

Got all my Magnum niggaz in here, word up
Sean P, 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 bass line 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 goose down
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' motherf**kin' shots at the reverend?
Hell no I replied, elbows was applied
Till his monkey-ass pulled out the heat, step aside

Oh shit, yo whassup whassup?
Yo son, yo, oh-oahh

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 f**k them, yo f**k you
Fuck that cat, word up, Sean P

This, is the diary of Sean Wigginz
Recognize, motherf**ker
Use your head for more than a f**kin' hatrack
Punk motherf**kers, word up, MFC for life