

# 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?