

## It Ain't Part II

Scarface

I got a problem how you do that there  
It's been thirteen years and aint went nowhere  
Still, one of the coldest ever done this shit  
And aint no motherfucking question know who run this bitch  
I got my nigga Erick Sermon he supplied the beat  
And I be in the vocal booth, supply the heat  
Up in the game, for the street, these blocks and thugs  
With a pistol grip shotgun to box someone  
And it's a thin red line between what was and aint  
Got a \$50 sack, plus I love to drink  
I be in southside nigga til it's said and done  
And I was always taught to take the bread and run  
Here it is, the motherfucking moment of truth  
I came in one deep now what you hoes wanna do

All these Rolex watches  
It aint shit to me  
And the Cristal poppin  
It aint shit to me  
Bitches out boppin  
Aint shit to me  
It aint shit to me, aint shit to me

Man, hold up, got too much bleek in my truck  
I silence niggas like gag orders  
With motherfucking powderpuff I just add water  
I blow you punk bitches out the frame  
And I'ma make you hoes remember my name  
I'm the J E S S E, J A M E S  
I'm shuttin niggas down H child is mine I bet you know now  
So hush with the talk, talk  
Claimin you gon' put it on the map  
Well I done already done that  
So follow in footsteps of the gangsta shit's finest  
Since 1987, Mr. Scarface  
Gosh, I'ma stop you at the moment of truth  
The last man standin, now what you wanna do

So you got tight flows  
It aint shit to me  
Money, hoes  
It aint shit to me  
Brand new clothes  
It aint shit to me  
Yeah right, see this Ro  
It aint shit to me  
Finna get a record deal  
It aint shit to me  
Build a house on the hill  
It aint shit to me  
Brand new Benz, big wheels  
It aint shit to me, aint shit to me, it aint shit to me

Now the moral of this story here is simple and plain  
Next time you mention southern rap remember the name  
All you magazine niggas gettin caught up in the new shit  
Just remember what the truth is

My mind playin tricks on me, Scarface is back  
Diary of a man made, nigga come and ask  
The wall, the dead, lettin niggas know I aint a prankster  
Damn it feels good to be a gangster  
Smile for me now, I see the man died today, my fuel  
I'm still up in this bitch, what they wanna do

Ay, ay  
It aint shit to me  
All that talk it aint shit to me  
Big money aint shit to me  
It aint shit to me  
Publishing  
Aint shit to me  
Management deals aint shit to me  
Money, cars, jewelry  
Aint shit to me, aint shit to me