

Sean Price "Boom Bye Yeah"

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(feat. 5 Ft.)

[5 Ft.]

Yeah, come on, yeah come on
Throw ya hands up, yeah yeah
Sean P! Sean P!
Blast these niggaz son!

[Sean Price]

You can catch me in ya tenement, doing too much
drugs
Straight Jimi Hendrexin', pop the drinker, my mom's on
dope
Pick up they bad habit, now the God do both
Poppin' some pills, sniffin' a line, drinkin' some wine
Up in the club, grabbin' my gun, fucking my shine
Bling bling, bling bling, it's a Sean Price thing
Too many clowns want the crown, but it only one king
I'm, the King ask Rock, there is none higher
Bitch ass niggaz, better call me sire
Burn my kingdom, must use fire
Big bag of weed, a dutch and some Eazy Wire
Yo, Ruck at it, drug habit and all
Bust matics, chrome static I ain't fuckin' with y'all
Don't get my hands dirty, I got goons that spray
Quick to kill a motherfucker, like boom bye yeah
Dru Ha, what up, yeah yeah
Buckshot, what up, yeah yeah
Big Rock, what up, yo yo
Tek and Steel what up, yo yo

"First name Sean, last name Price"

[Sean Price]

I step in, and in weighing an even two hundred
Lost twenty pounds in e-ville, fuckin around with E pills
So I took a trip to Jacklin Lane
Got my weight back like that when I snatched the chain
Keep it hardcore, far more than the average
And job core, I smoke more than ya bastards
Y'all niggaz ain't fuckin' with Ruck
Whylin' like it's dust in my dutch, motherfucker

Stupid bitches think the god got plenty dough
Just because they sober, motherfucker I pull any jones
Have to step back and laugh at these hoes
I'm Sean Price, the brokest rapper you know, nice to
meet ya
Ike Turner when rockin' the wife beater
You step on my toes, hoes and get white on my
sneakers
Rustee Juxx, what up, yo yo
Illa Noyz, what up, yo yo
Elroy, what up, yo yo
Sephlo, what up, yo yo

"First name Sean, last name Price"

[Sean Price]

You can say what you want, just spell my
First name Sean, last name Price
Niggaz I'm David Ruffin in the flesh
Fucked up in the game, but never the less, I'm the best,
yo
Niggaz be rhymin' bout nothing
I rhyme about nothing, and sound like something
I used to sell crack and listen to Redman
Now I smoke black, while I'm gettin' some head, damn
Sean Price, almost broker than most
That's why the gunsmoke chokin' ya throat, stick 'em
up
Put ya hands where my eyes can see
Yo, this ain't Busta Rhymes, bong, bust a nine
Bong, roughest and toughest, so don't fuck with mine
I will, snuff 'em and cut 'em, before he fuck with mine,
yo

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