

Scarface

"The Good, The Bad, The Thugly"

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(feat. Full Force)

[Intro: D.J. Ace (Full Force)]

All my cats, international, worldwide

Niggas know how it get down

This the O.C.N., body prover, stick and mover

Get more gangsta, Patti Labelle'd out wigs

D.J. Ace the original crowd motivator

The Good: (Bambue), The Bad: (Raekwon), The Thugly:
(Scarface)

Wit fine sexy ass Allure on the hook, nigga

Full Force on the hook, nigga, Lou Star on the hook, cat

Pitch Black, the track, yo, Full Force is back, let's go

(This one is dedicated, to all the haters, the non
believers

Those who counted us out the game, no, we all here,
yo

Those bullshit executives, who don't know a damn
thing

This is for the people, Full Force, yeah)

[Chorus: Allure (Full Force)]

You've done up and done it now, real niggas stand up,
testify

(We are here to show that Full Force, ain't none to fuck
wit)

Ya'll play fool, but don't forget, Full Force, now
jumpstart this shit

(We are here to show that Full Force, ain't none to fuck
wit)

[Raekwon]

Aiyo, take money and chill, the most illest out of reels

Jump out of wheels, prada slip-ons, a lot of bills

You connin' it, this don, the streets honor it

Lean back and green garnaments, clean ornaments

Post in your arial, what, what, what, smoke in your area

Son, gun up provoke in your area

Swim through mammal style, do you, I do it great
flannel style

A lot of ammo when a lot of owls

Run wit B.K. reppers, blow, swifter and sweeter than a

neck

To dress my ass off, wreck somethin', blow monster
hits
Wit dominance, it ain't real, and no honor this, might
get you a honor spliff
Catch me in shoes and jeans, B.M. wagon
Lightin' up green, typin' up a letter by all means
Full Force come wit it, makin' this all real
I'm done wit, snatch paper kid, run wit it

[Chorus]

[Bambue]

Aiyo, hold up, stop, my niggas had this shit locked
Since the pop wilds, some that got
And show and tell time, he speaks, they can't sleep
Recognize what's goin' down, and bang this up in the
streets
Some died, some dried out, had you cried out twice
I say I roll wit Full Force, you lookin' at me like
The fuck, you better get wit it ya'll
Not too many niggas got diamond plaques up on the
wall
And it's fact, will never fall, on hits I flip sick
Blowin' up another chick wit big tits
Money talk, bullshit walk, know the rhyme
Give me beats that throw hook, like no hook, I
punchlines
Roll wit Full Force, cuz I won't settle for less
Of course I'm on this joint, cuz I gotta have the best
Come through wit big niggas, me and my dough
deliver
Bambue, boom, who's the flex spitter?

[Chorus]

[Scarface]

If you done heard one ghetto story, you heard 'em all
Seem like every rapper rhymin' bout they turnin' ball
That's why I got on this song, so I can let a nigga know
I ain't doin' this for the floss, baby, this for dough
Imagine if the whole rap game was ice and blunts
And in every other bird, you shot your dice and guns
Sit that trifle up, ok, try for this, like a talented man, the
right to win
Strand, wacker shit sell than most tapes
Me and Force fed, bullshit, you lose grapes, like
Full Force, I remember now to speak your play
In the hard ways, on the telephone all day
So I had to come and rep it for the O.G.'s
So some mistake it for the Force M.D.'s

I move up on your sheets, so I had to come get it
I appreciate you puttin' me down, that's a privilege

[Allure]

Now it's our time to shine, Full Force get busy, one
more time

[instrumental break]

[Chorus: Allure (Full Force)]

You've done up and done it now, real niggas stand up,
testify

(We are here to show that Full Force, ain't none to fuck
wit)

Real niggas dance up in this mix, Full Force back up in
this mix

(We are here to show that Full Force, ain't none to fuck
wit)

[Outro: D.J. Ace (Full Force)]

Yeah, nigga, you know how it get down

Representin' New York City, D.J. Ace along side Full
Force

We still standing for Y2K and beyond

East Coast, West Coast, we're tired of this shit, nigga,
put your hands down

Along side my man Raekwon, represent the Wu

The infamous Scarface, and the girl Bambue, the
grave spitter

Pop this shit in your whip, boy, all the independent
women stack your paper

You know what time it is, all my niggas push it up, pop
your collar

Hah-hah, come on

(We are here to show that Full Force ain't nothin' to fuck
wit)

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