

## Scarface

### "Get Out My Face"

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[Chorus]

Fake-ass-ni-ggaz (NEED TO GET OUT MY) faaaace  
Fake-ass-ni-ggaz (WON'TCHA STAY OUT MY) faaaace  
(ALL YOU FRAUDULENT-ASS NIGGAZ NEED TO GET OUT  
MY) faaaace  
(ALL YOU BEGGIN-ASS BITCHES NEED TO GET OUT MY)  
faaaace

[Scarface]

News gossip laws gossip boppers boppin hoes beg  
Foresake me cause they bitches always be off in my  
bed  
Always fuckin with they feelings, bitch I'll fuck you with  
my head  
I don't love you and you don't love me so motherfuck  
what Donna said  
I got paper never spend it I ain't never seen a night  
that I felt a need to pay a bitch unless she was a dyke  
Lickin pussy left and right, bringin bitches by my place  
Jack me off and suck my dick and let me skeet off in  
her (faaaace~!)  
Blackberry start to buzzin, guess her husband askin  
questions  
Wonderin where she at cause she just called her  
cousin, mad and fussin  
I'm laughin cause I'm fuckin, slappin ass and titty  
suckin  
Please your nipples, puttin that thump in her ass and  
she ain't strugglin

[Chorus]

[Scarface]

You ain't gangsta, youse a busta, quick to say that you  
a hustler  
But realistically, you a bitch to me, sweet as pie but  
down to Custer  
Wanna cry when niggaz touch ya, wanna hide cause  
niggaz bust ya  
Got the copies of them statements you was makin  
motherfucker

All you fake-ass niggaz get the fuck out my  
(faaaace~!)

'Fore I make it rain and shower you with copper from  
the A  
K, 47 that's gon' be my tool  
Make me clack it, I start actin like a motherfuckin fool  
(yeah)

Fool, you know me, I've been down since '85  
Sellin dime for dime, doublin up my paper every time  
I live the life of crime, ghetto life from day to day  
Made me throw up both my hands, now get the fuck up  
out my (faaaace~!)

[Chorus]

[Scarface]

Thought I mighta hung it up for good, got tired of ridin  
beats  
for free, said fuck it, I'm gon' go on and coach a team  
Play golf and smoke my weed, poke her every other  
day  
Do some groups and keep these haters out my  
motherfuckin (faaaace~!)

But this shit ain't go the way I planned, I'm caught off in  
the cross  
And if I leave they won't respect the South cause  
niggaz soft  
Talkin 'bout what's in they mouth, talkin 'bout they cars  
and house  
And that ain't what we all about, we out here workin in a  
drought  
'Bout that paper, 'bout that cabbage, out here hustlin  
'til you grab it  
Pimp a pimp, you silly rabbit, youse a bun without a  
tablet  
So yo' intellect connect is comin short it out of space  
Catchin bricks and weed and ace so get the fuck up out  
my face

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