

Scarface

"Ya Money or Ya Life"

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One up for the hustlers and two times for the
mathematics
Long as I can grind, I'm scratchin'
Stackin', 'cause money's got a funny way of findin'
Your ass this comin' out your account when you start
the climbin'

And blindly got you on a major chase for paper
And now you got your eyes on my vault tryin' to take my
paper
The vapors will leave niggas wit dreams to face Satan
I'm pacin' with infa-red beams just waitin'

Hatin' and I don't cause the conversation
He spoke wit his killer but now he's got to face him
Racin', 'cause off in these streets you ain't promised
tomorrow
So if you bring pain I bring sorrow

I warn you ain't never been down to die slowly
Surely I got niggas down to die for me
You owe me and I want it all and that's that
Bitch you got to pay wit your life not scratch

Don't want no money
I want your life
Don't want no money
I want your life

We straight niggas roll subtracters gettin' down ain't no
factor
We just like boys in the hood wit no actors
Jack, you got niggas dow to come find you
And heat your ass up and leave your yesterdays
behind you

Remind you a niggas definition means killa
If he out of paper, he gots to go bring the skrilla
Stretch you ain't never seen drama like I can bring it
I'll wet you and leave you face down for no reason

I seen it, ain't many ways that you can change it

I'm dangerous, society got me stamped so I'm gon'
blame it
Aimin' and if you cal cannin' at the planet
Stampin' any muther fucker left standin' is stranded

And I want it all and that's that
Bitch you got to play wit your life not scratch

Don't want no money
I want your life
Don't want no money
I want your life

If any nigga at the top of his game then you can't hate
him
Just watch for niggas who thinkin' they game but they
can't fade him
I'll cross spray you, you makin' your moves and I'll
spray you
I promise the same promise that the game promise
When mutha fuckers step on my turf I bring drama

How dare you niggas flip the grip check
I'll leave you shipwrecked in the valley of death dry wit
your shit wet
I'm down to die for my shit I'll put the hood on it
I got my balls on this shit that puts the wood on it

I got this strap, I call the mind changer
I'm more for realer than the shit that I kick when I feel
that I'm danger
I'll leave your family wit a fuck you note
Where the fuck you wrote
You pay wit your life now fuck you broke

Don't want no money
I want your life
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I want your life

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