

## Scarface "Mr. Scarface"

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Mr. Mr. Scarface from walking down the block  
Out jumps some fiends and steals all his rocks  
Pulls out a gun and shoots down all the fiends  
And Mr. Mr. Scarface went up the block again

(All I have in this world, all I have in this world  
All I have, all I have, all I have in this world)

Ahh yeah, hah  
Mr. Scarface is back in the motherfuckin house once  
again!  
Yea, droppin some of that new  
Mr. Scarface Two, on your motherfuckin ass  
So suck a nigga dick, or make a nigga rich  
Or something, bitch

Verse One:

I don't give a FUCK about the chatter in the background  
Niggaz get beat when they step this is axe down  
If you don't know, I recommend you check  
And ask them motherfuckers, how many heads I put to  
rest  
I play a game but the game ain't roulette  
Slangin cane is the thang and I beat  
That there's a lot of wannabe Scarfaces  
I've heard the name in ninety-nine different places  
I'm here to squash it all original will speak  
Scarface on your ass from the streets  
I left my cut, in fear of a prison term  
They wanna put me in a chair and let me burn  
But go to prison on a murder rap, fuck that  
I refuse to be a visitor in state's camp  
So I broke and left behind all I worked for  
Either that or be sentenced for a drug war  
And many want to know why I've slowed up  
It's either that or get fucked  
Cause laws get happy on the trigger  
Say fuck it put a cap in a nigga  
But this ass ain't made for no caps homey  
This ass says 'Exit Only'  
So I get in the wind but hey

A nigga still sold a quarter everyday  
I sat around for six months black  
Waitin for the day to make a comeback  
And now I'm ready for combat  
Mr. Scarface is back

Chorus: repeat 2X

(All I have in this world, all I have in this world  
All I have, all I have, all I have in this world)  
Nobody knows my name, they'll only know this face  
On the farilla my nigga just call me Scarface

Verse Two:

Aiyyo Bido, drop that shit  
Yeah, heh heh  
Back in the South Park, six o'clock on the dot  
Checkin on my old rock spot  
I seen the same old set  
Heh, the small timers see me so they jet  
Buildin one-twenty-eight  
I got myself a bag and I can't wait  
To cut em up small to make a profit  
Niggaz on the cut short stop it  
Fiends'll see em small then they go  
Where, to see the motherfuckin pro  
One nigga got pissed  
And started reachin for his shit  
Three-fifty-seven on your ass fool  
Like I said before, you don't get a second chance dude  
Unloaded on his ass he was hurt  
Six shots put his dick in the dirt  
Laid him out like a motherfuckin rug  
Gettin pumped full of thirty-eight slugs  
Some other niggaz stepped out y'all  
Aww shit, I had to make a phone call

Hello?  
Hay Jay  
Whassup?  
I'm in a little trouble man  
Where you at?  
I'm out here in South Park Village  
Stay right there, I'll be right on  
C'mon let's take these motherfucers to war main

Jay called up some niggaz from the 5th Ward  
And came back with a motherfuckin hit squad  
Motherfuckin uzi machine  
Big Chief packed an M-16

Will and AK with a banana clip  
And little Bill had a god damn pistol grip  
I hit a little laugh and got me a buzz  
And that's about the time they got drugged  
One more war took place  
You can call me the shit started, or call me Mr. Scarface

Chorus

Verse Three:

Damn, check this shit out  
Later on, all alone, you know what happened next  
Another bitch came by to give me sex  
It was kind of strange I was thrown off  
The last bitch got her head blown off  
But fuck I ain'tsta pass up no pooty  
She started strippin at the door, oh goody  
I got in that ass with the quickness  
Fuckin her down with the diznick  
I didn't have to pretend I loved her  
All she wanted me to do was just fuck her  
So I gave it up to the lady  
And all she said was 'Fuck me baby, fuck me baby'  
I started stroking in an outrage  
The whole while I was starin at my twelve gauge  
The bitch was makin noise I said I'm killin her  
And all the while my dick was hard and he was still in  
her  
I made a nut as she fell to the floor  
I heard a knock on the front door  
I grabbed the twelve gauge from the bed head  
Who is it? (Fred) Who?  
Who the fuck is Fred, I stood by the door  
By that time someone jumped in the window  
Now what the fuck was I do? \*bam bam bam\*  
The bitch packed a twenty-two  
Hit him in his head, there she laid him  
The nigga standin by the door I sprayed him  
\*automatic fires\*  
And headed for the back  
I seen that same old brown cadillac  
It kinda fucked me up at first  
Cause the nigga that drove that caddy rode away in a  
hearse  
I opened up fire on the ride G  
Who I was shootin for was standin right behind me  
I had a double barrel pointed at my ass  
Could this be the end of Mr. Brad?  
I don't know what happened to the slut  
Well that's about the time the closet door it opened up

\*kicked open\* On your ass trick!  
I'll be damned if I go out like the last bitch!  
Heh, five-oh's on my ass main  
They know me by the face, but they don't know my last  
name  
Now I'm back on the case  
Yeah, just call me Mr. Scarface

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