

# Invincible

## Scarface

Scarface the criminal  
Hardcore, invincible  
Scarface, invincible

The hardcore, criminal Never lettin' nothin' stand in the way of me ridin'  
Animal instinct intentions whenever we grindin'  
We criminally minded, ill squeeze ya blindly  
Body parts deteriorated when they find ya  
Here's your death certificate, might as well sign it  
The ending, I'm the reaper, why you hiding  
I'm violent I strike with the force of a bomb  
And right when you least expect it I come  
Uh, I know you see the fire in my eyes  
The hunger the hate I'm trapped inside now die  
Everybody in here gotta die, ain't nobody in here escapin' my nine  
Ain't no sense in hidin', you wasting my time  
Bitch I gotta handle I came to get mine  
Believe if you don't leave no witness's, no crime  
Welcome to the part of the sun that don't shine Scarface invincible  
Hardcore, criminal  
Scarface, invincible

The hardcore, criminal Welcome to the day of futures ak  
The place where you get caught for shit you get sprayed  
Where hoes got dicks and niggas is bitch made  
Takin' penitentiary chance to get paid  
Children gettin' suspended for totin' switch blades  
Others brutally murdered before the sixth grade  
Its six million ways to murder 2face  
I prefer the method of usin' a twelve gauge  
And blades crack open your rib cage shawty  
High off of wantin' this weed and black mildly  
The hardcore followin' is raisin dead bodies  
Murder inc in the muthafucka like Irv Gotti  
And livin' hot as we ride, look into my bloodshot eyes  
To visualize the blood red skies  
Its the border where the live dead die  
A brief moment in time, and the sun don't shine  
Bottom line Scarface invincible  
Hardcore, criminal  
Scarface, invincible

The hardcore, criminal  
In the event that you comin' with static  
I play the map  
Comin' at you with M11's and automatic  
I'm worse than the mentally ill, a bad habit  
Over killin' my victims just to get to see they casket  
Raised like a machine, you suckas get blasted  
The hardcore serial killin' I done mastered  
The church of the criminally sick, I'm the pastor  
My dad used to beat up my mom, I'm a bastard  
Now ask her, how does it feel to be a smasher  
Me plus me with a strap, that's disaster  
For anybody protectin' the shit that I'm after  
Empty wishes don't be takin' you out, I'm a have to Scarface invincible  
Hardcore, criminal  
Yea, this gon' be the last time I bust a new jack rap  
Lets go back into some old shit to show y'all niggas you can't fuck with me  
Dig it

Songwriters

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