

Scarface

"Mr. Scarface: Part III the Final Chapter"

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(All I have in this world)
--> Tony 'Scarface' Montana
[continues through intro]

Hey
Shit
Yeah nigga, that's
That - that - that
This - this is some - ehm
What we gon' call this one here?
Fuck it
Let's call it - ehm
Some - some
Some old school Scarface freestylin
Youknowmsayin?
Yeah

Aaaaah shit!
I'm finna freestyle in this bitch
He-yeah
Huh youknowmsayin?
Check it out

[VERSE 1]

I started small time, dope game, cocaine
Pushin rocks on the block, I'm never broke, mayn
But now I'm up against some mo' shit
Because the five-o's done jumped in my face with
some hoe shit
Tried to mix a nigga up in a homicide
Said I shot a muthafucka in his mama's ride
I ain't the nigga in the trench coat
I don't push rocks on the block, I deal the big dope
I ain't the nigga on the mic that done said he quit
But I be damned if I get popped for some petty shit
That's why I move the real chickens
So if I'm goin down, I'm comin home on a meal ticket
Cause in this game you can't bar shit
Do your dirt on the cool, so they can't say they saw shit
So when them muthafuckas step up with that he-say
You can tell em hoes to hit the freeway
Cause I ain't touchin shit with my own hands

I leave the dirt to be done by the next man
And count my money when they push it off
I wonder if the dope game is still bein good to y'all
Cause in the past four years, yo
I done clocked more cash sellin dope than them white
folks
That's the reason why they upset
And always tryin to mix a nigga up in some fuck shit
But I'm a killer comin atcha
Mr. Scarface Part III, nigga, The Final Chapter

He-he-he
Just freestylin in the studio, though

Where is Scarface?
Where is Scarface?
(Here I am
Here I am)
How much do you make, Sir?
(I don't -
Man, what the fuck is you talkin bout how much I
make?!)
Ha-ha-ha..
(Fuck you!)

[VERSE 2]

I'm in the South Park, peepin out the territory
Finna set up shop just like in every story
So I'm rentin out the backside
And let them niggas do they work, and me, I'm kickin
back, right?
And layin low in the next section
Got a fully automatic M-11 for my protection
Everything is goin smooth as planned
I gots to try to fool the man
Cause if I'm caught, I'm doin 10 flat
So I'm gettin it while the gettin's good, nigga, fuck that

Cause if I fall short, nigga, then I'm ass out
And then we'll see what the judge try to pass out
I see some niggas we competin with
It's goin down tonight in the village, and I can see this
shit
So I'm on the telephone callin up the squad
"Get your shit together, nigga, we finna mob"
Before I hung up the phone, niggas was lettin loose
I grabbed my shit and tried to find my bullet-proof
But fuck it, niggas, ain't goin for the chit-chat
They startin off with a headshot
So if I gotta die, then I gotta die, nigga
And when I fall on my ass, don't ask me why, nigga

It was just my time and the man came to get me
Fuck it - plus a bullet hit me
A straight niggaroo subtractor
Mr. Scarface Part III, muthafucka, The Final Chapter

The final chapter for real
(All I have in this world..)
Yep
He-he
I gotta - ehm
Shit, I guess I better talk about a broad then, huh?
Before I close this muthafucka off, right?
Check it out

[VERSE 3]

Later on, all alone, sat around the house layin low
Waitin for these niggas to jump so I can buck a hoe
And just like I expected
A bitch came by in a gee wantin to get naked
Now shit's gettin hectic
The situation's lookin grim, so yo, I gots to check it
Clean those traps, all the other shit
I'm fuckin one hoe, and in comes another bitch
So now I'm jackbonin two hoes
Who's the nigga in the Kamurshol? Fuck, nigga, who
knows?
She musta knew the bitch that I was fuckin with
And plus I'm strapped and she was suckin dick
Up and down with a smooth stroke
Takin 9 inches of this dick like a deep throat
The other bitch was involved in masturbation
Oh shit - now I'm ejaculatin
I let loose and they was fightin for the white shit
I got a rubber tryin to make my pipe fit
I finally made the cock crack
The bitch pulled a .330 and shoved it up my back
Then some niggas came out with a chainsaw
And tried to hack my muthafuckin brains off
These bitches set me up, y'all
Pussy - a nigga's quickest downfall
I couldn't do shit except take it like a man
But if I live, it's on again
But I wanted a quick piece
So I put down my piece and end up put down,
deceased
She put the rifle to my muthafuckin head
Mr. Scarface is - naw, fuck that shit..

Ah-ha-ha
Youknowsayin?
Punch the beat in

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