

Scarface, G's

(And meanwhile, on the Southside of town...)

[Chorus:]

Now when you're rollin' through yo' muthafuckin' hood,
what do you see?

(I see some muthafuckin' G's)

Now when you're rollin' through yo' muthafuckin' hood,
tell me what you see?

(Some muthafuckin' G's)

[verse 1]

Roamin' in my muthafuckin' hood and thangs

Seems to me my mutherfuckin' hood done changed

Cause niggas used to kick it with the rival gangs

But now we gots to deal with them survival thangs

.45 in my lap when I'm on the creep

Niggas livin' shife, so I roll one deep

Cause now they see me flippin' in the 1-9-9-4

C.S.I. nigga, black 850

And now they lookin' at me crazy

But off-brand niggas can suck a dick because they can't fade me

And if it came down to the gun, black

I never cracked up on the pressure, cause I was trained for combat

So get yo' muthafuckin' boys together

I represent S.A., nigga, and we makin' noise forever

And gettin' paid at the same time

So you respect a muthafucka when a muthafucka claim mine

Cause if you disrespect, you ass out

And they we rolling through yo' shit in the glasshouse

Actin' bad with the flashers on

Makin' niggas get they asses on

Cause ain't no mutherfuckin' love for fools

Who come around this muthafucka trying to scrub, you fools

It ain't no haps on it, hops

We snaps on the cops

And straps on the glocks

And take the law into our own hands

Cause you ain't fucking with a rookin, nigga, you fucking with a grown man

And we gon' show you what we mean by funk

Muthafucka, you ain't see my trunk

I got a (SK) and a (AK)

And a (12 gauge) that'll fuck a nigga whole day

So recognize a real nigga from the streets

When you rolling through yo' mutherfuckin' hood, what do you see?

[Chorus...]

[verse 2]

Hollerin at my homie at the swisher house

Scope a 40 bag and we hit the spot

Put my shit in park and got up under the tree

Pull the swishers out and gave the ganja to 3

Rapped us up a fattie and we started to smoke

Eyes gettin' red cause we higher than coke

A nigga chillin' cause it's all good

And we ain't trippin' on the bullshit, nigga, because we all hood

But other niggas don't wanna see it that way

But all I got to say is: you don't wanna see that S.A.

Because we're all upon a mission

Killin don't make us no different

And dyin don't make it no different

Cause I done been to mo' wakes in this past year

Than the muthafuckin Bingos lost last year

So ain't no muthafuckin' thang for me
To kill a nigga who ain't fuckin' with the gang with me

[Chorus...]

[verse 3]

Formaldehyde smokin, niggas gettin' loc'ed and
Ready to pull your coat and leave your stomach open
Scoping, hoping for you to fuck up and slip
So we can have a reason for fuckin' up your shit
(It ain't no muthafuckin' peace when they see me)
Cause we never had a muthafuckin' peace treaty
So I know I got to get em with game
And when I hit em with the game I gotta hit em with this damn thang
Cause it's kill or be killed, never cut slack
And if you cut slack, they bust back, fuck that
I never give a second chance to pull the first gun
Cause if they bust one time, that be the worst one
And that's the one that can close the shop
So you gotta stand and hold the glock
Cause in my muthafuckin' hood, that's how it be
But when you're rollin' through your muthafucking hood, what do YOU see?

[Chorus...]