

# Big Faces

Geto Boys

[Intro: Scarface]

Rap-A-Lot, Crime Family!

Nigga fuck that shit nigga, it's Rap-A-Lot

Against the whole motherfucking hood nigga, what you wanna do?

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha, be down motherfucker, what you better be?

[Verse 1: Scarface]

I got forty five reasons, cock back squeezing

When I hit motherfuckers, I make their block stop breezing

Nigga raids; I hang off in these streets all day

Where the good die young, in the hood I'm from

You got your niggaz in the front hood snitching on the back (HUH!)

Your cousin kicked and dipped out, looking at me tripped out

And shit is out the closet, young niggaz run the guts

Poisoning their own streets, fucking them up

Now get your squad nigga, be on for real and not a fraud nigga

Let your homies see your heart nigga, a hard nigga

Never hesitates on this, recognizes with insist

I kill and die for bread, make a believer out of the nonbelievers

Now they believe us, cause them that need us

I make the hardest niggaz freeze up

Ease up, we put the whores down and the G's up

Get your motherfucking shit straight, or nigga 'B' is up

And squeeze up front, no bullshitting in the game

We're chasing paper; and moving niggaz out the way

[Chorus: Scarface (DMG)]

Getting big faces (Fuck the whores, fuck the clothes)

Get your big faces (Ride a Benz, ride a Rolls)

Where your big face is? (In the boat, what you thought?)

(Out in biz places, getting big spaces)

Getting big faces (Fuck the whores, fuck the clothes)

Get your big faces (Ride a Benz, ride a Rolls)

Where your big face is? (In the boat, what you thought?)

(Out in big places, getting big phases)

[Verse 2: DMG]

I can't lie, I die behind the Skrilla of mine

All the time, and everyday down to grind

Big faces, I'm steady chasing

Nigga, my pockets can't stand it, goddamn it

I got's to have it, makes me snatching if you don't hand it

Grab your motherfucking whole role, leave you frozen in the cold slow

Bro, you're in the way of goal, you done journey down the wrong row

I want the shit that I can flow though

Nigga, this is Four L-I-F-E

Now suck a dick and make me wealthy

God help me, cause niggaz getting rich in this bitch

HUH! and me I'm trying to have shit, the Lache is my dream

To own a piece of the currency, in the street if not the whole steam

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Gorilla Click]

I got a new hustle, missiles too dirty about to touch

Strong on the [?] with the mask

Raw to your fellows, hitting various licks  
Put the scandalous tricks with vandals who stack chips like architects  
I won't be checked, papers filled my life and my soul  
I put it down on papers, serving them with verbal capers  
Cause all I ever wanted to do in here was getting paid  
I agg on shit, chase the vapors until I see that day

I'm about to pay them my gorilla if you're in the midst  
Go check this shit, it's realer than the evil counterfeit  
I'm liquid, look at the company I hang with  
Big Face, J. Prince, Scarface and the Gorilla Click

I represent that green greed  
I'm trying to at least spend fifteen  
Gs, about to ball like motherfucking creek  
Having ghetto dreams, been seeing in million places  
By any means, still serving fiends to get them plates  
Talking about Big faces

[Chorus]

[Verse 4: Yumouth]

Nigga I record, flip the shit that broke niggaz can't afford  
Fuck the Honda Accord, we're floating in the Datson  
California edition, and sipping on the Netton  
Change betto to the metto, dis the motherfucking ghetto  
B-O-Y-Z, and I be hiding Iry, buy trees, I like weed  
Buy keys, I like Gs, stacked up, in Nikkie boxes  
Terracing the closet with safety deposit  
The shit that you rap about it I got it  
Big faces nigga!

[Chorus]