

Scarface

"My 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:] X 4

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:] X 4

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:] X 4

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