

# Say It to My Face

## Young Buck

I'm sick and tired of these same old broke bitches  
No job, all they wanna do is smoke swishes  
Get some money, hoe, why you wanna watch mine?  
Ain't no tellin' what I'm gon' be drivin' next time  
Seven figure nigga, we don't 'bout it buy no more  
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 200 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  
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  
Hoe, 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, yeah  
It gotta be these cars or the trips that I take  
That make 'em wanna hate, won't you say it in my face, bitch?  
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  
See now, 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 motherfuckin' GA 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 2 2 3  
Burst through ya condo and rip open ya knees  
My nigga, please, you don't want it, save your breath  
By myself, I'ma ride till no enemy is left  
When the middle finger, niggas, hit your block like insurgents  
There's no deterrents 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 motherfuckin' sale  
I rep them underground kings, Fuck Boy, Pimp and Bun  
If it's action that you want, my nigga, come get you some  
It must be the ice or the money that I make  
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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, yeah  
They call me M dot MJG, I mean, I'm packin'  
some weight

They ain't talkin' 'bout trill jeans  
Some niggas, they like to talk shit in the uniform  
Guess what, them niggas still phony as the unicornAnd I'll be damned if I run, you bust tho  
They run outta guns, man, you so dumb  
Well you faker than a bitch snitchin' on the track  
I'm about to pull a bun and [Incomprehensible] a fuckin' capAll Ball do is smoke weed and get bad, bitches  
If y'all mad at me for that, y'all niggas are bitches  
Undercover groupie niggas would ya stop and plead  
For the last time, I don't smoke regular weedIt don't matter where we at, man, we fire in it up  
Security don't stop the weed, man, from findin' us  
Industry dick suckers keep runnin' ya mouth  
And I'ma give ya motherfuckers something to talk aboutIt really must be the ice or the money that I make  
They talk behind my back but they won't say it to my face  
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