

## Dead Price

Zeds Dead

Yeah, P (Zed's Dead)  
Yo, (let's go) Listen  
Ayo, I don't give a fuck about, what you give a fuck about  
What you give a fuck about, I don't give a fuck about  
Shut your mouth, cut your spouse, special victim unit  
Drive-by, fly guy, the sket will hit your buick  
Never let the music, dictate the policy  
Promise me you'll never rap again fam honestly  
Been around the world and heard all kinds of verses  
Whatever it's worth, I curse, your verse is worthless  
You on a stage shirtless, exposing your taco meat  
I'm on the game first shit, behold the rocker heat  
I'm on beat with the soft flow standards  
No beef with a Jo-Jo dancer  
I'm better than whoever you know raps  
Oh, you know him? Fuck it, his flows wack  
I blow stacks on kicks and clothes  
You so wack, you a bitch for sho. (P)

(Listen)

Yo, I don't give a shit about what you give a shit about  
Cause what you give a shit about, I don't give a shit about  
Kick him out, dick in mouth, kick it bitch, spit it out  
Have my dick soften while she's spitting in chicken broth  
Imma go ... do nigga you wack  
Just some motherfucking bubba-loo-doo nigga  
Generally, generally, I smack your racist face off for fucking  
with P  
Par for par the best barbarian sean  
The arm, the double leg, arm, head of the don  
Head from a broad, I was the head of the class  
Now you got a lot of kids, but I'm better with math  
Count your blessings, count your toes  
Can't feel extremities off a ounce of blow  
I'm not one of them niggas that will dance in clubs  
I take pills, coke, and I dance on drugs. (P)