Bitch Nigga

Dem Franchize Boyz

Artist: Scarface f/ Bun B (U.G.K.), Z-Ro
Typed by: escobar188@yahoo.com
[Talking]Nigga don't act like you don't know who I'm talkin' bout
(Fifty-Cent piece drops on table)
[Coinciding With 50 Cent's Intro on 'Get Rich Or Die Tryin'][Scarface]It's your worst day, run and tell somebody
It's your worst day.
It's your worst day, run and tell somebody
It's your worst day.
What it is?, nigga!
You don't wanna get involved with this here, nigga!
Is you a bitch nigga?, you a bitch nigga!
Look at yourself and then analyze me!
This motherfucking G
I can see the flaws in you, you got girl drawers in you
Girl flaws in you, a broad nigga!
I peeped your whole hand when you came in
I'm a man and I hang men
Play the game to win
All men should play on ten
Scarface 'finna do it again
Mash you nigga, smash through niggas
Don't make me upstrap and blast you niggas
Once again, it's only, its a must that I do it
Lock you in my scope and blast your ass through it
I'ma ruin
The image and the style that you used to
'cause you don't keep it real like you used to
A O.G., esa, fool to the hole fa'sho
So niggas slow your motherfucking roll
'Fore I come through with the same M-11
The Feds took from me, and shoot you in yo motherfucking stomach
[Chorus: Scarface]You a Snitch Nigga, when you rat on yo friends
Bitch Nigga, when you steal cash from your kin
You'z a Snitch Nigga, running when the drama go down
You was bumpin at first what happened to the manly sound
You a Snitch Nigga, specializin' at bumpin' ya gums
Bitch Nigga, countin' all your bricks but all I see is crumbs
Snitch Nigga, ain't you tired of running your mouth

Can't even go home, cause a jacker might run in your house

[Verse: Z-Ro]Now snitch fellas get up under my skin
That's why I don't mess with friends
Unless it's my Mac-10
I'm the king of the ghetto, Z-Ro the crooked in the flesh
Looking for head shots, 'cause snitch fellas get the bullet-proof vests
What you scared for?
What happened to all the tough ass talk
The way you was bumpin', I thought you had a taste for asphalt
Look at momma's baby out here starvin' for an ass-
whippin', beefin', with a magician then drippin' now his ass missin
I'll be damned if I pull a rabbit out a hat
Well pull my 40 out of holster, and put a snitch fella on his back
WHOA!, look how I handled this .44
My conscience be screaming Z-Ro Murder Mo!, Murder Mo!
And these snitch fellas on "How I'm Living" try snitchin' on "BET"
But got a restraining order against "Murder I-N-C"
This how we ride, and ain't never gon' make a switch dude
Z-Ro the Crooked, I'll be damned if I be a snitch fool
[Chorus][Verse 3: Bun B]It's Bun B I go back-a like "Atlanta Black Crackers"
I back-slap a, back-packer, from here to Cakalacka{Carolina's}
Wack rapper, short stopper or dope kicker-inner
Bitch I ain't ya chicken hitter, bring the heater get you wetter(get you
wetter)
With the 50 caliber magnum handgun
Step a bear off in his tracks, you better hope I don't land one
If I cock that bitch back..aim it at your chest
It'll be weeks before they even find the pieces to your vest
We releasers of ya stress..ease ya pain
Put this pistol in your mouth, you'll never need them trees again
The one ya momma warned ya about
Bun-y he's insane
Kill a kid over a quarter, (???)
(???), boy you fuckin with the triller
Z-Ro the young guerilla
And Face the born killa
(Bitch Nigga)
Feel around in the dark for dough
(Bitch Nigga)
You here the sound, see the spark, and you know
[Chorus]

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