

Sean Price "Shake Down"

Visit "[Shake Down](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(feat. Starang Wondah & Steele)

[Sean Price]

Let's play freeze tag with icepicks
Nightshift, selling white shit to white chicks
Bikes with vicegrips, scuffed up Huffies
For the crime, do Shyne time, that's fucked up
You the type to get fucked up monthly, beat down daily
And smoke up your disability check
Sean Price, bout as real as he get, I'm no fool, I'm old
school
Like I'm hard as Gillmore with the skin
If ya, walk through my block and talk about Ruck
You get touched motherfucker, cause you talk too
much
Come walk with P, so you all can see
How I get dough, spit flows, to an awkward beat
Betta look both ways, before you cross the street
The Pirelli's on the porsche, push you off your feet
Sean P., one half of the incredible rap team
Y'all niggaz smoked out, incredible track fiend

[Starang Wondah]

Y'all niggaz is too old to think the way you do
And you cowards, never do what you say you do
I'm in the hood, running with the same crazy crew
And you ain't nice, you sound like Jay-Z, too
Niggaz is frontin', actin' like bad boys
Y'all move in silence, we make mad noise
When it's beef in the streets, we don't try and make
peace
I got killas that 'just blaze', and they don't make beats
S dot, size R, with the long flee
Ghetto bitch, fat ass, with the long weave

[Chorus 2x: Steele]

Aiyo, get down, lay down, everybody get on the floor
This is beef, you don't want that pa
Better warn everybody in ya city or town
Let 'em know, what what, this is the shakedown

[Steele]

Three star camouflage, mob the bar
Vodka, cognac, it's a mardi gras
Roll a big marley, y'all, fanto cigar
I got mami in the back with the God
Back to the car, get it in the back of the car
I had her fiddlin' with the latch on the bra
I was huggin' at the strap on the thong
Thuggin' like a rap nigga song
Grindin', to the crack of the dawn
She make a nigga wanna come back in the morn'
Make her want a nigga, back, after I'm gone
That's what I'm on, baby got back, word is bond
Have y'all like, 'damn, them shit is wrong'
Have you like, 'damn, that shit is song'
Flip down, lay down, sell or it goes through the raw
Four door, gator poured on twenty fours
Bucktown USA, connect with your boys

[Sean Price]

Aiyo, shorty look good
Nah, she ugly, but I'm drunk as hell, so fuck it shorty
look good
The bitch did E, plus she smoke good trees
So me being who I be, I had to do me
The bitch wanted me to straight spit in the cash
Slow dubs, slow fucks, Teddy Pendergrass, no
I don't switch to bend yo ass, to fuck
Over down, jump in your tenants and dash, yo
She talkin' bout that ain't fair
Bitch that's two dollars, fuck you mean, that ain't fair
Yo, Sean Price, and the price is cheaper
Only splurge on icebergs, Nike's and reefer
Timberland boots, and plus a gun to shoot
And a pocket full of coke, in case I don't recoup
Cuz, time is money and money is time
And I just got enough time, to get that money

[Chorus 2x]

Visit [Sean Price](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.