

# Oops Upside Your Head

Sean Price

[Sean Price:]

Aiyyo

Yeah, oops upside your head

You wear a suit and a tie when you dead, you might see me  
in the streets doin crazy stuff

Why? This rap shit don't pay enough

No joke I'm serious, the God spit bodies that's furious

Y'all niggaz is funny style, Eddie Murphy, "Delirious"

Me? I'm straight like 9:15

Two spliffs of the green, now my eyes Chinese

Add on, multiply, let's divide this cream

One for you... one for me

Two for you... one-two for me (yo what the f\*\*k?)

Yeah sanitation, I said sanitarium

Niggaz is clowns and found ground in aquariums

You motherf\*\*kers sleep with the fishes

I'm at your spot tryin to sleep wit'cha bitches, listen

You rap like P, don't rap like P

Back smack a rapper backwards for tryin to act like me

I'm, one of a kind, I'm second to none

If my, record ain't spun I network with some guns

Call dude at the radio, listen could you play me yo?

Yeah I'ma play it, he ain't play it but he played me though

Next week I saw him at a party tryin to wave hello

Smacked him in the face with the 8, I'm tryin to break his nose

Motherf\*\*ker~!

[Steele:]

Look, man, you must be out your God damn mind

It don't make sense if I don't make a God damn dime

Now why, you think I'm out here on this God damn grind

And won't resign 'til I reside in a fox that's fine

I'm, like Criss "Mindfreak," abracadabra

Nigga my nine speak, your rhymes weak and need Viagra

Most rappers ain't that nice, your rap ain't real

You can't, be like Sean Price, can't do like Steele, f'real

And I don't mean to be facetious

It's genius to have the God on the track with Jesus

Y'all dudes f\*\*ked up, your flows pathetic

The 8 set it, push up on niggaz like calisthenics

We, wild and wreckless, the style's perfected

Don't wanna see me at your desk with scare like "Where the check is?"

This biz just gon' have this kid lose his religion

Pop a few Gods, do twenty-five to lives in prison

(Damn, that's f\*\*ked up man)