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' G
A 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
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, 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 unicorn
And 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' cap
All 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 weed
It 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 about
It 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
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
It gotta be these cars or the trips that I take
That make 'em wanna hate, won't you say it to 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

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