

## Scarface

### "It Ain't"

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[Verse 1]

I got a problem how you do that there

It's been thirteen years and aint went nowhere

Still, one of the coldest ever done this shit

And aint no motherfucking question know who run this bitch

I got my nigga Erick Sermon he supplied the beat

And I be in the vocal booth, supply the heat

Up in the game, for the street, these blocks and thugs

With a pistol grip shotgun to box someone

And it's a thin red line between what was and aint

Got a \$50 sack, plus I love to drink

I be in southside nigga til it's said and done

And I was always taught to take the bread and run

Here it is, the motherfucking moment of truth

I came in one deep now what you hoes wanna do

HOOK:

All these Rolex watches

It aint shit to me

And the Cristal poppin

It aint shit to me

Bitches out boppin

Aint shit to me

It aint shit to me, aint shit to me

[Verse 2]

Man, hold up, got too much bleek in my truck

I silence niggas like gag orders

With motherfucking powderpuff I just add water

I blow you punk bitches out the frame

And I'ma make you hoes remember my name

I'm the J E S S E, J A M E S

I'm shuttin niggas down H child is mine I bet you know  
now

So hush with the talk, talk

Claimin you gon' put it on the map

Well I done already done that

So follow in footsteps of the gangsta shit's finest

Since 1987, Mr. Scarface

Gosh, I'ma stop you at the moment of truth

The last man standin, now what you wanna do

HOOK:

So you got tight flows

It aint shit to me

Money, hoes

It aint shit to me

Brand new clothes

It aint shit to me

Yeah right, see this Ro

It aint shit to me

Finna get a record deal

It aint shit to me

Build a house on the hill

It aint shit to me

Brand new Benz, big wheels

It aint shit to me, aint shit to me, it aint shit to me

[Verse 3]

Now the moral of this story here is simple and plain

Next time you mention southern rap remember the name

All you magazine niggas gettin caught up in the new shit

Just remember what the truth is

My mind playin tricks on me, Scarface is back

Diary of a man made, nigga come and ask

The wall, the dead, lettin niggas know I aint a prankster

Damn it feels good to be a gangster

Smile for me now, I see the man died today, my fuel

I'm still up in this bitch, what they wanna do

HOOK:

Ay, ay

It aint shit to me

All that talk it aint shit to me

Big money aint shit to me

It aint shit to me Publishing Aint shit to me Management

deals aint shit to me Money, cars, jewelry Aint shit to  
me, aint shit to me

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