

Church (feat. Rock & the Loudmouf Choir)

Sean Price

Big word halitosis
multiple scoliosis
Doctor Kill, giving the rap dosage
Postage stamped, signed, sealed, delivered
Distributed through out the hood, muthafucka, what's good?
Exciting, unorthodox, biting, ought to stop fighting
Fuck it, now I'm forced to box
You got 22 tattoos, you 2Pac
You tattoo much, touch like 2Pac, dude, that sucks
Smack saliva, out the side of ya face
I ain't trying to be rude
But dude, you fruit, so I gotta make grace
(Jesus Price has all the time)
Yeah, all praises due to the rhyme, ya'll niggas is foul
Fuck it, Sean'll shoot two from the line
Two for the nine, I leave lead in ya jaw and ya rock
These niggas ain't ready for war, let 'em know
rookies
ain't ready for retardation
In it's realest form in rap, this street car racing
Rebellious, rederic
heat start blazing
After that, I seen Caucasians, in the streets all taping shit up
They could be trying to piece ya faces back together
You keep on playing,
Yeah, The Loudmouf Choir, luger lifting your name
The word-a-matician, magician,
David Blaine on your chain
Oops upside your head, we smack you oops upside your head
You wearing suits and a towel on your head
And eating soup with the noodles and eggs
Ok, new word, respeckanize my gangstaforcation and g-dentials
You scared to fire, banging your face through ya Jeep window
Get ya window shot up, in a residential area
And left, fuck a ocean and
sea-ment you
This time it's the principality, punk
You a point to prove, put the pistol back, you'se a punk
Push your shit all the way off, a producer para-loser
Yeah, pussy, that's you, chump
All that yackety yackety, your teeth, where the animals be
You get your ass beat, baddily, gradilly, P, Alkatraz

Beast Master

See all kind of red dots on ya face like bad acne
Nappy piece to be praying for ya niggas
While I'm getting my vulture on, preying on ya'll bitches
(Ruck, Rock, Ruck N Roll, get you both on this collar hydro)
Yeah that's how I got my Bronx bitch, she breakdance and
bomb trains
The fifty pop blocker, while giving me bar bread
Asking you car banger, and she go all way
She gone, go where I say, she know where ya'll stay, suckas
Yeah, ya'll niggas 'ready to die', blast the sket
And then you realize, ain't no fucking 'life after death'
Smash your chest with a fucking medicine ball
You think you nice, but I'm better than ya'll
Listen, Tommy Tee on the beat, Loudmouf is the Choir
Heltah Skeltah on they job, and you fuckas is fired
The fire supplier, forget your squad
Nigga, I'm dope like the tits on Oz, get your nod off

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