

The Gangsta Shit

Scarface

It's like this, y'all niggaz been invadin my turf
Ignore examples I've set while ya play the dirt
It's only one thing to do now, and that's to set it -
off, and show you motherfuckers who's boss
I don't play games, I just cock the thang
Squeeze the trigger twice and I'll blow out ya brains
I'm pissed, y'all niggaz shouldn'ta fucked with this
I clutch my fo-fifth, I puncture yo shit
I blast a nigga, plastic bag stick a nigga
Got love for no nigga, now that's yo ass nigga
It's war, so I suggest you call on your troops
Army fatigues ain't shit, cuz y'all don't shoot
I'm a Rap-A-Lot mobster, callin all the shots
from a underboss prospective, and y'all gon' respect it
I murder, by numbers nigga, one two three
Darin any motherfucker to come test me
Ya standin in the jungle nigga
Witness a motherfuckin rumble minute
I'll leave yo head with a tongue in it
And if you ain't one then bitch stop actin
If ya don't want drama, then bitch stop askin

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I refuse to be shorted, I refuse to be defeated
Competition's depleated cuz my rhyme's so heated
And you can't fuck with me, ya need to stop fakin
I'm workin on my sixth CD and still bangin (say what?)
You think you hardcore then come show me
Just make sure ya comin for real when ya come fo' me
Cuz if not, I'm floatin up yo' motherfuckin block
Y'all some fraud niggaz, straight up broad niggaz
We hard niggaz, yeah - so fuck y'all niggaz!
Soutside I ride for all my Ward niggaz
We're strapped and all killas, we came for the battle
The Mob back in the saddle makin ya trunks rattle
If I had one dolla, for every nigga who though
that Face fell off, this whole world would be bought
Fuck that, I'll be here until it's all over
And when it's all over, go back and slang boulders
Can be stopped, not even by a bad soul
Fuck Jed and Chad, it's Jay, Prince, and Brad
Ain't enough bullshit in the states to come stop this
Rap-A-Lot Mafia shit, yeah

Ain't enough bullshit in the United States to come stop this
Rap-A-Lot shit, Mob shit...

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It's gon' take more than just rappin, more than just sparrin
For y'all niggaz to up and just fuck with Brad Jordan
Fuck you warden, and every motherfucker who defended
You safe from talkin shit from a distance
Ya new-boot rap niggaz, comin around here
makin them bullshit caps, bitch I'll ruin your career
I got mine all my God-damn self, get in line
And I'll destroy a slew of you niggaz, one at a time
I'm the last of a kind, you God-damn right
You can never beat that, I'm just glad you see that
Is this my payback for puttin Houston down in the first place?
Got the whole world screamin Mr. Scarface
The problem is, y'all boys, you niggaz loco
and the truth is, you hoes couldn't see me with bifocals
I'm a killer in the flesh, I'm Rap-A-Lot's best
I'm Prince's adopted son, with no love for no one