

Bitch Nigga

Scarface

Nigga don't act like he don't know who I'm talkin' bout

It's your worst day, run and tell somebody
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What it is?, nigga!
You don't wanna get involved with this here, nigga!
Is you a bitch nigga?, you a bitch nigga!
Look at yourself and then analyze me!
This motherfucking G
It's the flossy, you got girl draws and
Girl flaws and, a braud nigga!
I peeped your whole hand when you came in
I'm a man and I hang men
Play the game to win
All mission play on ten
Scarface 'finna do it again
Mash you nigga, stash them niggas
Don't make me upstrap and blast you niggas
Once again, it's a only if you must I do it
Lock you in my scope and blast your ass through it
I'ma poet
The image and the style that you used to
Cuz you don't keep it real like you used to
A O.G., S.A., fool to the hole fa'sho
So niggas slow your motherfucking roll
'Fore I come through with the same M-11
The Feds took from me, and shoot you in yo motherfucking stomach

You a Snitch Nigga, when you rat on yo friends
Bitch Nigga, when you still be in pads with yo kin
You'z a Snitch Nigga, running when the drama go's down
You was ballin' at first what happened to the man in the south
You a Snitch Nigga, specializin' at bumpin' ya gums
Bitch Nigga, countin' on ya bricks but all I see is crumbs
Snitch Nigga, ain't you tired of running your mouth
And you can go home, 'fore the Devil run in your house

Now snitch fellas get up under my skin
That's why I don't mess with friends
Unless it's my Mac-10
I'm the king of the ghetto, Z-Ro the crooked in the flesh
Looking for head shots, cuz bitch fellas get the bullet-proof vests
What you scared for?
What happened to all the tough ass talk
The way you was bumpin', I thought you had a taste for asphalt
Look at momma's baby out here starvin' for his ass
Whippin', chieffin', with a magician then drippin' out his ass, listen
I'll be damned if I pull a rabbit out a hat
Well pull my 40 out of holster, and do this snitch fella on his back
WHOA!, look how I handled this .44
My conscience be screaming Z-Ro Murder Mo!, Murder Mo!
And these snitch fellas on "How I'm Living" try snitchin' on "BET"
But got a restraining order against "Murder I-N-C"
This how we ride, and ain't never gon' make a switch dude

Z-Ro the Crooked, I'll be damned if I be a snitch fool

It's Bun B I go back-a like "Atlanta Black Crackers"

I back-slap a, back-packer, from here to Cakalacka {Carolina's}

Wack cracka, short stopper or dope beginner

Bitch I ain't ya chicken hitter, bring the heater get you wetter (get you wetter)

We can flip the caliber magnum hanger

Step a bear off in his chest, you better hope I don't land one

If I cock the bitch back..aim it at your chest

It'll be piece before they even find the pieces to your vest

We relievers of ya stress..ease ya fame

Put this pistol in your mouth, you better lead them treason games

Now when ya momma warned ya about

Bun and he's insane

Kill a kid over a quarter, who just keeps plain

Now watch this kids plain, 'fore you fuckin with the triller

Z-Ro the young guerilla

And Face the born killa

(Bitch Nigga)

Bend around in the dark for dough

(Bitch Nigga)

You here the sounds you spark for the floor