

Say It to My Face

Young Buck

I'm sick and tired of these same ol' broke bitches
No job, all they wanna do is smoke swishas
Get some money, ho; why you wanna watch mine?
Ain't no tellin' what I'm gon' be drivin' next time
Seven-figga, nigga; we don't buy the bar no mo'
Pull up the paper work, tell the owner he can go
Walk like a pimp, bitch
Talk like a soldier
I got New York niggas candy paintin' up they rovers
It say two hundred, but it go a little over
Not the Corvette, the Ferrari Testarossa
We can bet on any point on the dice
Pick 'em up, shake 'em twice, get 'em, girl
Look, I'm nice; I'm so clean with my G-Unit kicks on
I might be goin' in when pimp C get home
If you don't like me, say it to my face
Just because I caught a case don't mean you can't be erased

It must be the ice or the money that I make
They talk behind my back, but they won't say it to my face
Ho, say it to my face (yeah), say it to my face (yeah)
They talk behind my back, but they won't say it to my face
It gotta be the cars or the trips that I take
That make 'em wanna hate; won't you say it in my face, bitch?
Ho, say it to my face (yeah), say it to my face (yeah)
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You can go anywhere cross the U.S.
From north to the south, east mid to the west
Walk up in the hardest hood, ask a nigga 'bout me
Bet they tell ya Bun B is straight mothafuckin' G
A gangsta from his toes to the top of his fitted
Trillest nigga in the flesh; you can't fuck wit' it
Got the German hand guns - they shoot two, two, three
Bust through ya condo and rip open ya knees (rip open ya knees)
My nigga, please, you don't want it; save your breath
By myself I'm a ride till no enemy is left
When the middle finger niggas hit your block like insurgents
There's no deterrence from us cleanin' your clock like detergents
Buck, they don't think I am nigga, please
Why, this pimp - I bet they die before they reach their first
Mothafuckin' sale
I rep' them underground kings; fuck boy pimp and bun
If it's action that you want, my nigga, come get you some

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They call me M-dot, MJG I mean
I'm packin' some weight
They ain't talkin' 'bout trill jeans

'Cause they like to talk shit in they uniform
Guess what, them niggas still phony as the unicorn
And I'll be damned if I run you bust though
They run outta guns; man, you so dumb
You faker than a bitch snitchen' on the track
I'm about to pull a bun
And bust a fuckin' cap

All Ball do is smoke weed and get bad bitches
And if y'all mad at me for that, then y'all niggas some bitches
Undercover groupie niggas want them stop and plead
For the last time I don't smoke regular weed
It don't matter where we at, man
We fire in it up
Security don't stop the weed from findin' us
Industry dick suckas, keep runnin' ya mouth
And I'm a give ya motherfuckers something to talk about

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