

Get Out

Scarface

C'mon
Yeah
Face Mob
Uh huh, uh huh uh
His name is Jigga
Yeah
What's happenin baby
Wsup, wsup witcha?
Tryin to get this loot
Yeah
Knowwhatimsayin?
No doubt

So what's it gon' be?
Women, whiskey, weed
Dope, coke, or all the guns you need, nigga
You could get them thangs for a lesser fee
Yeah and with the right amount of pressure
Them thangs look free
I'm on my way now
Desperate need of a lik indeed
Believe I got a vick if it's a brick you need
My nigga for sheez
Right back at you
Holla after you land we get it before you leave
Is you for sure
Them niggas out there still got cheese
Cuz my niggas in the drop bounced back to slangin OZ's
Man them niggas rapin the town without breakin 'em down
Them bastards makin a killin slangin half of buldings
For real man, I'm on my last nine thousand
Aint got no money, I'm fightin cases with this ho money

And when the money get low and the hungriness show
Niggas better get the fuck out the house
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I caught a northwest flight to NY, on the buddy pass
Sittin at the exit row, by the do'
I got a hoopty from this doofy nigga around the way
I had the fo'fo' under the rug, weekend ago
Three hours, I landed in the city of dreams
With tall buildings, flooded with cabs and limousines
Where the fuck is Jay-Z
Goddamn traffic is gettin on my nerve
I see your face by the curb

Goddamn dog I been sittin here thirty minutes
You know these motherfucking cab drivers
Like they own this motherfucker
Open the trunk
And then I'm thinkin, Jigga let's get this motherfucking cash nigga
Well if it's a money thing let's get this motherfucking money man

And then I said to Jigga, let's get this motherfucking cash nigga
I got a dope house scoped out
An escape route?
No doubt
Let's hit the highway, load up, lock
In this booty shit?
Hold up, cops
Trippin, it's eight million stories in this naked motherfucker
Yeah, and ten million undercovers
We gon' get this raw, we gon' kick in the door
They got guns in the couch, they got shit in the floor
Niggas is gon' shit they draws
They got a bitch at the door
Bullshit, heard that stupid shit before

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I hit the buzzer, Mita, Manny
Let me up it's Joey motherfucker
Takin the steps up with only one thing on our mind
Wipe this motherfucker clean, everybody gotta die
Up the steps, got closer
The voices got louder, you hear it?
Death's approaching we comin for that powder
Then I knocked four times
And hit the hallway, clear polish
Well she couldn't see shit, now what's it gonna be bitch?