

# Scarface, Born Killer

I'm a 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 uh, 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 hadda bitch out huntin for a casket  
I'm on the for realla tilla my nilla  
I'm a born killa

[CHORUS x2]

I'm a born killa  
Born  
Killa  
&quot;Don't fuck with me&quot;

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 mannick depressive  
I'm takin all types a medication  
To keep me out the mood of premeditatin  
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 killa

[CHORUS]

Now I'm livin where I can cause I'm homeless  
Can't make point calls cause I'm phoneless  
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 trenchcoat  
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 theres a lotta things pressin me  
And ain't the nigga to let the mortredresser 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 12 gauge went "BOOM"; 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 thats how it is nigga  
I spared a couple a lives, but I'm still a born killa

[CHORUS]