

## Guess Who's Back

Scarface

Talk to me man...

This ya boy Young Hova, yo turn the muh'fuckin noise up  
We'll get right into the proceedings this evening  
Headphones are distortin, bring it down a lil' bit  
Okay - now we workin wit it  
The boy Face on the bassline, Face - Mob!  
Welcome to New York City... it's ya boy Young Hov' chea  
Kanye West on the track (whoo!) Chi-Town, what's goin on now?  
Can I talk to y'all for a minute? Lemme talk to y'all for a minute  
Just gimme a minute of ya time baby - I don't want much (whoo!)  
Lemme talk to these muh'fuckas, uhh

Guess who's bizack?

You still smellin crack in my clothes  
Don't make me have to relapse on these hoes  
Take it back out to taxin them roads  
When I was huggin it, niggaz couldn't do nuttin wit it  
Straight from the oven wit it - came from the dirt  
I emerged from it all without a stain on my shirt  
You can blame my old earth, for the shit she instilled in me  
Still with me, pain plus work  
Shit she made me milk this game for all it's worth  
That's right, these niggaz can't fuck with me  
I'm callin guts everytime, drag my nuts everytime  
Homey, we make a great combination don't we?  
Me and the Face Mob, everytime we face-off  
Face it y'all, y'all niggaz playin basic ball  
I'm on the block like I'm eight feet tall  
Homey, I'm in the drop with the AC on  
That's why the, streets embrace me dawg, I'm so cool!

Guess who's bizack?

Back on the block with the old Face Mob  
Mack Mittens and Hov'  
Don't make me relapse  
Back to the block with the fo'  
Cuz this street shit is all I know

From the womb to the tomb - a hot pot of joy and a spoon  
Tryna make me forty thousand and move  
Motels, star-studded, rock stars and goons  
Plain clothes wanna run in my room (whooooo...)  
But nigga guess who's bizack? It's ya boy Face Mob  
Started with an eightball, gotta get this cake dawg  
Give niggaz a break, nah, you know how the game go  
Fuck you think I slang fo', to go against the grain (no)  
I'm out here to grind mo', rapped up in the paper chase  
I wanna fuck a fine hoe and candy paint the 88  
Don't got no wholesale, cuz that ain't how I wanna run it  
Here take these five stones and bring a nigga back a hundred  
Gotta see my feet dude, you do shit a fiend do  
The fire get too hot in the kitchen, I hit the streets fool  
Money is an issue - and that's on the fa' shizzle my nizzle  
Ya block warm, then I come by with the fizzle  
And make fa' sho' I get to work mines, for part of the time  
We go to war and you ain't makin a dime (ha ha!)  
Cuz I got, shit to lose - a nigga out here payin his dues

My baby walkin gotta get him some shoes  
It's a new game doin, lemme give ya the rules  
Get outta line and I'ma give ya the blues  
It's a new game doin, lemme give ya the rules  
Get outta line and I'ma give ya the blues, whoa!

Guess who's bizack?  
The boy B. Mizack - a.k.a. Mr. Crack-A-Brick  
Turn a whole one from a half a brick, look I mastered this  
You can smell it once the plastic rips  
A hot plate'll make ya swell up if ya gasket clicked  
You can make ya chips swell up, ya don't hafta pitch  
Play them corners like a safety, watch the traffic switch  
Young'n never pump fake, and you'll get past the blitz  
And keep ya whole hood on flip - like old box-spring  
Pissy mattress shit, low old box of things  
Strictly glassy shit - I hug the block like quarter waters  
Shit I used to hug a corner like a old deuce and a quarter  
Till like deuce in the mornin, with the old heads  
Slangin loose quarters, this Philly cat back gatted (had it)  
Still fuckin with them crack addicts  
Still bustin with that black-matic