

Scarface

"Dying With Your Boots On"

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Trouble seems to catch a motherfucker with his cards down

Gotta keep my drawers up, shit's gettin' hard now

These motherfuckin' cops be plantin' shit on these niggas

Simply because these niggas got bank accounts that's bigger

I just can't get no peace from you motherfuckin' rollers
Every time I pull my Benz-o out, you pull me over
I'm sick of motherfuckers who be jocking Whitey's coattails

Blacker than a motherfucker, sweat me 'bout my dope-sales

Niggas just take your cut and get your ass up out my face

The only thing you probably get from me is a cock-suckin' pistol case

Unless you plan on plantin' a lil' somethin' in my shit
Just because you ain't got shit, bitch

Give 'em a badge and a trigger and that makes 'em figure

That they can fuck with a million dollar nigga

They got you mixed up, fixed up at the Segas, shookin' Indo

Gettin' fucked up in the gank-hole

The only way you'll whip that motherfucker

Is when you whip that motherfucker

And we choke the motherfucker

(Man, fuck that motherfucker)

So when you hear my song and wanna get it on

You better come prepared motherfucker

You dyin' wit'cha boots on

(Put ya foot in my shoe, and let me try on your boots)

Dyin' wit'cha boots on

(Put ya foot in my shoe, and let me try on your boots)

Yeah

Do you know how many years you're facing inside?
25 to life and that's on the real
So you better snitch on your partner
Fuck that, it was Brad Dawg, I ain't goin' out by myself

Niggas gettin' caught, doin' time, so they snitchin'
They pickin' niggas up on a funky ass suspicion
We'll be goin' down for some questioning we think
And end up gettin' hit with the fuckin' kitchen sink

Racketeer and laundering, Kingpin wondering
If they got some unsolved murders, then give him
some of them
Just because we're niggas and they figure we're no
smarter
We'll sell each other out and start rattin' on our
partners

They start bringin' up shit that happened back in '85
And then comes the largest jury, bitch, they fuckin'
time
You might as well play the state 'cause you gon' do day
for day
And sellin' out your homeboys ain't the shit

'Cause y'all gonna have to die in this bitch, bitch
Lobbin' wit'cha white suits on
And dyin' wit'cha motherfuckin' boots on

(Put ya foot in my shoe, and let me try on your boots)

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