

Scarface f/ Papa Rue "High Powered"

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[Scarface] I'm representin fo' my niggaz on lock, doin time for that he-say She-say, layin niggaz down on the freeway Believe me, they need me, cause all these mouse-ass niggaz comin home too long before they release date He facin twenty-five years fed time And he ain't never seen a day in that thang, he bustin head time Let's keep it real, I got the documents to prove that youse a snitchin-ass nigga tryin to hide behind your music You hit the highway, got money the fly way You phony, youse a hoe-ass nigga that's what I say And you can quote this and niggaz wanna touch you Last album I was "Made" this album the motherfucker so All you niggaz wanna plot against the mob Since you wanna make it hot I'm fin' to, adjust your knob I'm high powered [Chorus: Papa Rue] Beep beep goes the sound of my cellular It's the life of a hustler You know we livin in danger And dem I treat just like strangers [Scarface] Real nigga he don't talk about it he be about it, cause he a G about it I got a problem with a nigga I go squeeze him out And what the fuck am I gon' talk to the police about? I'm from the streets doin the type of shit you read about I got chrome 45's under pressure, and in the dresser And now you're froze on the stretcher You wanted trouble, I wouldn't settle for lesser I'm the devil in the flesh, my pistol is my protector See my reflection as it fades into black When I reappear on a nigga it's a ragin attack yeah And I solemnly swear, any problem I have I just empty the clip and him callin {?} square That's on my life because I represent the mob Since you niggaz want that heat I'm bouts to, turn up the knob to high power [Chorus] [Scarface] Bitch nigga you just a dead man walkin, one foot is inside the grave The other one is in a closed-top coffin You're still talkin, like you the O.G. When you was locked down though, you was low-key Them niggaz told me that they had you in there and the locals you was workin with the boys in there And even had the nerve to go and try to talk to the streets Thinkin that they'd embrace a marked-as-police And then you tried to sue a nigga, but it got back to a nigga And when I see him I'ma do the nigga So skip that

funky-ass deposition fool Since you wanna crank it up,
then that's what I'm about to do To high power

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