

Ma Homiez

Scarface

(Bring it back)
I bring it back with all my old school game
No matter how you hate the OG, you can't change him
See, cause to me it's total disrespect
For motherfuckers who done lived in the ghetto
Turn around and talk they shit
And try to downgrade the next dude trying
To get up out the ghetto like you
But you straight fried him
See, now what you niggas need is open eyes
Although you made yourself a couple a million, you keep an open mind
Cause down the stretch, you lose your grips on reality
And he who grips, slip on life fades fatality
I seen the same shit you seen in the 70's
And you can blame shit on me, but nigga never
Beat the flow of a youngster, raised up amongst a
Niggas who ain't bullshit with life, they straight stuck ya
Now how the fuck am I supposed to change
A place that since my mother been born it ain't been known to change
And all my niggas can relate to what I bring to 'em
Instead of turnin my back, I sing to 'em

Jockin my homies?
Ride for my homies, think?
Cause I'll die for my homies
(4x)

Dedicated to my homies who been trapped in the jail
Since these other motherfuckers seem to lost they respect
For the place, niggas got game on how to handle these streets
Instead of laying dead, you get knocked down you stand on your feet
If I ain't learn nothing else, I learned to struggle and strive
Cause the ghetto made a man out a nigga, I can't lie
But every black community done seen the same thing
Somebody come up out the hood and make a strange change
Ain't no forgetting where it started for me
The hustle out the hood never departed from me
No matter how many niggas try to change my story
Can't nobody make me go change my story
So motherfuckers claiming that they represent life
Make sure them hoes is representing it right
Talk to me

Jockin my homies?
Ride for my homies, think?
Cause I'll die for my homies
(4x)

Now break it down to the beat one time
(vocal breakdown)
Talk to me now

How dare you so called black politicians
Knock me for the game that I explain to my listeners
See, they wanna put me on remote control
So they can turn me on and off when they feel it
And try to take control

But I refuse to cooperate
You take away the plug out the game it ain't goin' operate
So now we're picky with the wickedly ways
And I done been inside the beast in his belly for six days
Cause they solutions is institutionalize
All the game made millionaires would choose to survive
Instead of falling dead, we bounce to these beats
But you look at my music like an ounce on these streets
I send this out to every street in your city with blacks on em
Since every motherfucker got paid to turn they backs on em
I got more love for the ghetto than that
And every time I step my ass out the hood, I go back
So you can miss me with that bullshit you stressing
I keep it real with my niggas with no question
So while you're teaching em that shit they can fake to
I teach em shit that they can relate to
My homies

Jockin my homies?
Ride for my homies, think?
Cause I'll die for my homies
(4x)