

# Guess Who's Back (feat. JAY Z & Beanie Siegel)

## Scarface

Talk to me man  
This ya boy Young Hova, yo turn the muh'fuckin noise up  
We'll get right into the proceedings this evening  
Headphones are distortin', bring it down a lil' bit  
Okay, now we workin' wit' it  
The boy Face on the baseline, Face Mob  
Welcome to New York City, it's ya boy Young Hov' chea  
Kanye West on the track, Chi-Town, what's goin' on now?  
Can I talk to y'all for a minute? Lemme talk to y'all for a minute  
Just gimme a minute of ya time baby, I don't want much  
Lemme talk to these muh'fuckas, lemme talk to these muh'fuckas  
Lemme talk, lemme talk, lemme talk to these muh'fuckas  
Guess who's bizack? You still smellin' crack in my clothes  
Don't make me have to relapse on these hoes  
Take it back down to taxin' them roads  
When I was huggin' it, niggaz couldn't do nuttin' wit' it  
Straight from the oven wit' it, came from the dirt  
I emerged from it all without a stain on my shirt  
You can blame my old earth, for the shit she instilled in me  
Still with me Pain plus work shit she made me milk this game for all it's worth  
That's right, these niggaz can't fuck with me  
I'm callin' guts every time, drag my nuts every time  
Homey, we make a great combination don't we?  
Me and the Face Mob, every time we face-off  
Face it y'all, y'all niggaz playin' basic ball  
I'm on the block like I'm eight feet tall  
Homey, I'm in the drop with the AC on  
That's why the, streets embrace me dawg, I'm so cool  
Guess who's bizack?  
Back on the block with the old Face Mob  
Mack Mittens and Hov'  
Don't make me relapse  
Back to the block with the fo'  
'Cause this street shit is all I know From the womb to the tomb a hot pot of joy and a spoon  
Tryna make me forty thousand and move  
Motels, star-studded, rock stars and goons  
Plain clothes wanna run in my room  
And guess who's, guess who's bizack? It's ya boy Face Mob  
Started with an eight ball, gotta get this cake dawg

Give niggaz a break, nah, you know how the game go  
Fuck you think I slang fo', to go against the grain I'm out, I'm out here to grind mo', rapped up in the paper  
chase  
I wanna fuck a fine hoe and candy paint the 88  
Don't got no wholesale, 'cause that ain't how I wanna run it  
Here take these five stones and bring a nigga back a hundred  
Gotta see my feet dude, you do shit a fiend do  
The fire get too hot in the kitchen, I hit the streets fool  
Money is an issue and that's on the fa' shizzle my nizzle  
Ya block warm, then I come by with the fizzle And make fa' sho' I get to work mines, for part of the time  
We go to war and you ain't makin' a dime  
'Cause I got, shit to lose a nigga out here payin' his dues  
My baby walkin' gotta get him some shoes  
It's a new game doin', lemme give ya the rules  
Get outta line and I'm a give ya the blues  
It's a new game doin', lemme give ya the rules  
Get outta line and I'm a give ya the blues Guess who's bizack?  
The boy B Mizack, A.K.A, Mr. Crack-A-Brick  
Turn a whole one from a half a brick, look I mastered this  
You can smell it once the plastic rips  
A hot plate will make ya swell up if ya gasket clicked  
You can make ya chips swell up, ya don't hafta pitch  
Play them corners like a safety, watch the traffic switch Young'n never pump fake, and you'll get past the blitz  
And keep ya whole hood on flip like on box-spring  
Pissy Mack and shit, low old box of things  
Strictly glassy shit I hug the block like a quart of water  
Shit I used to hug a corner like a old deuce and a quarter  
Till like deuce in the mornin', with the old heads  
Slangin' loose quarters, this Philly cat back gatted  
Still fuckin' with them crack addicts  
Still bustin' with that black-matic Guess who's bizack?  
Back on the block with the old Face Mob  
Mack Mittens and Hov'  
Don't make me relapse  
Back to the block with the fo'  
'Cause this street shit is all I know

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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