

# 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 snitchen' 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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