

Born Killer

Scarface

I'ma born killer, you're face to face with Scarface
You tried to ice an X, but that's a motherfuckin' waste
Your schools fucked up G
And your momma shoulda warned ya about a nigga like me 'Cause I don't weep and I don't sleep
Save that motherfucker black, 'cause talk is cheap
And now, since you got beef
Let's take it to the streets and I'mma bring it to your ass G I'm comin' from the heart son
And I don't take no shit, but I'm about to start some
Now which one a you hoes wanna jump
If you got static, then get it off your chest punk 'Cause I ain't bar none
If you're feelin' lucky then go ahead and get cha some
I ain't with this fucked shit
If ya ain't in trick, then get your ass in ya trunk bitch 'Cause I'm about to square it off
Hit ya ass in the chest with the tech and try to tear it off
Send you back to mommy, it's a plastic
And had a bitch out huntin' for a casket I'm on the for real tilla my nilla
I'm a born killer Killer
Born killer
Don't fuck with me
Born killer
Don't fuck with me My momma did her part
But it ain't her fault that I was born with out a heart
In other words I'm heartless dude
I don't love me, how the fuck I'mma love you? That's right, you guessed it
I'm legally insane, marked man nick depressive
I'm takin' all types a medication
To keep me out the mood of premeditation Yo, the log around my lone is worse
I'm havin' thoughts of killin' me, but I'm killin' you first
Mr. Kindness, talks but I don't listen
A victim of society fucked by the system My whole life's been a see saw
I'm up one day, down and out on tomorrow
Right now I'm even more upset
Some shit that happened to me that I don't think I'll ever forget You think I'll let it die, but I ain't
It ain't because I want to, it's because I can't
I'mma getcha but I ain't goin' into it
'Cause ain't nothin' to it but to do it See it ain't no sweat to me 'cause in the fo place
You fucked up the minute that you stepped to me
I'm not your average dealer
I'mma born killer I'ma born killer

Born killer
Don't fuck with me
Born killer
Don't fuck with me Now I'm livin' where I can 'cause I'm homeless
Can't make point calls 'cause I'm phone less
I ain't, I'm starvin' duke
I can't go to mommas house 'cause mommas starvin' too Better grab that 12 gauge
'Cause that's the only way a niggaz gonna get paid
I'm on my way to my old bank
They know me real good and they don't think that I'd gank Had my gun in my trench coat
Now getcha ass on the floor
And don't think about pushin' that panic switch
I'm gettin' paid and you're gettin' killed bitch Take notes to the message I gave ya
Ya dyin' ho and can't nothin' save ya
I'm doin' bad, so I'm goin' bad
Huh, and you never expected that from Brad But there's a lotta things pressin' me
And I ain't the nigga to let them [Incomprehensible] dressin' me
So I'm comin' out winnin'
100,000 in the case now I'm comin' out grinnin' But the shit didn't flow smooth
The security guard had to run and pulla hoe move
He reached for his pistol
The 10 gauge went shoulda heard that motherfucker whistle Hit him in his chest
Now which one a you motherfuckers in here wanna die next?
Nobody made a move
And I got away smooth, and that's how it is nigga
I spared a couple of lives, but I'm still a born killer I'ma born killer
Born killer
Don't fuck with me
Born killer
Don't fuck with me

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