

# Say It To My Face (Produced by Diaz Brothers)

## Young Buck

[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[Chorus]  
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)  
They talk behind my back, but they won't say it to my face[Bun B]  
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[Chorus][MJG]  
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 snitchin' on the track  
I'm about to pull a bun  
And bust a fuckin' cap[8 Ball]  
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[Chorus]

Songwriters

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