

Scarface

"And Yo"

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I got a headache this big

Word up, word up, word up
It's kinda hot in here
Word up, word up, word up
Funk Doc, word up, Scarface, yo, yo

It can't be
P, P, P, knuckleheads on parole without a GED
BBC, abroad, goldenrods out the fo'
I strip ya down to ya optimo, cigars

I pull cards like Vegas, clap my hands then walk away
From the table with ya payment
How I'm paid? Niggaz are barely a village
I spit with a foul mouth like Terrance & Phillip

A man or gorilla, my cap toot back like Fred
So white bitches jump on my Limp Bizkit and yell
?You niggaz know you can't fuck around"
Ha, ha yeah, you see me, you be duckin? up and down

Super Lex, cop a thing, thing
Guzzle it down with two bottle of Ginseng
Fuck ya brains out whole when Al Green sings
When your out cold, bitch steal ya bling, bling

You died for ya mom and pop, don't sweat it
I got the next bitch rockin' ya birthday present
News at 11, Scarface and Doc
From Bricks to South Park we say, "Fuck the cops"

Yo, you niggaz know you can't fuck around
You niggaz know you can't fuck around
You see me, you?d be yuckin? duckin? up and down
What? These niggaz know they can't fuck around

What? You niggaz know you can't fuck around
You see me in the streets, you?d be duckin? up and
down
Nigga, you niggaz know you can't fuck around
Yo, you niggaz know you can't fuck around

As I, bring it to ya one more time
From a state where we stole weight and dough mind
dine
And we don't tote six-shooters, we tote glock nines
And we don't smoke a peace pipe, we smoke fat dimes

It's a place where it's a common site to see the 5-0
Hit the other side of sixteen and getcha mind blown
Fo sho', it's a different vibe from bein' downtown
Then when ya come into the ghetto and ya can't come
back out

I seen the ghetto shut down, seen niggaz shot up
Seen niggaz get knocked the fuck out and never got up
The neighborhood paralyzed, cracked drive-bys
It's evident we hurt, you ignored our cry

On the outside the ghetto just another mind state
And import more minorities to help the crime rate
I ain't lookin' for a job, fuck workin' the part time
When we could come up on some dough
With good combs and slang dimes

I see this all the Goddamn time, it's fucked up and it's
the truth
Never mind the shooter on the roof
It's a war goin' on right here, where we at
I can't complain about what I can't change, so why dap?

Dropped outta high school in tenth grade so I rapped
But still, can't seem to get this monkey off my back
Fuck it, I pulled a few moves and ride for the streets
And when I start to feel like this, don't fuck with me

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Yo, Young Noble Outlaw, spittin' shit with 'Face and Red
Bear looped out flows and you can taste the wet
Place ya bet, young nigga ace the test
You say Nob' got a old soul, blame the vets

Flurp shit from the earth bitch, cradle to grave
Burnt shit from the fingertips, able to spray
Nigga ya mind playin' tricks on you
Ya drew down, but ya nine won't spit for you

And ain't nobody got no hostile clips for you
You in the mix but ain't nobody doin' shit for you
It's gon' be Hell for hustler, while your neck spoil you

With the same clip you had last week
And niggaz know I know the real, that's why the fag
don't speak
And I ain't even peak yet, without the heat yet
Holla my street yet, cuz I be the beef yet

I'm hittin' these niggaz hard, I ain't even eat yet
Or felt defeat yet, I melt the weak yet
Lyrically breathe death, we thugs nigga what
We take slugs to the gut

Patch 'em up, hit the Bricks, it's time for our lunch
Outlawz, Dirty Mob motherfucker

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