

Funky Lil Aggin'

Scarface

You can call me T double o to the L-o-double - yo
I'm 2Low, that funky little niggaroo
Comin back with a brand new cut
And you can new jack swing on MY nuts
Cause I got the shit so tight
A young nigga doin damage to the mic (you sho' right)
I'm 13, but I ain't dumb
So bring it on if you muthafuckas want some
Cover your dome because it's on once again
And I'm a young nigga that's known to win
I got my street sense from these muthafuckin streets, bitch
And I'm comin real, cause I ain't fuckin with that weak shit
Pass me the joint and let me kick it for the old folks
All the O.G.'s back in the hood that once sold dope
Jammin? I'm leavin on the next train
Runnin the game, so when I'm gone I be set, mayn
Got a bank account, so I can stack some g's
And have nice things like Cutlass on d's
Fresh candy paint, chicken shit live
And fuckin with this whip before I'm old enough to drive
My teacher can't stand me cause I give him no respect
I ain't sayin "M'am, yes M'am" until you're signin me a check
So you can miss me with that muthafuckin bum shit
I'm gettin paid makin maze, fuck the dumb shit
You ain't my mother and I ain't your fuckin son
So in reality, bitch, you gets none
I'm gettin busy on this muthafuckin track for ya
Funky - cause I'm the funky little nigga

(Nigga, nigga)
Cause I'm the funky little - nigga
(Nigga, nigga)
He-he-he
Cause I 'm a funky little nigga
(Nigga, nigga)

(Nigga, nigga)

Here we go once again with the real shit
Throw your hands in the air if you can feel this
I bring styles after styles after styles, dukes
I can't be faded with the shit, cause I'm a young troop
I sport them Nikes, not the Reeboks or K-Swiss
And while I'm on the subject of feet, let me say this
I kick ass like I'm Bruise Lot
And let me squash this shit: real niggas do die
Give it to me, baby, let me show you what that Deuce like
Let me hit the swisher and let me show you what my juice like
Rippin up shit in '93 like a chainsaw
Makin niggas say, "Goddamn, that little nigga raw!"
And I can square the shit off right
I'm straight from? Warm Cloth? where these niggas don't fist-fight
They got they muthafuckin pistols shootin shit up
Tust enough to get your punk ass lit up
It's not about the set I claim, cause I don't bang
I'm just a nigga from the hood who let his nuts hang
And I can give a muthafuck about a nigga if he's bigger

I'm 2Low, biatch, the funky little nigga

(Nigga, nigga)

He-he-he

You'se the funky little what?

The funky little - nigga

(Nigga, nigga)

You'se a funky little nigga

(Nigga, nigga)

He-he

The funky little nigga

(Nigga, nigga)

Let me see if you can fuck with this since you're so funky

Where is Cedric?

Where is Cedric?

Here I am

Here I am

How are you today, Sir?

Very high, I thank you

Smoke one, fool

You smoke one, fool

Well, it's Face kickin shit with the funky little nigga

(I'm the funky little nigga and I'm steady gettin bigger)

Pass the killer, little nigga, let me hit me some dank

(Pass the bottle, muthafucka, let me hit me some drank)

I passed the forty to my partner, now he's ready to roll

(Crank it up, damn fool, cause I'm ready to go)

I be the Face (I be the Low) and we the real deal

Knockin niggas on they ass like we Evander Holyfield

(Fuckin up the beat is what I'm known for)

And the funky little nigga is who this muthafuckin song's for

Once upon a time there lived Lucky

Lucky got fucked because Lucky tried to fuck me

(Tried to fuck you how?) Hey yo, I gave the boy some shit

He came up short, then he got his ass sidekicked

Had to cut him up like a tractor

Pick-pick-pick muthafucka, I holler atcha

(But you ain't gotta fuck with that snow no mo')

Why you say that, Low? (Cause I'm the funky little niggaroo)

I couldn't hear you

You'se the funky little what?

(I'm the funky little - nigga)

(Nigga, nigga)

I'm the funky little - nigga

(Nigga, nigga)

(Nigga, nigga)