

Scarface, Dyin Wit'cha Boots On

Trouble seems to catch a motherfucker with his cards down
Gotta keep my drawers up, shit's gettin hard now
These motherfuckin cops be plantin shit on these niggas
Simply because these niggas got bank accounts that's bigger
I just can't get no peace from you motherfuckin rollers
Everytime I pull my Benz or what, 'cha pull me over
I'm sick of motherfuckers who be checking Whitey's coke tip
Blacker than a motherfucker, sweat me 'bout my *?dope-sip*?
Niggas just take your cut and get your ass up out my face
The only thing you probably get from me is a cock-sucking pistol case
Unless you plan on plantin a lil' somethin in my shit
Just because you ain't got shit, bitch!
Give em a badge and a trigger and that makes em figure
That they can fuck with a million dollar nigga
They got you mixed up, fixed up at the Segas, shookin Indo
Gettin fucked up in the gank-hole
The only way you'll whip that motherfucker is when you whip that
motherfucker
And we choke the motherfucker (Me stuck the motherfucker!)
So when you hear my song and wanna get it on
You better come prepared motherfucker, you dyin wit'cha boots on

[Chorus:]

(Put ya foot in my shit and let me try on your hood)
Dyin wit'cha boots on
(Put ya foot in my shit and let me try on your hood)
Yeah

[Interlude:(prison guard talking to inmate)]

[Guard:]

Do you know how many years you're facing inside?
25 to life and that's on the real
So you better snitch on your partner

[Inmate:]

Fuck that! It was Brad Dawg, I ain't goin out by myself

Niggas gettin caught, doin time, so they snitchin
They pickin niggas up on a funky ass suspicion
We'll be goin down for some questioning we think
And end up gettin hit with the fuckin kitchen sink
Racketeer and laundering, Kingpin wondering
If they got some unsolved murders, then give him some of them
Just because we're niggas and they figure we're no smarter
We sell each other albums, start frattin on our partners
They start bringin up shit that happened back in '85
And then comes the largest jury, bitch, they fuckin time!
You might as well play the state
Cos you come to day for day
And sellin out your homeboys ain't the shit
Cos y'all gonna have to die in this bitch, bitch!
Lobbin wit'cha white suits on
And dyin wit'cha motherfuckin boots on

(Put ya foot in my shit and let me try on your hood)