

Young Buck

"Say It To My Face"

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(feat. 8Ball & MJG, Bun B)

[Young Buck]

I'm sick and tired of these same ol' broke bitches
No job all they wanna do is smoke swishas
Get some money hoe why you wanna watch mine
Ain't no tellin' what i'm gon' be drivin next time
Seven figga nigga we don't buy the bar no mo
Pull up the paper work tell the owner he can go
Walk like a pimp bitch
Talk like a soldier
I got new york niggas candy paintin up they rovers
It say 200 but it go a little over
Not the corvette the ferarri testarossa
We can bet on any point on the dice
Pick em up
Shake em twice
Get em girl
Look i'm nice
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

It must be the ice or the money that i make
They talk behind my back but they won't say it to my
face
Hoe, 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
It gotta be the cars or the trips that i take
That make em wanna hate, won't you say it in my face
bitch
Hoe, 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

[Bun B]

You can go anywhere cross the us
From north to the south east mid to the west
Walk up in the hardest hood ask a nigga bout me

Bet they tell ya bun b is straight mothafuckin' g'
A gangsta from his toes to the top of his fitted
Trillest nigga in the flesh you can't fuck wit' it
Got the german hand guns they shoot 2 2 3
Bust through ya condo n rip open ya knees (rip open ya
knees)
My nigga please you don't want it save your breath
By myself imma ride till no enemy is left
When the middle finger niggas hit your block like
insurgents
Theres no deterants from us cleanin' your clock like
detergents
Buck they don't think i am nigga please

Why this pimp i bet they die before they reach their first
Mothafuckin' sale
I rep them underground kings fuck boy pimp and bun
If it's action that you wan't mah nigga come get you
some

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[MJG]

They call me m dot mjg i mean
I'm packin' some weight
They ain't talkin bout trill jeans
Cuz they like to talk shit in they uniform
Guess what them niggas still phoney as the unicorn
And i'll be damned if i run you bust tho
They run outta guns man u so dumb
You faker than a bitch snitchen on the track
I'm about to pull a bun
And bust a fuckin' cap

[8 Ball]

All ball do is smoke weed and get bad bitches
And if ya'll mad at me for that then ya'll niggas some
bitches
Undercover groupie niggas want them stop and plead
For the last time i don't smoke regular weed

It don't matter where we at man
We fire in it up
Security don't stop the weed from findin' us
Industry dick suckas keep runnin ya mouth
And imma give ya motherfuckas something to talk
about

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