

## Comin' Agg

Scarface

Ah shit... I'm sick of niggas jumpin up with choppers  
Runnin for your shit, tryin to make another nigga stop ya  
But it's on cause you up against a real nigga  
I steal niggas and kill niggas, I'm the real nigga  
You up against a muthafucka with a quick temper  
I'm a born killer, in case you don't remember  
I got my pistol but I got a different clip in it  
Click-click, muthafuckas, can you get with it?  
You ain't the nigga that you thought you was, fool  
And now I'm after that ass on the cool  
It's all about survival of the fittest  
Nigga, you shouldn'ta did this  
And now I gots to handle my business  
I got to get your ass up out the picture  
I ain't the nigga you wanna fuck with  
Muthafucka, I wouldn't bullshit ya  
Now look at what you stuck with  
The last nigga in this muthafuckin world you shoulda fucked with  
I'm leavin niggas in bodybags  
You shouldn'ta fucked with the Brad  
You punk muthafucka, I'm comin agg

Mr., Mr. Scarface for the nine-trey  
Niggas packin nines, fuck you, bitch, I pack an A.K.  
Fully automatic for you hoes who wanna jack this  
S.A. fool, and I'ma put you on your back, bitch  
Ain't no half-steppin, I'm comin at you rough-like  
Shootin to kill cause back in school I had enough fights  
Whenever when I bucked my knuckles up on a nigga's head  
So you can sling em all you want but I be slingin leg  
Cause like I said befo' I'm a muthafuckin dreadlock  
Puttin fools in headlocks, givin niggas headshots  
And everybody in your muthafuckin area  
Is tryin to scrap up some money, so they can help to bury ya  
But I can give a muthafuck about your family  
Because your family ain't my fuckin family  
You shoulda thought before you stepped to tha  
Nigga in black standin right here next to ya  
I'm stoppin muthafuckas from breathin  
Just gimme a reason and I'ma be squeezin  
The trigger of this muthafuckin glock, pop-pop until you drop  
>From these muthafuckin gunshots  
And leave your whole fuckin family sad  
Don't fuck with the Brad, muthafucka  
Cause Brad's comin agg

Where the cocksuckers at, where the cocksuckers at?  
(Where they at? Where they at?) (There they go) at my gat  
Cause I'm about to heat up like a vet  
Chop shit down on your set and then jet  
And smash off in my soap box  
Cause I'm down for the dirt and muthafuckas said it don't stop  
Now which one of you hoes wanna fuck  
Make your way to your truck  
I wanna see the way that you jump  
Cause by the time you get your keys  
I'm lettin loose, muthafucka, lay em down, nigga, and get these

It ain't shit for me to watch em fly  
So die, muthafuckas, die, muthafuckas, die, die  
I ain't no muthafuckin good guy, dog  
And I don't give a good guy damn about none of y'all  
I'm from the state of the muthafuckin gunslingers  
Knockin dicks in the dirt with just this one finger  
So get your ass caught up in this gangsta shit  
And I'ma try my best to make it stank, you bitch  
Plus you comin with that fake drag  
You fallin dead on your ass, you muthafucka  
I'm comin agg