Dying with Your Boots On

Scarface

Trouble seems to catch a motherfucker with his cards down
Gotta keep my drawers up, shit's gettin' hard now
These motherfuckin' cops be plantin' shit on these niggas
Simply because these niggas got bank accounts that's biggerI just can't get no peace from you motherfuckin' rollers
Every time I pull my Benz-o out, you pull me over
I'm sick of motherfuckers who be jocking Whitey's coattails
Blacker than a motherfucker, sweat me 'bout my dope-salesNiggas just take your cut and get your ass up out my face
The only thing you probably get from me is a cock-suckin' pistol case
Unless you plan on plantin' a lil' somethin' in my shit
Just because you ain't got shit, bitchGive 'em a badge and a trigger and that makes 'em figure
That they can fuck with a million dollar nigga
They got you mixed up, fixed up at the Segas, shookin' Indo
Gettin' fucked up in the gank-hole
The only way you'll whip that motherfucker
Is when you whip that motherfucker
And we choke the motherfucker
(Man, fuck that motherfucker)So when you hear my song and wanna get it on
You better come prepared motherfucker
You dyin' wit'cha boots on(Put ya foot in my shoe, and let me try on your boots)
Dyin' wit'cha boots on
(Put ya foot in my shoe, and let me try on your boots)
YeahDo you know how many years you're facing inside?
25 to life and that's on the real
So you better snitch on your partner
Fuck that, it was Brad Dawg, I ain't goin' out by myself
Niggas gettin' caught, doin' time, so they snitchin'
They pickin' niggas up on a funky ass suspicion
We'll be goin' down for some questioning we think
And end up gettin' hit with the fuckin' kitchen sinkRacketeer and laundering, Kingpin wondering
If they got some unsolved murders, then give him some of them
Just because we're niggas and they figure we're no smarter
We'll sell each other out and start rattin' on our partnersThey start bringin' up shit that happened back in '85
And then comes the largest jury, bitch, they fuckin' time
You might as well play the state 'cause you gon' do day for day
And sellin' out your homeboys ain't the shit'Cause y'all gonna have to die in this bitch, bitch
Lobbin' wit'cha white suits on
And dyin' wit'cha motherfuckin' boots on(Put ya foot in my shoe, and let me try on your boots)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by