fast my dog might have to kill ya'll

Hey yo b-tape pad and pen, rap shit
Arm and hammer cocaine, crack shit
44 Calico Desert Eagle gat shit
4 chicken wings pork fried rice, cat shit
Think niggas and bitch thugs ruckus will smack shit
Timbaland boxes and bank accounts where I stack shit
Kelly Price, Big Pun, 8-Ball, fat shit
Niggas who can't fuck with Ruck on that wack shit
My dick, my girl, KY Jelly, sex shit
GS, LS, LX, that's that Lex shit
Statewide to oversea tours, nigga reck shit
Calisthetics and Tae Bo, on some flex shit
Mike Piazza, John Franco, on some Mets shit

Pinch you wealth and social security check shit
Lit on your moms pull out her weave disrespect shit
You gettin soo close, get off that next shit

Chorus:

Yo wherever you at throw yo hands in the air
My dog Sean P he gon eat this year
I can feel ya'll, it's all about the dollar bill ya'll
Move too fast my dog might have to kill ya'll

Hey yo I'm Sean Price, no relation to Vincent
Used to be the man the ? recent
Bullshit went down, Sean had to get down he clowns
with the tre pound
Skip towns in the Greyhound
Big weight how, bitin all means just as necessary
You temporary rock ruck remain legendary
Never worry, ice and cream just like Ben & Jerry
Then if any nigga disrespect me disincenitary
Secondary niggas try, to attack Sean
But I strap with the bomb my gat in the couron so
Never think a nigga ain't prepared for what the feeble
do
Beat you to a Pope and sold you folks and your people
too
Traum medicine, always keep Sean better and I said it
then
It's lights out like calm medicine
You'll never win-your head hurt, here's Excedrin
Gotta keep it locked for the props and Benjamins
Got mad niggas at home, should reconsider and
They carrer they feel fear like Senior citizen and
You see the shit I'm in..

Chorus:

Yo son, yo, yo wherever you at throw yo hands in the air
My dog Sean P he gon eat this year
I can feel ya'll, it's all about the dollar bill ya'll
Move too fast my dog might have to kill ya'll

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