

# Peter Pop Off (feat. Rim, Teflon, I-Fresh)

## Sean Price & Lil Fame

[Intro: Lil Fame]

Ladies and gentlemen

I'm 'bout to bring you Brownsville projects' finest

Son, who dat?

It's my mothafuckin' road?dawg

So?what's his name?

Sean?P[Verse 1: Sean Price]

Aw, shit...

Dude, my YouTube views and?my skits

Better than all your bullshit

Pull piff, spit shit from the pulpit

[?] from Falcon Crest for filmin' the full clips

Ch-ch-ch, ch-ch-ch

Check out my melody

Cops pulled me over, the soldier checked out my felonies

Spewed lines newer, do-crime shooter

Junior, Donkey Sean two-time loser

Uh, one more strike and I'm out

Son raw, no gun drawn, Sean fightin' it out

52 block, I'm critical, box your face, fucker

Shotty and shells [?] the spot, I'm a gauge stuffer

Playin' the game, lames be playin' the game of dice

Peter Pop Off, bitches I'm playin' the game of life, P

Shit cost twelve, retail is seven

See you in hell, details at eleven

Ay

[Chorus]

You should know that I don't fuck around

Nah, I don't fuck around

Every time I come around

Anytime I come around

Motherfuckers hit the ground

'Cause I know my way around, get down, lay down

You should know that I don't fuck around

Nah, I don't fuck around

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[Verse 2: Rim]

Uh

From down in hell, where fire come with them grills

Different feel, not the mind of a infant but infant meals  
It's a ball parade, where y'all be floatin', you like a used bidet  
Sharp with it, y'all couldn't cut it with a katana blade  
Get the smoker to creep up on you and choke ya  
I'll pay the boulders, tryin' not to hit the pens like ebola  
Dark souls, we displayin' metal like car shows  
Get the dough, we done housed more white than Park Slope  
Don't be a bar code and get lined up, it's nothin' gastric  
But by the stomach know there's somethin' tucked  
The stitchin' custom, what you cut from? Not accustomed  
From the 'ville, no vodka, we do the rushin'  
You feds recon, hands movin' like the Wii on  
In the game, better stay froggy, but never leap wrong  
So guard your grip, the 'ville, we clique  
I'm from Strauss, but the only auto parts is clips  
And we rip[Chorus]  
You should know that I don't fuck around  
Nah, I don't fuck around  
Every time I come around  
Anytime I come around  
Motherfuckers hit the ground  
'Cause I know my way around, get down, lay down  
You should know that I don't fuck around  
Nah, I don't fuck around  
Every time I come around  
Anytime I come around  
Motherfuckers hit the ground  
'Cause I know my way around, get down, lay down[Verse 3: Teflon]  
Yo, our energy from the same source  
We're cut from the same cloth  
Duck, hold the fort down and let them things off  
Change course if you ever thinkin' of tryin' us  
We cop out? Them Glocks out, like a buy-or-bust  
Kick the door in, make 'em hit the floor, tie 'em up  
He in the car, hogtied, jaw wired up (ssh)  
Listen up, them Hill niggas don't give a fuck  
We'll pistol whip ya, get your cash to split it up (yeah)  
We live it up around this mothafucka (beware)  
Shit get rough around this mothafucka  
Come at your own risk, we don't miss  
Fuck around, you get hit up on your own strip  
You know how it go when the heat up  
In Brownsville, everybody, even the chicks G'd up  
We all fight all night, we don't know how to ease up  
Get you and your bitch beat up  
Somebody better tell 'em[Chorus]  
You should know that I don't fuck around  
Nah, I don't fuck around  
Every time I come around

Anytime I come around  
Motherfuckers hit the ground  
'Cause I know my way around, get down, lay down  
You should know that I don't fuck around  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>