

One

Scarface

I finally figured it out that haters' mouths is used for suckin'
Suckin'

You niggas paper weights
y'all don't want to fuck with the great
Fakin' moves like you wantin' somethin' get it straight
Cause one mistake'll get this motherfucker aired out
You niggas better recognize this is Brad's house
I put the mic down to give you other rappers a chance
But all you niggas want to write about is dance
I tell another nigga 'bout your mama
So I'll be forced to bring you back the raw shit
The hardships of growin' up
Stuck in the hood
Broke as fuck, out to hustle
Facin life struggle
And havin' nightmares about gettin' big scrilla
And that's the type of shit that turn these mama boys to killers
On the realer, it's a nigga comin' back for the streets
Cause this bullshit I been hearin in the rap game is weak
You got these killas on your payroll
I'm doin it out of love
But if you cross me I'm fuckin' you up
I keep a ?
I'm a nigga in destroyer mode
I squeeze it once you blow you out of your soul
Who's the "boss" in this rap shit?
I let my opposition judge me
But if push came to shove they couldn't budge me
Cause I'm ugly with styles identical to none
I'm tellin' you
Don't fuck with me, nigga, I ain't the one

I ain't the one
These niggas better recognize the realest
Keep a loaded .45 inside for protection

I'm a .45 packer, nigga hoe subtractor
blacka blacka blacka

Nigga, back up!
I'm a bad actor
With no respect for the nigga haters
I kill a motherfucker stiff cause he's a traitor
I ain't a player
I got my stripes from these streets
I'm a killa
That's probably why at night I can't sleep
I strike a match and watch a motherfucker burn
That's just treatment ? you fuckin' worm
I'm the Don Corleone
y'all niggas is phony
I put that on my mob and my goddamn homies
Recognize niggas who can't be touched
If they can't be seen
I'm a lost ?
Undestroyable by human plagues
You got a strap? I got a strap too!
You fuck with me I have to clap you!
And now you stearin' down the barrel of a gun
I told you
Don't fuck with me, nigga, I ain't the one

[Chorus]

Wait,
This motherfucker got me bend, I gots to break
Before I shoot this motherfucker in his face
Cause niggas on the edge don't want to play right
So I'ma lay his ass down in broad daylight
Now what's up, bitch, ?
? let me clear this motherfuckin' corner
Mayhem unlike a nigga ever seen
? in his face all in once gettin' clean
I'm dashin in my undercover hoo-doo
(Who you?)
You run up on me? I got's to shoot you!
And you know me
And ain't shit changed but my zip code
Your ?I'm in a flipmode
A tip-top murderer
Comin' for you bullshitters
Squash you motherfuckin' niggas
I ain't the one

[Chorus]

Realest Niggas Down South, motherfuckers

Don't get that shit twisted

Just them hoes

?

Aight

?

For all you fake motherfuckers who was talkin' 'bout the first joint

Suck a nigga dick

Fake-ass ho's

Know where started it

Know where started it

Know where started it

Me ?

Lay this motherfuckers down

In broad daylight

Bitches be squeezin' they pistols

They want to play fight

Me? I'm the colder

Bold-bold-bolder

Bold-bolder

Hit em from the shoulder

Puncher

Dumper dumper

You motherfuckers talking shit

I drag him on the back of the bumper

? Face to M-o-B and

Can't a motherfucker see em ?

2000

The new millennium

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