

Scarface

"Games Over"

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Better get it while the gettin' is good
Get it while you can, man
And stop hatin' me, fuckin' with my shit 'cuz I got more
hustle than you
Get yours, get yours baby

I'm seeing millions, niggaz don't understand
Know what? I'm makin' moves, puttin' cash behind
plans to blow up
Will he style like this everyday I parlay
Sip Henne and Tanqueray stay in the mix like Alezay

V.I.P., my shit parked valet
On the prowl again to get honies familiar with the smile
again
Some try to assault Dre, it's still cavi
I'm eatin' steak while they struggle to break the slave
mentality

I givin' livin' definition long as my hearts tickin'
I fought and made the world listen
Whatever fly Dr. Dre invented, turn on the box
And let my son watch these studio clowns on 60 inches

I push a rover, shit platinum before the sessions over
Rap master with the Houston heat holder
These playas best to get they shit in check
I get my hustle on ain't no playin' with a full deck

Lord please, murda my enemies
(Yeah)
Burn 'em at a thousand degrees
And Lord please let me make mo cheese
'Cuz I ain't quite ready to leave
(No)

Lord please, murda my enemies
(Yeah)
Burn 'em at a thousand degrees
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(No)

Buck the whole world, meant that, gotta stay strapped
'Cuz 99.9 a niggaz, carry they gats
Super fist fightin' shit might come down to dyin'
When the time comes down for the tryin' I got nine

Reasons why niggaz shouldn't step in my face
With the nonsense, 'cause I'm always heated and you
can taste this
Audi little something out the seams a my trousers
With no hesitation I got a team to come clown ya

I down ya, so let your people know what they face
With the type of individual that'll bomb a sub-station
Kaboom and everybody dies outside
There ain't no escapin' the Reaper so don't try

Go ahead, close ya eyes, who the next to step?
Face down, hit, bleedin' on the steps a death
Check yo self, you just been invaded by true soldiers
December 31st, 96
(The game is over)

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(I've got all my life to live, plus with all my love to give)
Smokin' weed I never trail, I lead
Spendin' dough, tripped the cost of a ride
Like it was pocket money, Gs
But these are the things real playas do

Talkin' shit is real things that the hatas do
I'm namin' you, shit's thick, it's time to run for shelter
I kept the word, things could happen to marks
Like it was helter skelter

Dear diary, I'm runnin' outta pages
Fadin', in and out, takin' purple hazes
The dazes, Revelations in the last stages

Red skys institute, the silent horns playin'

I'm prayin' with tears in my eyes
'Cuz I'm tryin to make it into eternal peace without dyin'
But they eyein' my bank account with beams on my
rover
The killa failed to launch his attack
(The game is over)

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