

Scarface, Mr. Scarface

Mr. Mr. Scarface from walking down the block
Out jumps some fiends and steals all his rocks
Pulls out a gun and shoots down all the fiends
And Mr. Mr. Scarface went up the block again

(All I have in this world, all I have in this world
All I have, all I have, all I have in this world)

Ahh yeah, hah

Mr. Scarface is back in the motherfuckin house once again!

Yea, droppin some of that new

Mr. Scarface Two, on your motherfuckin ass

So suck a nigga dick, or make a nigga rich

Or something, bitch

[Verse One:]

I don't give a FUCK about the chatter in the background
Niggaz get beat when they step this is axe down
If you don't know, I recommend you check
And ask them motherfuckers, how many heads I put to rest
I play a game but the game ain't roulette
Slangin cane is the thang and I beat
That there's a lot of wannabe Scarfaces
I've heard the name in ninety-nine different places
I'm here to squash it all original will speak
Scarface on your ass from the streets
I left my cut, in fear of a prison term
They wanna put me in a chair and let me burn
But go to prison on a murder rap, fuck that
I refuse to be a visitor in state's camp
So I broke and left behind all I worked for
Either that or be sentenced for a drug war
And many want to know why I've slowed up
It's either that or get fucked
Cause laws get happy on the trigger
Say fuck it put a cap in a nigga
But this ass ain't made for no caps homey
This ass says 'Exit Only'
So I get in the wind but hey
A nigga still sold a quarter everyday
I sat around for six months black
Waitin for the day to make a comeback
And now I'm ready for combat
Mr. Scarface is back

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

(All I have in this world, all I have in this world
All I have, all I have, all I have in this world)
Nobody knows my name, they'll only know this face
On the farilla my nigga just call me Scarface

[Verse Two:]

Aiyyo Bido, drop that shit

Yeah, heh heh

Back in the South Park, six o'clock on the dot

Checkin on my old rock spot

I seen the same old set

Heh, the small timers see me so they jet

Buildin one-twenty-eight

I got myself a bag and I can't wait

To cut em up small to make a profit

Niggaz on the cut short stop it
Fiends'll see em small then they go
Where, to see the motherfuckin pro
One nigga got pissed
And started reachin for his shit
Three-fifty-seven on your ass fool
Like I said before, you don't get a second chance dude
Unloaded on his ass he was hurt
Six shots put his dick in the dirt
Laid him out like a motherfuckin rug
Gettin pumped full of thirty-eight slugs
Some other niggaz stepped out y'all
Aww shit, I had to make a phone call

Hello?
Hay Jay
Whassup?
I'm in a little trouble man
Where you at?
I'm out here in South Park Village
Stay right there, I'll be right on
C'mon let's take these motherfucers to war main

Jay called up some niggaz from the 5th Ward
And came back with a motherfuckin hit squad
Motherfuckin uzi machine
Big Chief packed an M-16
Will and AK with a banana clip
And little Bill had a god damn pistol grip
I hit a little laugh and got me a buzz
And that's about the time they got drugged
One more war took place
You can call me the shit started, or call me Mr. Scarface

[Chorus]

[Verse Three:]

Damn, check this shit out
Later on, all alone, you know what happened next
Another bitch came by to give me sex
It was kind of strange I was thrown off
The last bitch got her head blown off
But fuck I ain'tsta pass up no pooty
She started strippin at the door, oh goody
I got in that ass with the quickness
Fuckin her down with the diznick