And Yo

Scarface

I got a headache this bigWord up, word up, word up

It's kinda hot in here

Word up, word up, word up

Funk Doc, word up, Scarface, yo, yoIt can't be

P, P, P, knuckleheads on parole without a GED

BBC, abroad, goldenrods out the fo'

I strip ya down to ya optimo, cigarsI pull cards like Vegas, clap my hands then walk away

From the table with ya payment

How I'm paid? Niggaz are barely a village

I spit with a foul mouth like Terrance & PhillipA man or gorilla, my cap toot back like Fred

So white bitches jump on my Limp Bizkit and yell

You niggaz know you can't fuck around"

Ha, ha yeah, you see me, you be duckin up and downSuper Lex, cop a thing, thing

Guzzle it down with two bottle of Ginseng

Fuck ya brains out whole when Al Green sings

When your out cold, bitch steal ya bling, bling You died for ya mom and pop, don't sweat it

I got the next bitch rockin' ya birthday present

News at 11, Scarface and Doc

From Bricks to South Park we say, "Fuck the cops" Yo, you niggaz know you can't fuck around

You niggaz know you can't fuck around

You see me, youd be yuckin duckin up and down

What? These niggaz know they can't fuck aroundWhat? You niggaz know you can't fuck around

You see me in the streets, youd be duckin up and down

Nigga, you niggaz know you can't fuck around

Yo, you niggaz know you can't fuck aroundAs I, bring it to ya one more time

From a state where we stole weight and dough mind dine

And we don't tote six-shooters, we tote glock nines

And we don't smoke a peace pipe, we smoke fat dimesIt's a place where it's a common site to see the 5-0

Hit the other side of sixteen and getcha mind blown

Fo sho', it's a different vibe from bein' downtown

Then when ya come into the ghetto and ya can't come back out I seen the ghetto shut down, seen niggaz shot up

Seen niggaz get knocked the fuck out and never got up

The neighborhood paralyzed, cracked drive-bys

It's evident we hurt, you ignored our cryOn the outside the ghetto just another mind state

And import more minorities to help the crime rate

I ain't lookin for a job, fuck workin the part time

When we could come up on some dough

With good combs and slang dimesI see this all the Goddamn time, it's fucked up and it's the truth

Never mind the shooter on the roof

T.1	•		1	
It's a war	goin o	n right he	ere, where	we at

I can't complain about what I can't change, so why dap?Dropped outta high school in tenth grade so I rapped But still, can't seem to get this monkey off my back

Fuck it, I pulled a few moves and ride for the streets

And when I start to feel like this, don't fuck with meYo, you niggaz know you can't fuck around You niggaz know you can't fuck around

You see me, youd be yuckin duckin up and down

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Nigga, you niggaz know you can't fuck around

Yo, you niggaz know you can't fuck aroundYo, Young Noble Outlaw, spittin' shit with 'Face and Red Bear looped out flows and you can taste the wet

Place ya bet, young nigga ace the test

You say Nob' got a old soul, blame the vetsFlurp shit from the earth bitch, cradle to grave
Burnt shit from the fingertips, able to spray

Nigga ya mind playin' tricks on you

Ya drew down, but ya nine won't spit for youAnd ain't nobody got no hostile clips for you
You in the mix but ain't nobody doin' shit for you

It's gon' be Hell for hustler, while your neck spoil youWith the same clip you had last week
And niggaz know I know the real, that's why the fag don't speak

And I ain't even peak yet, without the heat yet

Holla my street yet, cuz I be the beef yetI'm hittin' these niggaz hard, I ain't even eat yet Or felt defeat yet, I melt the weak yet

Lyrically breathe death, we thugs nigga what

We take slugs to the gutPatch 'em up, hit the Bricks, it's time for our lunch Outlawz, Dirty Mob motherfuckerYo, you niggaz know you can't fuck around

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