

Recognize

Scarface

Motherfuckers out here rapping for protection
I'm gonna expose yo ass, you bitch
See me in these motherfuckin' streets
(Don't stop)

With ya fag ass, gangsta walk, yeah right, ya pussy
Look out, we everyday grinding
Everybody in the North gotta love us down South 'cause we blindin'
And we don't trip the big diamonds

We mainly focus on the old schools with big blocks lying
And I been around the world in one day
Chuckin' up the deuce for S.A.

I'm a hood cat, and that's for searching me a hood rat
With good cat, something beautiful to look at, fa sho'
I kick it for my niggaz in the ghetto
And all my homies in the federal
Lock up, behind the wall setting shop up
They beat the block up, yet and still they couldn't stop us
Damn it feels good to be a gangsta back at it
'Cause I'm the last of the Dons, goddamn it

I hear ya talking, but I don't cater to the chit-chat
But when I see you in the streets I got ya get back
(Word) It ain't enough protection on ya ass, to fuck wit Brad
I got a lesson for ya ass

I showed ya, the Southside niggaz tote heat
I showed ya, the Northside niggaz roll deep
Ya weak, 'cause I'm the biggest fish in the pond
And when I say the magic word, bitch ya gone
Assassinated, people lay steppin'

Eliminated, enemy with aggression
Sit back and smoke me one, the Obi Won Kenobi one
Fuck the champagne sippin', woodgrain grippin'

I'm spittin' for the Vice Lords, gangstas and Crips and Bloods
And everybody neighborhood
From the Idery Wells, back down to Inglewood
How can a nigga from the South get a pass in every section
And walk the projects with no protection

Be surrounded by a mob, and not get robbed
Considered to be a savior and not be God
(Whoa)

Listen to the nigga flow now, I can speed it up or slow down
Face the facts baby, I got it locked like this and like that baby
Southern [unverified] baby, the last of a dying, we
born again

The vicious life religious, I was born to win
The closure after the greatest hit the sofa
When I still ride for Prince like a soldier
The two-thousand millennium comes
Since I'm the son of the father, that makes me the Don
The next up to bat, the Jordan, Larry, cousy yo of rap

And I ain't gotta walk around strapped J don't tolerate the mack dirties
You in our motherfucking way, we tryin' to stack 30s
Now back it up, for he send something back to you, ain't plan to defend
Staying loyal to the Prince to the end, so recognize So what you gone do Face?
(Play till I win)
So what you gone do?
(Double back and do it again) So what you gone do Face?
(I'm a play the game 'til I win)
So what you gone do?
(Play till I win) So what you gone do Face?
(Play till I win)
So what you gone do?
(Double back and do it again) So what you gone do Face?
(Play the game 'til I win)
So what you gone do?
(Then I'm a double back and do it again) So here it is fool, I play the game where it's no rules
Dropped out in the 10th grade and told my mom to fuck school!
'Cause they ain't teach a nigga shit, I learned to read when I was 5
And plus I been smart a long time Fuck a history test, I'm more concerned about respect
I make my moves in an L like a night nigga check
It's on 'til the break of dawn, I keep it on
And on and on, and on and on and on and on Like clockwork, we hit these niggaz where it hurt
Knock they dicks in the dirt, now you the bitch that's in the skirt
I'm passed the motherfucka out here paying his dues
Not the average nigga out here rapping claiming he true I just stick to the script and take it in stride
Get my daily dose of game from James and take it and ride
Yes, yes y'all, funky fresh and in the flesh y'all
This time I'm aiming at the neck dog It ain't no ducking when I'm bustin'
I'm a leave you a nice little whole in ya throat, releavin' ya life
I'm going out with a bang, letting my nuts hang
I'm outty like flame, the signature just James, recognize So what you gone do Face?
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