

Scar Symmetry

"Sellout"

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[Verse 1]

It's been a long time coming but now I'm back at it
Flipping the script, from balling back to gansta rap
classics

You know that shit that hit the hood and upset it
If real niggas respect it, the squares gon' rep it
I done came in here to bring it to you

The uncut version of ganstarism with the nickel painted
Ruger

Quick to cock it on you, spark light in your eyes
The unexpected is happening to you now nigga,
surprise!

Who is it? (Face, marchin', mobbin')

You said it one more time (Face Mob)

What else? (we keep you)

Now motherfuckers lay it down

The ruler's back, cause it's too many pussies out here
Making bullshit records and ruining rap

I gotta check this whole game; niggas out here
listening

To these record label bitches instead of doing they
thing

I'm a real nigga, a street nigga till it's done with
And I could never let you talk me into dumb shit

Like selling out to move a few more units

Just keep me in the ghetto cause the hood stay truest

You fuck around and cross the other side of the track

Catch you a brick then realize that you can't come back

I'ma stick to the facts

Fuck it if I don't go two

The homies know that Face stay true

And though I've got more muscle, my sounds don't
change

Been the same ever since I stepped in the game

Now, this is for these niggas switchin' they shit

Prostituting theyself, trying to get them a hit

Suck a dick

Chorus

You a sellout nigga

Bow down nigga before they fuck around and find you
face down in the river
Talk down nigga and I'ma bust you in your mouth nigga
Show 'em you a foul ass nigga
You a sellout nigga and I'ma bust you in your mouth
nigga
Show 'em you a foul ass nigga

[Verse 2]

Fo sho I talk a lot of shit but you can bet that I'm the
nigga
Out here backing it up, while you acting it up
I can prove you ain't as real as what you claiming to be
You the king on your block, but you ain't shit in DC
You ain't shit off in the city of Chi
You ain't shit off in the Do It or Die
They want to skin you alive
Out here talking like you carrying arms
We don't shoot at motherfuckers, we done flipped the
script to carrying bombs
I can end it for niggas out here who's hard in the booth
Any city I can hit the hood cause Scar is the truth
I know so much about these streets that I can walk them
asleep
You can't tell me shit about your hood, I walked on your
beat
I know your whole life story, plus I've seen for myself
You got caught smoking dope, that's why they sent you
to jail
Had you locked up with wet backs, only real niggas
suffer set backs
90 days and I ain't goin' to respect that
And you can sniff a snitch a mile away
Fuck him in his ass and feed him dick, a pound a day

Chorus 2x

You a sellout nigga
Bow down nigga before they fuck around and find you
face down in the river
Talk down nigga and I'ma bust you in your mouth nigga
Show 'em you a foul ass nigga

[Verse 3]

I've got niggas I was raised with who know who I am
Lil' Brad from out of South Acres, prone for scams
Never ducked the motherfucker, I was down for the dirt
Got respect from older cats cause I was down for the
work
When Fondren had it's Great Skate I'd roll to the club
Drunk off the bird with thumbtack holes in my glove

Stood in the corner waiting for bullshit to jump
And in the event it jumped you saw a fool get stomped
There it is, can't get this shit no realer than that
Had a super boxing game, but now I'm peeling your
cap
I done been in fist fights with niggas twice my size
Got an incredible record, 27 and 5
And the 5 losses I got, I had to redeem 'em
So he had to fight me everytime I seen him
Ain't no pussy in me, I've been for real before this rap
shit
I study MCs, that's how I know you hoes is plastic
So-a, shake your ass and I'ma tell 'em the truth
Fabricate your bumps and bruises homey, do what you
do
Just remember who for real when they tell you they real
I survived the game of life nigga, fuck some skills

Chorus 2x

You a sellout nigga
Bow down nigga before they fuck around and find you
face down in the river
Talk down nigga and I'ma bust you in your mouth nigga
Show 'em you a foul ass nigga

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