

Cardiac (feat. Buckshot, Ruste Juxx & Flood)

Sean Price

[Sean Price]

The first verse is the worst
Like why the fuck they call you Jesus Price, nigga?
And you curse in church
Napoleon complex, niggas earth your Lurch
Fuck a hook, nigga, earth my turf
Nah I mean, gave a pound of vile pork, beat Malachai off
Had to slap him in the face, with a Ballantine cloth
Silverback Sean's happy on songs, I ain't dissing
Just you muthafuckas listening wrong, listen
Cock diesel niggas smoking on crack, Tony Atlas
Flash forward flowing, ? you Thelonious baskets?
I mastered the style and mastered the styles
I fight the fair one then blast a round wit the pound
Sean is the best, ya'll niggas is the opposite, pa
Shut the fuck up, put a sock in it, pa, be quiet
I put a hole in ya hat, Jesus Price soul controller of rap, amen

[Chorus: Flood]

This that hard body shit, pump shotty shit
Niggas shooting the party up over a bitch, shit
This that ignorant shit, niggas pull a trigger, quick
This what ignorance is, yea fire and all this
If you dealing with bricks, then we gon' take it
And if you dealing with chips, then we gon' take it
But if you dealing wit tips, ma, then shake it
Cuz my niggas is in this bitch, and that's crazy[Buckshot]
It's the five foot gorilla with the mind of a killa
Killing every nigga in sight, murdered by ya mirror
Ill reflections of protectin ya face
Bitches tucking in they necklace when I step in the place
Niggas acting like they hard, but they soft as Jell-O
You can tell them niggas pussy, when they walk by, hello
I know, I was scoping you, was hoping I fall
Like a pair of over sized shorts, no, not at all
I'm not the one, but I got that two
And if you need me to add on more, I bring it through
Cuz I got a trunk for niggas who say they ain't scared
Go for your gun, I let my mac ten braid ya hair
With a little style, I call presto change-o
When the bullets in the chamber, I press it to change, yo
Right back atcha, with the knife and bat atcha
Better ask you could I smack you, if I didn't, I was glad to

[Chorus: Flood]

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Cuz my niggas is in this bitch, and that's crazy[Ruste Juxxe]
Yeah, burn a good tree from the yard, then
Juxxe make you lick shots pon de squad, then
I rock rock wit that bang bang boogie
Stomp through hot blocks with that thang thang wit me
It's all gravy and mashed potatoes, I smash haters
Bust bullets, blast tazers, slash razors
Say my rap sheet is longer than my wrap sheet
Young niggas ask me, rhyming to a rap beat
Crack in the days of the eighties
Produced alotta inner city hood crack babies
Bird niggas moving like a chicken with his throat slit
But I bet I lean 'em when I hit 'em wit this dope shit
Never slip, slack off and blowing your back off
Niggas is wack soft, we throwing your track off
Never got a pack off, fuck the jack off
I'mma let the latch off and pop ya cap off[Chorus: Flood]
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