

# Boom Bye Yeah

Sean Price

[5 Ft.]

Yeah, come on, yeah come on  
Throw ya hands up, yeah yeah  
Sean P! Sean P!  
Blast these niggaz son!

[Sean Price]

You can catch me in ya tenement, doing too much drugs  
Straight Jimi Hendrexin', pop the drinker, my mom's on dope  
Pick up they bad habit, now the God do both  
Poppin' some pills, sniffin' a line, drinkin' some wine  
Up in the club, grabbin' my gun, f\*\*king my shine  
Bling bling, bling bling, it's a Sean Price thing  
Too many clowns want the crown, but it only one king  
I'm, the King ask Rock, there is none higher  
Bitch ass niggaz, better call me sire  
Burn my kingdom, must use fire  
Big bag of weed, a dutch and some Eazy Wire  
Yo, Ruck at it, drug habit and all  
Bust matics, chrome static I ain't f\*\*kin' with y'all  
Don't get my hands dirty, I got goons that spray  
Quick to kill a motherf\*\*ker, like boom bye yeah  
Dru Ha, what up, yeah yeah  
Buckshot, what up, yeah yeah  
Big Rock, what up, yo yo  
Tek and Steel what up, yo yo

"First name Sean, last name Price"

[Sean Price]

I step in, and in weighing an even two hundred  
Lost twenty pounds in e-ville, f\*\*kin around with E pills  
So I took a trip to Jacklin Lane  
Got my weight back like that when I snatched the chain  
Keep it hardcore, far more than the average  
And job core, I smoke more than ya bastards  
Y'all niggaz ain't f\*\*kin' with Ruck  
Whylin' like it's dust in my dutch, motherf\*\*ker  
Stupid bitches think the god got plenty dough  
Just because they sober, motherf\*\*ker I pull any jones  
Have to step back and laugh at these hoes  
I'm Sean Price, the brokest rapper you know, nice to meet ya  
Ike Turner when rockin' the wife beater  
You step on my toes, hoes and get white on my sneakers  
Rustee Juxx, what up, yo yo  
Illa Noyz, what up, yo yo  
Elroy, what up, yo yo  
Sephlo, what up, yo yo

"First name Sean, last name Price"

[Sean Price]

You can say what you want, just spell my  
First name Sean, last name Price  
Niggaz I'm David Ruffin in the flesh  
Fucked up in the game, but never the less, I'm the best, yo  
Niggaz be rhymin' bout nothing

I rhyme about nothing, and sound like something  
I used to sell crack and listen to Redman  
Now I smoke black, while I'm gettin' some head, damn  
Sean Price, almost broker than most  
That's why the gunsmoke chokin' ya throat, stick 'em up  
Put ya hands where my eyes can see  
Yo, this ain't Busta Rhymes, bong, bust a nine  
Bong, roughest and toughest, so don't f\*\*k with mine  
I will, snuff 'em and cut 'em, before he f\*\*k with mine, yo