

# Mr. Scarface

## Scarface

Mr. Mr. Scarface from walking down the block  
Out jumps some fiends and steals all his rocks  
Pulls out a gun and shoots down all the fiends  
And Mr. Mr. Scarface went up the block again  
(All I have in this world, all I have in this world  
All I have, all I have, all I have in this world  
Ahh yeah, hah

Mr. Scarface is back in the motherfuckin house once again!

Yea, droppin some of that new  
Mr. Scarface Two, on your motherfuckin ass  
So suck a nigga dick, or make a nigga rich  
Or something, bitch

[Verse One:]

I don't give a FUCK about the chatter in the background  
Niggaz get beat when they step this is H-Town  
If you don't know, I recommend you check  
And ask them motherfuckers, how many heads I put to rest  
I play a game but the game ain't roulette  
Slangin cane is the thang and I beat  
That there's a lot of wannabe Scarfaces  
I've heard the name in ninety-nine different places  
I'm here to squash it all original will speak  
Scarface on your ass from the streets  
I left my cut, in fear of a prison term  
They wanna put me in a chair and let me burn  
But go to prison on a murder rap, fuck that  
I refuse to be a visitor in state's camp  
So I broke and left behind all I worked for  
Either that or be sentenced for a drug war  
And many want to know why I've slowed up  
It's either that or get fucked  
Cause laws get happy on the trigger  
Say fuck it put a cap in a nigga  
But this ass ain't made for no caps homey  
This ass says 'Exit Only'  
So I get in the wind but hey  
A nigga still sold a quarter everyday  
I sat around for six months black  
Waitin for the day to make a comeback

And now I'm ready for combat  
Mr. Scarface is back  
[Chorus: repeat 2X]  
(All I have in this world, all I have in this world  
All I have, all I have, all I have in this world)  
Nobody knows my name, they'll only know this face  
On the farilla my nigga just call me Scarface  
[Verse Two:]  
Aiyyo Bido, drop that shit  
Yeah, heh heh  
Back in the South Park, six o'clock on the dot  
Checkin on my old rock spot  
I seen the same old set  
Heh, the small timers see me so they jet  
Buildin one-twenty-eight  
I got myself a bag and I can't wait  
To cut em up small to make a profit  
Niggaz on the cut short stop it  
Fiends'll see em small then they go  
Where, to see the motherfuckin pro  
One nigga got pissed  
And started reachin for his shit  
Three-fifty-seven on your ass fool  
Like I said before, you don't get a second chance dude  
Unloaded on his ass he was hurt  
Six shots put his dick in the dirt  
Laid him out like a motherfuckin rug  
Gettin pumped full of thirty-eight slugs  
Some other niggaz stepped out y'all  
Aww shit, I had to make a phone call  
Hello?  
Hay Jay  
Whassup?  
I'm in a little trouble man  
Where you at?  
I'm out here in South Park Village  
Stay right there, I'll be right on  
C'mon let's take these motherfucers to war main  
Jay called up some niggaz from the 5th Ward  
And came back with a motherfuckin hit squad  
Motherfuckin uzi machine  
Big Chief packed an M-16  
Will and AK with a banana clip  
And little Bill had a god damn pistol grip  
I hit a little laugh and got me a buzz

And that's about the time they got drugged  
One more war took place  
You can call me the shit started, or call me Mr. Scarface  
[Chorus]

[Verse Three:]  
Damn, check this shit out  
Later on, all alone, you know what happened next  
Another bitch came by to give me sex  
It was kind of strange I was thrown off  
The last bitch got her head blown off  
But fuck I ain'tsta pass up no pooty  
She started strippin at the door, oh goody  
I got in that ass with the quickness  
Fuckin her down with the diznick

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