

# Bully Rap (feat. Realm Reality)

## Sean Price

Faggot-ass nigga, die  
Uhh, this that Brownsville bully rap  
Hoodie rap, take a nigga chain, smoke the goodie trap  
Surrounded by the wolves in the wilderness  
Liquor piss, slit your wrists so niggas won't get pistol-whipped  
Mo' niggas won't get pistol-whipped  
If I was you, then I'd probably have to slit my wrists  
Sean Price, the villain beatin any feelin this  
Slit your wrists, so niggas won't get pistol-whipped  
Uhh; you cowards are bogus  
Split head like Red Sea power of Moses  
Due to my weight gain I had to double the dosage  
Of drugs that I do, a nigga stay toasted  
P! Body, G harmin your bars off  
Ruck keep you slumped in the pom-pom  
Listen; God is the greatest, Allahu Akbar  
Praise due, ooh threw hot rock at cop car  
Off my deen, red like off the Beam  
Scorched the scene, niggas tryin to cross the team  
Listen - nigga my 80 scorchin  
Niggas comin with the cops, I'mma Tracy Morgan  
Heh, I fuck around and throw your baby organs  
Use your baby organs just to make a baby organ  
Whoo~! I sell dope to your momma  
And I ain't even vote for Obama - P!  
Yo, P! Uhh, I get paid to  
Make music burst through walls like Kool-Aid came through  
("OH YEAH!")  
Niggas came through with they tools and they goons childish  
Funny when you niggas "bang zoom to the moon Alice"  
Keep it clean, sneaker fiend what it +Do Dallas+?  
I strike a nigga 'til hand callous  
Uhh, nigga you know how the fam go  
Big bid, big nigga shoot at your Sam Crowe  
Crewin through shit like ludes was in there  
Uhh, blow two-fifth, I'm loony up in here  
Uhh, fuck around and I punch hats  
Off niggas heads then replace that with dunce caps  
Uh - everybody and they son rap  
BANG! Everybody and they son clap  
Hoo! I make money from the dope I push

To make it funny I ain't vote for Bush; motherfucker P!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>