

Sean Wigginz

Heltah Skeltah

[Ruck]

Got all my Magnum niggaz in here, word up

Sean PEEEEEEEEEE

Yeah, yeah, yeah, word is bond

Word up, M-F-C

Hah, word up, yeah, yeah

Smack this nigga son, word up, hit him Yo, niggaz is pipsqueaks, thinkin shit's sweet

I come discrete, turn your ass into mincemeat

Ever since heat, got pulled from the waistline

with the bassline kick and snare, Duke I make your click aware

So please God, never say jack shit to Sean P

before I launch three shots directly at your army

Word is bond, we be on some shit to the two-thou

Loose mouth niggaz catch a hole in they goosedown

Down, down, down-down, down-down-down, down

Down, down, down, down-down, down-down

Down-town, jumped off the train on Ebbets

Walkin down the street, bump into my nigga Kevin

Whattup Ruck? I ain't seen your ass in the Seven

You still bustin motherfuckin shots at the reverand?

Hell no I replied, elbows was applied

til his monkey-ass pulled out the heat, step aside Oh shit yo whassup whassup

Yo son, yo, OH-oahh! *AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH*

AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH Fuck you shoot him for man? He just asked you a question

Fuck that, don't ask no questions in my shit

Word is bond, I don't like that, yo word up

Yo fuck them, yo fuck you

Fuck that cat, word up

Sean PEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

THIS, IS THE DIARY OF SEAN WIGGINZ

RECOGNIZE, MOTHERFUCKER

USE YOUR HEAD FOR MORE THAN A FUCKIN HATRACK

PUNK MOTHERFUCKERS, WORD UP

M-F-C, FOR LIFE!

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