

And Yo

Scarface

I got a headache this big...
Word up.. word up.. word up..
It's kinda hot in here
Haha (word up) Brick City (word up)
Funk Doc (word up) Scarface, yo yo

It can't be!
P-P-P, knuckleheads on parole without a GED
BBC, abroad, goldenrods out the fo'
(Bla bla...) I strip ya down to ya optimo, cigars
I pull cards like Vegas
Clap my hands then walk away from the table with ya payment
(How I'm paid?) Niggaz are barely a village
I spit with a foul mouth like Terrance & Phillip
A man or gorilla (ahh ahh) my cap toot back like Fred
So white bitches jump on my (Limp Bizkit) and yell
"You niggaz know you can't fuck around"
Haha yeah, you see me, you be duckin up and down
(Yo yo yo) Super Lex, cop a thing-thing
Guzzle it down with two bottle of Ginseng
Fuck ya brains out hold when Al Green sings
When your out cold, bitch steal ya bling bling
You died for ya mom and pop, don't sweat it
I got the next bitch rockin ya birthday present
News at 11, Scarface and Doc
From Bricks to South Park we say, "FUCK THE COPS!!"

Yo, you niggaz know you can't fuck around
You niggaz know you can't fuck around
You see me, you be yuckin duckin up and down
What, these niggaz know they can't fuck around
What, you niggaz know you can't fuck around
You see me in the streets, you be duckin up and down
Nigga, you niggaz know you can't fuck around
Yo, you niggaz know you can't fuck around

As I, bring it to ya one more time
From a state where we stole weight, and dough mind dine
And we don't tote six-shooters, we tote glock nines
And we don't smoke a peace pipe, we smoke fat dimes
It's a place where it's a common site to see the 5-0
Hit the other side of sixteen and getcha mind blown
Fo sho', it's a different vibe from being downtown
then when ya come into the ghetto and ya can't come back out
I seen the ghetto shut down, seen niggaz shot up
Seen niggaz get knocked the fuck out and never got up
The neighborhood paralyzed, crack drive-bys
It's evident we hurt, you ignored our cry
On the outside the ghetto just another mindstate
And import more minorities to help the crime rate
I ain't lookin for a job, fuck workin the part-time
when we could come up on some dough, with good combs and slang dimes
I see this all the Goddamn time - it's fucked up and it's the truth
Nevermind the shooter on the roof
It's a war goin on right here, where we at
I can't complain about what I can't change, so why dap?
Dropped outta high school in tenth grade so I rapped

But still, can't seem to get this monkey off my back
Fuck it, I pulled a few moves and ride for the streets
And when I start to feel like this, don't fuck with me!

Yo, Young Noble Outlaw, spittin shit with 'Face and Red
Bear looped out flows and you can taste the wet
Place ya bet, young nigga ace the test
You say Nob' got a old soul, blame the vets
Flurp shit from the earth bitch, cradle to grave
Burnt shit from the fingertips, able to spray
Nigga ya mind playin tricks on you
Ya drew down, but ya nine won't spit for you
And ain't nobody got no hostile clips for you
You in the mix but ain't nobody doin shit for you
It's gon' be Hell for hustler, while your neck spoil you
With the same clip you had last week
and niggaz know I know the real, that's why the fag don't speak
And I ain't even peak yet, without the heat yet
Holla my street yet, cuz I be the beef yet
I'm hittin these niggaz hard, I ain't even eat yet
or felt defeat yet, I melt the weak yet
Lyrical breathe death - we thugs nigga what
we take slugs to the gut
Patch 'em up, hit the Bricks, it's time for our lunch
Outlawz, Dirty Mob motherfucker!