

Mess You Made (feat. Block McCloud)

Sean Price

[Sean Price:]

P! ... Nahmean? Real talk

On some "Brokest Rapper You Know" type shit nahmean?

Do the knowledge [Chorus: Block McCloud]

Look at the mess you made, with your reputation

Look at the mess you made, you can't get a job

Look at the mess you made, got no dedication

Look at the mess you made, you're a fuckin slob

[Sean Price:]

Listen

I ain't had a hit since '96

Ever since then my career in a twist

The Fab 5 album got put on the shelf

But they still play "Leflah" on the Throwback at 12

My man said he heard me on Mister Cee

Yeah that's cool but it don't equal chips to P

The brokest rapper you know sell crack after the show

With a fo'-fo' that'll blow back half your fro

The drugs that I sold got fucked up God

So it's, Carhartt suits and construction jobs

It ain't rap dough but the money is cool

Gotta make sure Elijah ain't bummy at school

I guess this rap shit is a thing of the past

Took the ring off my finger sold the thing for some cash

The nice niggaz broke, then the rest get paid

Damn, look at the mess I made, the mess I made

[Chorus: Block McCloud]

Look at the mess you made, with your reputation

Look at the mess you made, you can't get a job

Look at the mess you made, got no dedication

Look at the mess you made, you're a fuckin slob

[Sean Price:]

Yeah you know how it go when you got no dough

Niggaz goin out to party and you got no clothes

And when you do get clothes then you can't go out

That's the bullshit I'm talkin about, check it out yo

Rags to riches and riches to rags

Just cashed a royalty check and can't get me a cab

Do the next best thing, that's to get on the train

Niggaz lookin at me strange, tryin to size up my change

I gotta cut corners in order to look good

Bathing Ape jeans, a jacket and matching hood

Niggaz think I'm fly that I'm actually all good
But I bought it from an African traffickin man goods
Money ain't a thing says the guy who's rich
While the broke motherfucker thinkin life's a bitch
Slit my wrists with a knife or blade
Damn, look at the mess I made, the mess I made[Chorus: Block McCloud]
Look at the mess you made, with your reputation
Look at the mess you made, you can't get a job
Look at the mess you made, got no dedication
Look at the mess you made, you're a fuckin slob
[Sean Price:]
Verse three
How you gonna be broke and your last name Price?
That's like, sweatin bullets and your nickname ice
How ironic, take two pulls, pass the chronic
Tryin to write a rhyme that'll get me out the projects
Try to write a rhyme that'll make me a mill'
But if you into takin pills I got a spot in the 'Ville
Right or wrong, I must get paid
Damn, look at the mess I made, motherfucker.[Chorus x2: Block McCloud]
Look at the mess you made, with your reputation
Look at the mess you made, you can't get a job
Look at the mess you made, got no dedication
Look at the mess you made, you're a fuckin slob

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