

# One Two Ya'll

Sean Price

[Sean Price]

Ya'll motherf\*\*kers do it for the love of the rap  
I do it for the love of the rap, and the dubs and the lack  
Do it for what dub in the black, in the club with the gat  
Do it for the thugs in the back, who be hustlin' crack  
Stop, y'all niggaz brand new to the game  
My gun blow lead, two in ya brain  
When it's all said and done, we gon' see what's up  
Holla at Rock, he probably with Ruck  
That was forever, my nigga Sean Price the boss  
Slap niggaz talking about a Mike Tyson loss  
I'm a broke rapper, hope that you like the floss  
Plus a gold snatcher, four clapper, lights is off  
None of y'all nice, all of y'all wack  
And it's thirty eight snub noses, pressed in the small of ya back  
Ya'll niggaz got hand skills, but can y'all brawl with a gat  
Rosa Park niggaz callin' it back, Sean P

[Chorus: Sean Price]

One two y'all, and you don't stop  
To the beat y'all, when the drums drop  
It's Sean P, y'all, and ya don't stop  
Rustee Juxx, Boot Camp, and Ruck and Rock  
One two y'all, and you don't quit  
Sean P, Big Ruck is the ultimate  
One two y'all, and you don't stop  
Cuz you won't stop, and I don't stop

[Sean Price]

On the fourth of July, Jamaican niggaz rock corduroy shorts  
Sip Guinness stoute, forty's in quarts  
Drunk and high, skunk and tie  
Pop's did Tango & Cash, just once every dime  
While followers path, try'nna straighten demolish staff  
Bag out the fifth, and hollow ya ass  
Back when Buckshot was making "Who Got Da Props"  
I was on the strip, who got the rocks, P  
Trained by ya vet, aimin' to sket, bangin' ya chest  
Flamin' ya flesh, straight David Koresh, ooh  
You can bullshit with rap if you want  
Fuck bullshit, and catch a full clip, I'll bring it back when I dump  
Fuck ya no name idiots, Kurt Cobain cocaine cigarette  
Play lean, acting ignorant  
Lickin' it, ain't playin', hittin' shit  
Still maintain, entertain, still getting it

[Chorus]

[Sean Price]

I got a glock with a clock on the top  
So when you pop it or not, you know what motherf\*\*kin' time it is  
Ya girl, on the top of my cock, you feel the snot in the box  
You like, 'that bitch, grimey, kid'  
Curious George niggaz need to mind they biz  
For I f\*\*k around and find your crib  
Open the door, hoping for far, scoping the four  
Get on some disrespectful shit, and start groping ya whore

She got coke in the drawers, no doubt, crack in the ass  
I pulled it out the crack of her ass

[Chorus]