

The Diary

Scarface

What, fade me how?
Shit, on this rap shit
Come on, niggaI brought my chopper an' my hard hat
The shit's fucked up now show a nigga where the war at
'Cause I'm about to clean house
Stick this AK up your ass an' blow that fucker clean out 'Cause you niggas in the wrong
You came up short an' now we finna get it goin' on
I ain't your average motherfucker
You step out of line an' watch a motherfucker bust ya 'Cause you done came at me the wrong way
I ain't no Clint Eastwood, nigga
An' you done picked the wrong day
So bring your ass to the battleground
Rat a tat tat, like that is how my gat'll sound Avoid no niggas 'cause niggas be human
I squeeze the trigger an' niggas be movin'
'Cause I don't point it in the air
An' pull the trigger, why?
I'd rather point it at yo' ass an' watch the nigga die I gives a fuck about your team mates
When it's all said an' done
You're gonna wish you never seen 'Face
You shoulda seen that lil' nigga, Brad
James through here, seen Dave an' yo, that nigga bad An' your homies better stand still
Don't make my brother Warren bust one of you bitches
'Cause the man will
Don't bring your ass to my picnic
'Cause I done had it up to here
With all you niggas talkin' that bitch shit So you better get your shit right
I'm from the state where you rarely see
A motherfuckin' fist fight
It's all about the gun blast
So you can miss me with that bullshit
You spittin' with your punk ass It's 'The Diary' of a born killer
Don't have to worry about me fallin' off this thang
'Cause I'm a strong nigga
Doubt my regard of the hard
With niggas behind me from East Oakland to the South Park I've got the mind of the man right behind you
You can run, you can hide but I'll still find you
Like I say, there's no getaway
An' I'm gon' have it where
Your family'll have to throw your shit away It's the return of the real niggas

I'm prejudiced to a certain extent but still I kill niggas
I'll bust that ass on the fuckin' double
So push on with that ho' shit, bitch
'Cause you don't want trouble So get your ass up of my shoestrings
An' let your sharmed nigga do things Ay, ay, ay, where you finna go, fool?
I can't fuck with it, you got it, man
Come on, man, you wanna rap, nigga?
I can't do it, come on You see, you see
That's how motherfuckers is, dog
That's how motherfuckers be, punk ass hoes

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