Homies & Thuggs

Scarface

Ghetto niggas remain violent while the killers remain silent Niggas strapped with 45?s and ain?t smilin' And I?m drivin' to a place they?re all warrin? The lake we build houses but it?s the hood we call home In the ghetto the only place a motherfucker will keep it real We focused on the dollar bill, still The outsiders tend to disrespect the place Where niggas do their strugglin' die with a straight face Survivin', under conditions demons dinin? You can run it but can?t hide it, so step aside It?s the nigga that makes music for the streets 'Cause I love this motherfucker like pussy with no sheets 'Cause it?s deep Some niggas make it out the neighborhood and won?t surface They let the money make them nervous, what?s the purpose? A motherfucker sittin' on fat He came up in the hood but he can?t come back Fuck that, I remain in the street game frame On a mission to maintain me and take aim In position to let my opposition know my life 'Cause off in these streets I keep it real but what?s right? Survivin', sittin' on a key doin' business on a beeper I?m sinkin' in this motherfucker deeper Fear the Reaper that no man born or woman harm me Fuck bein' a nigga in your army Though I?m a killer, enter the ghetto so that you can see What I mean when I say I love this 'cause it loves me Let it be, stop lookin' at this motherfucker strange And talkin' ?bout a motherfuckin' change This is for my thug niggas This one for the homies and thug niggas Grace imagined us workin' at McDonald?s And me and you sellin' fuckin' toasted up the hummus Gold slug, a car full of thug niggas

Twenty inch wheels candy paint so we drug dealers No limit soldiers to the fullest See I was raised on red beans the size of some bullets, huh We ghetto niggas can?t be stopped Got me mixin' up dope with little J down at rap a lot My phone tapped, the feds on my tail Got me paying luxury taxes on everythin' I build True to the ghetto that?s my life You see that house on the lake it?s for the kids and the wife You can test me if you wanna 'Cause I be dumpin' niggas off from New Orleans to California Rowdy like a hurricane Independent, black owned, got them hooked on this cocaine You used to see C, C on the suit and tie But we young niggas in tennis shoes and diamonds Executive street millionaires Niggas gonna be 'bout it, 'bout till we gray in the wheel chair This one for the homies and thug niggas What do you get from boostin'? Niggas comin' out from California to represent them niggas in Houston And now we rockin' keep this shit poppin' And all my niggas across the bay know LA keep the shit hot I keep my glock inside my pants, don?t give niggas a chance To put me inside a casket, you dirty bastards Until the day I die, you catch a nigga high on weed The police can?t find me My shit will drop and I?ll sell five million While all the niggas enter the game, get caught up in drug dealin' How can I fall? How can I ball? How can I catch my enemies and murder them all? My word of flame burn niggas inside their brain Niggas can?t hang with me and like it changes Scarface got me on this shit We laced it motherfuckers in their body and face Growin' quicker, liquor made me a daddy and nigga Niggas don?t wanna see me world wide mob figure MOB and his lead keep me weeded Key niggas don?t wanna see me when I got weed In my system Catch another victim, capture bodies

Bring a shottie to the fuckin' party, yeah I party all night I do this shit 'cause it?s wrong but we were born right And to the niggas in my zone we do it long ways ?Till these bitches understand nigga my song pay ?Cause I?m the man Now these are my homeboys, we outlaws till the day we die Keep this shit rough and raw my 45 Make sure that I survive to another day To bust rhymes which from I get paid Now that?s the end of my freestyle But it was left for dead But the shit away you can hear it playin' Westside This one for the homies and thug niggas This one for the homies and thug niggas

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