

The Backpack Song

Sean Price

Ayyo
It's all about weed, stacks, and guns
Deep raps and guns
Everything always lead back to guns
Niggaz talk hip hop all the time
Throw a clip in they glock
And make ya hip hop with the nine
Sean is a savage
Gun da grimey crunchy and stuff
Probably, dine on swine if I'm hungry enough
Please! whatever is good
Is whatever that's hood
Come through with a new whip,
Leather and wood
Niggaz like, "where the backpack sean? "
Don't worry about it
Just back the f**k up, fore I clap that cross
Niggaz, sound the same
They ain't nothing they lame
So I cut my dreads off and used my government name (P!)
Yeah, that's my word to enlighten
You not peepin my words
You herds is deserving my fire
Fuck around and get popped in the grill
I'm outta here
But ya'll motherf**kers know there ain't no stoppin until

It goes

[Chorus: x2]
Tell them hoes, tell your moms, tell ya son
Ruck be f-cutting 151
Hottest bag poppin since rap magazines
Big guns and shit, extra magazines