

Scarface, Games Over

Intro: too \$hort

Man, what's up with these niggaz out here
Mad at us cause we on top
I love to see niggaz gettin money
Better get it while the gettin is good
Get it while you can, man
And stop hatin me, f**kin with my shit 'cause I got more hustle than you
Get yours, get yours baby

Verse one: dr. dre

I'm seeing millions, niggaz don't understand
Know what? I'm makin moves, puttin cash behind plans
To blow up, will he style like this
Everyday I parlay, sip henne and tanqueray
Stay in the mix like alezay
V.i.p., my shit parked valet
On the prowl again to get honies familiar with the smile again
Some try to assault dre, it's still cavi
Im eatin steak while they struggle to break the slave mentality
I givin livin definition long as my hearts tickin
I fought and made the world listen
Whatever fly dr. dre invented
Turn on the box and let my son watch these studio clowns on 60 inches
I push a rover, shit platinum before the sessions over
Rap master with the houston heat holder
These playas best to get they shit in check
'cause when I get my hustle on ain't no playin with a full deck

Chorus: ice cube

Lord please, murda my enemies (yeah)
Burn em at a thousand degrees
And lord please let me make mo cheese
'cause I ain't quite ready to leave (no)
[repeat 2x]

Verse two: scarface

Buck the whole world

Meant that, gotta stay strapped
'cause 99.9 a niggaz, carry they gats
Super fist fightin shit might come down to dyin
When the time comes down for the tryin I got nine
Reasons why niggaz shouldnt step in my face
With the nonsense, cause I'm always heated and you can taste this
Audi little something out the seams a my trousers
With no hesitation I got a team to come clown ya
I down ya, so let your people know what they face
With the type of individual thatll bomb a sub-station
Kaboom! and everybody dies outside
There ain't no escapin the reaper so don't try
Go ahead, close ya eyes, who the next to step?
Face down, hit, bleedin on the steps a death
Check yo self, you just been invaded by true soldiers
December 31st, 96 (the game is over)

Chorus

(I've got all my life to live, plus with all my love to give)

Verse three: dr. dre, scarface

Smokin weed I never trail, I lead
Spendin dough, tripped the cost of a ride like it was pocket money, gs
But these are the things real playas do
Talkin shit is real things that the hatas do
I'm namin you
Shit's thick, it's time to run for shelter
I kept the word, things could happen to marks like it was helter skelter

Dear diary, I'm runnin outta pages
Fadin, in and out, takin purple hazes
The dazes, revelations in the last stages
Red skys institute, the silent horns playin
Im prayin with tears in my eyes
'cause I'm tryin to make it into eternal peace without dyin
But they eyein my bank account with beams on my rover
The killa failed to launch his attack (the game is over)

Chorus