

# Scarface

## "Ma Homiez"

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*[Verse 1]*

*[Scarface]*

(Bring it back)

I bring it back with all my old school game  
No matter how you hate the OG, you can't change him  
See, cause to me it's total disrespect  
For motherfuckers who done lived in the ghetto  
Turn around and talk they shit  
And try to downgrade the next dude tryin  
To get up out the ghetto like you  
But you straight fried him  
See, now what you niggas need is open eyes  
Although you made yourself a couple a million, you  
keep an open mind  
Cause down the stretch, you lose your grips on reality  
And he who grips, slip on life fades fatality  
I seen the same shit you seen in the 70's  
And you can blame shit on me, but nigga never  
Beat the flow of a youngster, raised up amongsta  
Niggas who ain't bullshit with life, they straight stuck ya  
Now how the fuck am I supposed to change  
A place that since my mother been born it ain't been  
known to change  
And all my niggas can relate to what I bring to 'em  
Instead of turnin my back, I sing to 'em

*[Chorus x4]*

Jockin my homies?  
Ride for my homies, think?  
Cause I'll die for my homies

*[Verse 2]*

*[Scarface]*

Dedicated to my homies who been trapped in the jail  
Since these other motherfuckers seem to lost they  
respect  
For the place, niggas got game on how to handle these  
streets  
Instead of layin dead, you get knocked down you stand  
on your feet

If I ain't learn nothing else, I learned to struggle and  
strive  
Cause the ghetto made a man out a nigga, I can't lie  
But every black community done seen the same thing

Somebody come up out the hood and make a strange  
change  
Ain't no forgettin where it started for me  
The hustle out the hood never departed from me  
No matter how many niggas try to change my story  
Can't nobody make me go change my story  
So motherfuckers claimin that they represent life  
Make sure them hoes is representin it right  
Talk to me

*[Chorus x4]*

Now break it down to the beat one time  
(vocal breakdown)  
Talk to me now

*[Verse 3]*

*[Scarface]*

How dare you so called black politicians  
Knock me for the game that I explain to my listeners  
See, they wanna put me on remote control  
So they can turn me on and off when they feel it  
and try to take control  
But I refuse to cooperate  
You take away the plug out the game it ain't gon  
operate  
So now we're picky with the wickedly ways  
And I done been inside the beast in his belly for six  
days  
Cause they solutions is institutionalize  
All the game made millionaires would choose to  
survive  
Instead of fallin dead, we bounce to these beats  
But you look at my music like an ounce on these streets  
I send this out to every street in your city with blacks on  
em  
Since every motherfucker got paid to turn they backs  
on em  
I got more love for the ghetto than that  
And every time I step my ass out the hood, I go back  
So you can miss me with that bullshit you stressin  
I keep it real with my niggas with no question  
So while you're teachin em that shit they can fake to  
I teach em shit that they can relate to  
My homies

*[Chorus x4]*

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