

# Geto Boys & Girls

## Geto Boys

Intro:

Boys and girls Scarface:

I remember in the 80's me and pops would rock  
In a 70 chevy with the drops in slot  
Use to pass me pepsi cola while he drunk him a pint  
Tippin' to the southside runnin' a light  
Use to have me up in 3rd ward checkin' his traps  
Collectin' his scratch protection' his snap  
Use to always tell a nigga keep your mind on paper  
Bitches in your head you keep your eyes on paper  
Cause a niggas definition is a killa for scratch  
You kill a motherfucker you kill him for that  
You got caught up in this shit that means you fucked it up  
Old man spittin' game so I sucked it up  
Old enough to do my own thang got me again  
Flip my second paycheck to cop me a lid  
Went and seen my homie short dawg that slided me a track  
Went to mase's pawn shop and got me a gat  
Didn't know this crack shit I got my uncle to cook  
With my eyes on my paper I just fuddled and looked  
Impatiently waitin' for the pot to boil  
Man I can't wait to see your rock from ?  
Put my work upon the table and it's startin' tonight  
Time for me to bring brad jordan to life  
Sat my ass upon the corner till it started to bounce  
Glock scratchin' reach that and started her out  
It wasn't long before I was goin' for nine  
I'm seventeen around millionaires goin' for mine  
And if you got off in my way while I was headed for that  
You found your ass misplaced with your head in your lap  
And niggas is gettin' shiffer with time  
That's why you never see me with a partner in crime  
I'm down and dirty nigga fuck the world  
And that's what separated geto boys from girls you know? Bushwick bill:  
5th ward is the spot where niggas get shot  
Hoes sell cock and every block is hot  
Niggas start shit but they don't start it with bill  
Cause them motherfuckers know they're blood gonna spill  
Ever since I was a kid growin' up in the bottom

I beat a niggas ass and if I didn't I shot him  
Never gave a fuck about his family cryin'  
Bottom line, better his than mine  
You come around me with that live shit I kill it fast  
I throw a search party for your fuckin' stankin' ass nigga  
Cause it's a motherfuckin' rep thang  
You got a set of nuts you better let them motherfuckers hang  
Even if you're facin' 20 years you never rat  
You do your time and you come on back  
And if he a homie he really take care of your people while you're gone  
And bless you when you come back home  
Do your time and don't whine is the motherfuckin' anthem  
That's the type of shit most niggas can't phantom  
Them bitches tongues come unfurled  
But that's what separated the ghetto boys from girls c'monScarface:  
I bet you often wonder how niggas survive in the trail  
You got jacked and took six and died in your house  
And motherfuckers sat and grieved your death  
One of them motherfuckers counted up the keys then left  
Kind of strange the game it took a change for the worse  
Split the brain get the cain get back to your dirt  
And keep the jack you did up under your hat  
Cause if the word got out you killed him then they killin' you back  
I never thought that '86 would bring me trouble again  
You'd think but these niggas on some up shit like double your pay  
And gives a fuck about respect and joy  
So how the fuck you figure niggas got respect for a hoe  
But then again niggas always put their trust in a bitch  
But in the end it's another nigga bustin' yo shit  
Fucked around and had to flee the world  
Cause you couldn't separate the geto boys and girlsWillie d:  
Geto boys is the motherfuckin' shit never forget  
Them southern niggas made your mind play tricks  
Never the less I left the group in '91  
Niggas was mad, I had my gun  
They had they guns too I wasn't snoozin'  
Cause I knew that if it came down to it they would use 'em  
If it was goin' down right then I didn't give a fuck  
We was gonna tear this whole motherfuckin' city up  
And nigga that's real comin' from the south  
You wack ass rappers watch your motherfuckin' mouth  
Preachin' that positive bullshit you can save  
Cause your positivity ain't gettin' motherfuckers paid  
It's g.b. and willie d reunited  
Sendin' niggas back to the studio to get they shit tighter

And niggas thought it wouldn't happen again  
But we sat down and settled our differences like men  
And put the bullshit behind us  
Cause fuckin' off money ain't a plus it's a minus  
We did what other niggas to big to do when they twirl  
And separating geto boys from girls c'monMan on phone:  
A.j. you know I spent 23 years in the prison. you know I'm still in prison  
You know they they uh uh reannounced us, blacks, we represent 37% of the  
Prison system throughout the country. 37%. but we don't represent but but  
12% of the country. now that's diproportionate and ain't no joke you know.  
It's it's now by coincidence or by ? it's by design. by the year...2015.  
They gonna have 70% of our community locked up. I'm talking about black  
Gonna be locked up within they community. it's gonna be like it war  
Zone...ghetto.

Songwriters

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