

## Climax Blues Band

### "1, 2, the 3"

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[Scarface]

Yo, let's do it  
... we gon' do this one  
Let the beat ride for a minute though  
Will {?} in the house from the town  
FaceMob in this bitch, 'bout to tear shit down  
Uh-huh, yeah, there it is  
Yeah

Still the, truth in the game ain't a damn thing changed  
Prone to tote heat up and then shoot flames  
Double the O.G. of a deuce thug thang  
Bitches who know me know how I do dames  
Still, fuckin with James we roll in this shit hard  
I locked up the South, he locked the 5th Ward  
Loaded and cocked, I'm known to be a block bleeder  
Known to get paper and I ain't fin' to stop neither  
I got {?} drive Porsches and shit  
Ranch got horses, golf courses and shit  
Eat shrimp steak crab raw oysters and shit  
And still fuck around with all my boys in the bricks  
International nigga, I been in and out the states  
Kingston, Brazil, bitches feedin me grapes  
I can, cut it and bake, all I need is some soda, a plate  
A microwave, Pyrex and a cake  
You can get it how you want it, what I'm spittin is free  
I don't need to hold in court what I can hold in the  
streets  
Niggaz know how I was raised so ain't no question  
these  
Consequences you gon' face when niggaz fuckin with  
me  
There it is

[Chorus]

One for the niggaz wanna cross me up  
Two for the bitches wanna toss me up  
Three for the people tryin to get my mail  
Wanna send me to jail so they can lock me up  
Four for the hoes who wanna block my shine  
Five for the snitch who went and dropped that dime

Six for the suckers who ain't got no game  
That's a God damn shame, that's why he hatin on mine

[Willie D]

From the North to the South I don't need no passes  
You bitches get out of line, I'ma bleed yo' asses  
Look man, I ain't the huffin puffin type  
I'ma put that pistol in your motherfuckin life  
Mayor {?} call my crib, I be gettin them greens  
Fuckin the finest hoes that can fit in some jeans  
Take an interest in politics, Chopin and Van Gogh  
Shoot a motherfucker up and then go vote  
They say variety is the spice of life, so we'll  
fuck the black broads and lay pipe to the whites  
Puerto Ricans and Latinos, Japs and Filipinos  
What is y'all trippin fo'? Pussy is pussy  
I ain't gotta come where you live to shoot you in your  
sleep  
I know niggaz in yo' hood that'll do you for me  
Youse a bitch-made pussy born with no nutsac  
I'm a motherfuckin stand up cat, that's on the one

[Chorus]

[Bushwick Bill]

Spot a fine-ass bitch and I'm scoopin her up  
You can sleep on me nigga if you're stupid enough  
But I'll be standin in your bed receivin from your  
woman  
You can bust in, but not while I'm cummin  
Cause I'm cummin everywhere, in her hair, on her face  
on her earring, even on the motherfuckin ceiling  
Keep it playa with a playa, let me get my nut  
After that, you can kill the bitch, I don't give a fuck  
Yes indeed, Chuck smoke good weed  
If it ain't hydro get the fuck out the do'  
You niggaz drink a few shots and your faculty slow  
I down the whole fuckin bottle like it's H2O  
Got the heart and the steel and the will to bust  
I'm the "Little Big Man" with the big ol' nuts  
Don't fuck with bitch-mades, too real for that  
Got the fame and the name but I still will jack, nigga

[Chorus]

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