

## Young Buck f/ 8 Ball & MJG, Bun B

### "Say it to My Face"

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[Young Buck]

I'm sick and tired of these same ol' broke bitches  
No job, all they wanna do is smoke swishers  
Get some money ho, why you wanna watch mine?  
Ain't no tellin what I'm gon' be drivin next time  
Seven figure nigga, we don't buy the bar no mo' (nah)  
Pull up the paperwork, tell the owner he can go  
Walk like a pimp bitch, talk like a soldier  
I got New York niggaz candy-paintin up they Rovers  
It say 200 but it go a little over  
Not the Corvette, the Ferrari Testarosa  
And we can bet on any point on the dice  
Pick 'em up, shake 'em twice, get 'em girl, look I'm nice  
{Dirty South} I'm so clean with my G-Unit kicks on  
I might be goin in, when Pimp C get home  
If you don't like me, say it to my face  
Just because I caught a case don't mean you can't be  
erased, bitch

[Chorus: Young Buck]

It must be the ice or the money that I make (yeahhhh)  
They talk behind my back but they won't say it to my  
face ho  
Say it to my face (yeah) say it to my face (yeah)  
They talk behind my back but they won't say it to my  
face (yeah)  
It gotta be these cars or the trips that I take (what)  
That make 'em wanna hate, won't you say it in my face  
bitch  
Say it to my face (yeah) say it to my face (yeah)  
They talk behind my back but they won't say it to my  
face (yeah)

[Bun B] + {Young Buck}

Say nigga you can go anywhere across the U.S. (S)  
From North to the South, East, Mid to the West  
Walk up in the hardest hood, ask a nigga 'bout me  
Bet he'll tell you Bun B is straight motherfuckin G (G)  
A gangsta from his toes to the top of his fitted  
Trillest nigga in the flesh (flesh) you can't fuck wit it  
Got them German handguns, they shoot two-two-

threes  
Bust through your condo ('do) and rip open your knees  
(open your knees)  
My nigga please, you don't wanna save your breath  
By myself, I'ma ride 'til no enemy is left  
When the middle finger niggaz hit yo' block, like it's  
urgent  
Just know the turrets from us cleanin yo' clock, like  
detergent  
Buck, they don't think I hear 'em {nigga please} quiet  
as kept  
I bet they die before they reach that first motherfuckin  
step  
I rep them UnderGround Kingz, fuck boy, Pimp and Bun  
If it's action that you want, my nigga come get you  
some (c'mon)

[Chorus]

[MJG]  
We pimp type, MJG, I mean  
Them packin some weight and I ain't talkin 'bout,  
Creatine  
Some niggaz they like to talk shit, in the uniform  
Guess what? Them niggaz still phony as a unicorn  
And I'll be damned if I run  
You bust the do', they ran out of guns, man you so  
dumb  
Puttin faith in the beach, snitchin on the trap  
I'm about to put a permanent stitch up in your yap

[8 Ball]  
Ay, all Ball do is smoke weed and get bad bitches  
Y'all mad at me for that, y'all niggaz some bitches  
Undercover groupie niggaz with the stop and plead  
For the last time, I don't smoke regular weed  
It don't matter where we at mayne, we fire it up  
Security don't stop the weed man from findin us  
Industry dick suckers keep runnin your mouth  
And I'ma give you muh'fuckers somethin to talk about,  
yea

[Chorus]

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