

Seal (feat. Almighty Suspect)

Joey Trap

[Intro: Almighty Suspect]

Stop muhfuckin' playin' nigga, yeah

I'm much fuckin' trippin', all on the muhfuckin' beat, bitch!

And my nigga Joey Trap, trippin', hoe!

Stop muhfuckin' — playin!

[Chorus: Joey Trap]

If it don't got a seal, my nigga I can't sip that

Please get her off me, nigga take yo bitch back

King need a coffin, nigga I'm finna rip that

He ain't got me coughing, brodie it's that lip pack

Niggas! Ay! I'm on this hot shit

It's 2 in the mornin', we still out, be on the block, (ay)

Imma fuck her once, she turned on me and then I tossed strips

Girl you finna fuck with that nigga, you get blue tips

Bullets, ay, I might pull it, we turnt up little bitch, to the fullest

Why she gotta give me your bread 'cuz I threw this

Plus she finna give me some head, or get two fists

'sOver, Ay! Lil nigga, this is Balmain and BAPE, not Hilfiger

Imma get some brain and run it like Quiksilver

If I ever need to say something twice

You get five fingers on ya—

[Chorus]

If it don't got a seal, my nigga I can't sip that

Please get her off me, nigga take yo bitch back

King need a coffin, nigga I'm finna rip that

He ain't got me coughing, brodie it's that lip pack

Niggas! Ay! I'm on this hot shit

It's 2 in the mornin', we still out, be on the block, (ay)

Imma fuck her once, she turned on me and then I tossed strips

Girl you finna fuck with that nigga, you get blue tips

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Why she gotta give me your bread 'cuz I threw this

Plus she finna give me some head, or get two fists

'sOver—

[Verse 1: AlmightySuspect]

I needa get bands, if this nigga run up on me I'm gon' leave him in a can

Guns and the backwoods, blow him out his pants

Steady talkin' on the net, you the nigga in the stands

And niggas trippin' and they know to call my phone

Niggas said he takin' what?

Bitch, he waitin' at his home

In his big sus skirt, I ain't never been no hoe
I'm the first one to shoot, niggas know I'm trained to go

Choppa eat nigga up like he Pac-Man
Bitch, ain't bring the dough, get back hand
And I'm finna fly, nigga says packed in
And if the bitch act up, she get smacked in

[Verse 2: Joey Trap]

Bitch'll act tough, she get muhfuckin' slapped up
This nine on my lap, I don't know how to act
Dumb ass nigga, ran off with his pack
You won't get that shit back
This a [?]

[Chorus]

If it don't got a seal, my nigga I can't sip that
Please get her off me, nigga take yo bitch back
King need a coffin, nigga I'm finna rip that
He ain't got me coughing, brodie it's that lip pack
Niggas! Ay! I'm on this hot shit
It's 2 in the mornin', we still out, be on the block, (yeah)
Imma fuck her once, she turned on me and then I tossed strips
Girl you finna fuck with that nigga, you get blue tips
Bullets, ay, I might pull it, we turnt up little bitch, to the fullest
Why she gotta give me your bread 'cuz I threw this

Plus she finna give me some head, or get two fists

'sOver, Ay!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>