Sellout

It's been a long time coming but now I'm back at it Flipping the script, from balling back to gansta rap classics You know that shit that hit the hood and upset it If real niggas respect it, the squares gon' rep it I done came in here to bring it to you The uncut version of ganstarism with the nickel painted Ruger Quick to cock it on you, spark light in your eyes The unexpected is happening to you now nigga, surprise! Who is it? (Face, marchin', mobbin') You said it one more time (Face Mob) What else? (we keep you) Now motherfuckers lay it down The ruler's back, cause it's too many pussies out here making bullshit records and ruining rap I gotta check this whole game; niggas out here listening to these record label bitches instead of doing they thing I'm a real nigga, a street nigga till it's done with And I could never let you talk me into dumb shit Like selling out to move a few more units Just keep me in the ghetto cause the hood stay truest You fuck around and cross the other side of the track Catch you a brick then realize that you can't come back I'ma stick to the facts Fuck it if I don't go two The homies know that Face stay true And though I've got more muscle, my sounds don't change Been the same ever since I stepped in the game Now, this is for these niggas switchin' they shit Prostituting theyself, trying to get them a hit Suck a dick You a sellout nigga Bow down nigga before they fuck around and find you face down in the river Talk down nigga and I'ma bust you in your mouth nigga Show 'em you a foul ass nigga You a sellout nigga and I'ma bust you in your mouth nigga Show 'em you a foul ass nigga Fo sho I talk a lot of shit but you can bet that I'm the nigga Out here backing it up, while you acting it up I can prove you ain't as real as what you claiming to be You the king on your block, but you ain't shit in DC You ain't shit off in the city of Chi You ain't shit off in the Do It or Die They want to skin you alive Out here talking like you carrying arms We don't shoot at motherfuckers, we done flipped the script to carrying bomb S I can end it for niggas out here who's hard in the booth Any city I can hit the hood cause Scar is the truth I know so much about these streets that I can walk them asleep You can't tell me shit about your hood, I walked on your beat I know your whole life story, plus I've seen for myself You got caught smoking dope, that's why they sent you to jail Had you locked up with wet backs, only real niggas suffer set backs

90 days and I ain't goin' to respect that And you can sniff a snitch a mile away

Scarface

Fuck him in his ass and feed him dick, a pound a day

You a sellout nigga Bow down nigga before they fuck around and find you face down in the river Talk down nigga and I'ma bust you in your mouth nigga Show 'em you a foul ass nigga (2x)

I've got niggas I was raised with who know who I am Lil' Brad from out of South Acres, prone for scams Never ducked the motherfucker, I was down for the dirt Got respect from older cats cause I was down for the work When Fondren had its Great Skate I'd roll to the club Drunk off the bird with thumbtack holes in my glove Stood in the corner waiting for bullshit to jump And in the event it jumped you saw a fool get stomped There it is, can't get this shit no realer than that Had a super boxing game, but now I'm peeling your cap I done been in fist fights with niggas twice my size Got an incredible record, 27 and 5 And the 5 losses I got, I had to redeem 'em So he had to fight me everytime I seen him Ain't no pussy in me, I've been for real before this rap shit I study MCs, that's how I know you hoes is plastic So-a, shake your ass and I'ma tell 'em the truth Fabricate your bumps and bruises homey, do what you do Just remember who for real when they tell you they real I survived the game of life nigga, fuck some skills

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