

Price & Shining Armor (feat. Ruste Juxx)

Sean Price

Yo! Listen...
Afghanistan, bombed out, depleted
I'm weeded, needin' an Ativan
Run up on a rapper when rappin', that's when I slap a fan
Bone-crunch you niggies, the gypsy needin' a caravan
Half-man half-amazing, Mandela
You know the flow is so hard, tell her, Duck Down
Is the label, but - fuck a record deal
Broke after I smoke and the motherfuckin' sucker meal
P! Keep ignorin' my shit, B
I'll punch your shit off like the Story of Ricky
All in my face like a rap battle
Fuck around and catch all of the eight when the gat rattles
That hardcore rappin' is played out
Till I hardcore slap you and ask you what's played out
(What's played out, man?) P! Indeed the grown
Squeeze the chrome, please believe it nigga, Caesar homeVerse two, sunroof casket for the
earth dirt view
Work wet, wet work with the sket wet, who?
Vest protect chest, but never get neck duke
Dave Tua, fist of rage, I wave Rugers
Engage shooters in battles, better behave, junior
Ay yo, kill noid paragraph, crack ground, shatter glass
Ill boy, Madagas', bitch with a fatter ass
Top on the rooftop, spit shine my shit
Pitch grind my strip, switch crime rhyme hits
Got a towel, better throw it in
Frontline bangin', P, cover me I'm goin' in
War path is bloody, damaged from one sword stroke
48 tracks to slide and the board broke
What it do, coke kilogram crew (what up?)
The bars is barbaric, Encino Man 2
Paul Bunyan on the corner with the onion
In the booth I'm the dragon breathin' fire out the dungeon
Fuck a metaphor, fuck you think the metal for
Put the mic down, fuck rap, peddle raw
Street fighter, Juxx strike like Bison
The nigga ghostwriting for Price on Mic Tyson

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

