

Peter Pop Off (feat. Rim, Teflon, I-Fresh)

Sean Price & Lil Fame

[Intro: Lil Fame]

Ladies and gentlemen

I'm 'bout to bring you Brownsville projects' finest

Son, who dat?

It's my mothafuckin' road?dawg

So?what's his name?

Sean?P[Verse 1: Sean Price]

Aw, shit...

Dude, my YouTube views and?my skits

Better than all your bullshit

Pull piff, spit shit from the pulpit

[?] from Falcon Crest for filmin' the full clips

Ch-ch-ch, ch-ch-ch

Check out my melody

Cops pulled me over, the soldier checked out my felonies

Spewed lines newer, do-crime shooter

Junior, Donkey Sean two-time loser

Uh, one more strike and I'm out

Son raw, no gun drawn, Sean fightin' it out

52 block, I'm critical, box your face, fucker

Shotty and shells [?] the spot, I'm a gauge stuffer

Playin' the game, lames be playin' the game of dice

Peter Pop Off, bitches I'm playin' the game of life, P

Shit cost twelve, retail is seven

See you in hell, details at eleven

Ay

[Chorus]

You should know that I don't fuck around

Nah, I don't fuck around

Every time I come around

Anytime I come around

Motherfuckers hit the ground

'Cause I know my way around, get down, lay down

You should know that I don't fuck around

Nah, I don't fuck around

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[Verse 2: Rim]

Uh

From down in hell, where fire come with them grills

Different feel, not the mind of a infant but infant meals
It's a ball parade, where y'all be floatin', you like a used bidet
Sharp with it, y'all couldn't cut it with a katana blade
Get the smoker to creep up on you and choke ya
I'll pay the boulders, tryin' not to hit the pens like ebola
Dark souls, we displayin' metal like car shows
Get the dough, we done housed more white than Park Slope
Don't be a bar code and get lined up, it's nothin' gastric
But by the stomach know there's somethin' tucked
The stitchin' custom, what you cut from? Not accustomed
From the 'ville, no vodka, we do the rushin'
You feds recon, hands movin' like the Wii on
In the game, better stay froggy, but never leap wrong
So guard your grip, the 'ville, we clique
I'm from Strauss, but the only auto parts is clips
And we rip[Chorus]
You should know that I don't fuck around
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Anytime I come around
Motherfuckers hit the ground
'Cause I know my way around, get down, lay down
You should know that I don't fuck around
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Motherfuckers hit the ground
'Cause I know my way around, get down, lay down[Verse 3: Teflon]
Yo, our energy from the same source
We're cut from the same cloth
Duck, hold the fort down and let them things off
Change course if you ever thinkin' of tryin' us
We cop out? Them Glocks out, like a buy-or-bust
Kick the door in, make 'em hit the floor, tie 'em up
He in the car, hogtied, jaw wired up (ssh)
Listen up, them Hill niggas don't give a fuck
We'll pistol whip ya, get your cash to split it up (yeah)
We live it up around this mothafucka (beware)
Shit get rough around this mothafucka
Come at your own risk, we don't miss
Fuck around, you get hit up on your own strip
You know how it go when the heat up
In Brownsville, everybody, even the chicks G'd up
We all fight all night, we don't know how to ease up
Get you and your bitch beat up
Somebody better tell 'em[Chorus]
You should know that I don't fuck around
Nah, I don't fuck around
Every time I come around

Anytime I come around
Motherfuckers hit the ground
'Cause I know my way around, get down, lay down
You should know that I don't fuck around
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