

Scarface "Homies & Thuggs"

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Ghetto niggas remain violent while the killers remain
silent

Niggas strapped with 45's and ain't smilin'
And I'm drivin' to a place they're all warrin'
The lake we build houses but it's the hood we call home

In the ghetto the only place a motherfucker will keep it
real

We focused on the dollar bill, still
The outsiders tend to disrespect the place
Where niggas do their strugglin' die with a straight
face

Survivin', under conditions demons dinin'
You can run it but can't hide it, so step aside
It's the nigga that makes music for the streets
'Cause I love this motherfucker like pussy with no
sheets
'Cause it's deep

Some niggas make it out the neighborhood and won't
surface

They let the money make them nervous, what's the
purpose?
A motherfucker sittin' on fat
He came up in the hood but he can't come back

Fuck that, I remain in the street game frame
On a mission to maintain me and take aim
In position to let my opposition know my life
'Cause off in these streets I keep it real but what's
right?

Survivin', sittin' on a key doin' business on a beeper
I'm sinkin' in this motherfucker deeper
Fear the Reaper that no man born or woman harm me
Fuck bein' a nigga in your army

Though I'm a killer, enter the ghetto so that you can
see
What I mean when I say I love this 'cause it loves me
Let it be, stop lookin' at this motherfucker strange

And talkin' 'bout a motherfuckin' change
This is for my thug niggas

This one for the homies and thug niggas
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Grace imagined us workin' at McDonald's
And me and you sellin' fuckin' toasted up the hummus
Gold slug, a car full of thug niggas
Twenty inch wheels candy paint so we drug dealers

No limit soldiers to the fullest
See I was raised on red beans the size of some bullets,
huh
We ghetto niggas can't be stopped
Got me mixin' up dope with little J down at rap a lot

My phone tapped, the feds on my tail
Got me paying luxury taxes on everythin' I build
True to the ghetto that's my life
You see that house on the lake it's for the kids and the
wife

You can test me if you wanna
'Cause I be dumpin' niggas off from New Orleans to
California
Rowdy like a hurricane
Independent, black owned, got them hooked on this
cocaine

You used to see C, C on the suit and tie
But we young niggas in tennis shoes and diamonds
Executive street millionaires
Niggas gonna be 'bout it, 'bout till we gray in the wheel
chair

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What do you get from boostin'?
Niggas comin' out from California to represent them

niggas in Houston
And now we rockin' keep this shit poppin'
And all my niggas across the bay know LA keep the shit
hot

I keep my glock inside my pants, don't give niggas a
chance
To put me inside a casket, you dirty bastards
Until the day I die, you catch a nigga high on weed
The police can't find me

My shit will drop and I'll sell five million
While all the niggas enter the game, get caught up in
drug dealin'
How can I fall? How can I ball?
How can I catch my enemies and murder them all?

My word of flame burn niggas inside their brain
Niggas can't hang with me and like it changes
Scarface got me on this shit
We laced it motherfuckers in their body and face

Growin' quicker, liquor made me a daddy and nigga
Niggas don't wanna see me world wide mob figure
MOB and his lead keep me weeded
Key niggas don't wanna see me when I got weed

In my system
Catch another victim, capture bodies
Bring a shottie to the fuckin' party, yeah

I party all night
I do this shit 'cause it's wrong but we were born right
And to the niggas in my zone we do it long ways
'Till these bitches understand nigga my song pay
'Cause I'm the man

Now these are my homeboys, we outlaws till the day we
die
Keep this shit rough and raw my 45
Make sure that I survive to another day
To bust rhymes which from I get paid

Now that's the end of my freestyle
But it was left for dead
But the shit away you can hear it playin'
Westside

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