

Pharoahe Monch

"Face Off"

Visit "[Face Off](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Ghostface Killah (Scarface)]

Yeah, this Tony Starks

Scarface, yeah, we about to switch faces

(It's goin' down) Yeah Kay Slay

(Right here, right here tonight dawg)

(Face Mob in New York City)

(Huh, holla atcho goddamn boy!)

(Don't fuck wit me, don't get this shit crunk up in here,
Kay!)

(Cuz you know I'ma goddamn fool wit this shit)

[Scarface]

I'm creatin' a masterpiece for niggaz

Doin' it Kay Slay, all day, ev'y day, steady up in the 12
gauge

I'm fuckin' your house up, you and your spouse up

You open your mouth up, guarantee you I douce ya

Have 'em writin' about ya, daily I'm in the papers for
doubtin' a motherfucker

Stankin' the speculation, you want it, you got it, baby

I'm at you a lifetime, the nigga washin' your window
shorten your lifeline

You're fuckin' wit white wine, I'm fuckin' wit nitrate

I'm emotionless when I get 'em, a nigga wit ice veins

Ain't impressed wit status or jewelry, I'm on some
street shit

Don't believe in sit in front of a jewelry, that's weak shit

You talk it, you gotta live it, I live it, that's why I speak it

Exposin' these niggaz weakness', Kay I got 'em sleepin'

Reality, fuck a record, don't believe in disrespectin'

And niggaz will be to see you while your people got you
rested'

I'm reckless

(Chorus)

[Ghostface Killah]

Mama used to take trips to face to face

Now it's face-to-face, Ghost & Face, Scar & Slay

We gon' walk the path that mama laid

We fail, we gon' see a skull on dollars grave

[Ghostface Killah]

I remember bustin' out the house from police duckin'
the vans
Wit them taped-up broken revolvers stuck to my pants
That was '88, around the time of Slick Rick era
Day to day, rolled chains wit them thick knit sweaters
Who gives a fuck what the D.A. say, they wanna see me
pay
Motherfucker this is G.F.K.!
I settle crimes wit metal 9s and I ain't gonna stop
'Til your brains all over the street like ?
Marshmellow dimes, brick be the size of cobblestones
Acknowledge the throne, it's Pretty Tone
I'm legendary and compared to my work on the strip,
y'all secondary
I'm hittin' these fiends lovely, my shit be extra heavy
Like construction workers in Timbs, and plus they two
box
Two glocks incase I gotta bump a few cops off
You know how we do in Staten Island, this is Gaten
Island, nigga
Not a non-violence sticker

(Chorus)

[Scarface]

I gave you a chance to eat, but you chose to bite the
hand that fed
You took your shit, nigga, lay in your bed
Who'd ever thought this nigga that we sat down at our
table and fed
Would roll on the street and on wit the feds
I used to love this nigga
Now I roll around wit a mask and a strap and a grudge
for that nigga
Fuckin' wit me, this adds the fuel to the fire
And I'm about to snap that wire!

[Ghostface Killah]

We want them new 20s and 100s, Ziplock money
Y'all gon' fund it, we gon' eat big like Big Pun did
And we goin' all out like Hussein's sons did
We stickin' niggaz like New York cops wit plungers
So take some advice, there's three bears
Cashmere down wit 12 gauges under the table
Slay got the shotty, ain't that your label
And them other two bears, yo, theys the one that paid
you buddy!

(Chorus)

(gunshots)

Visit [Pharoahe Monch](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.