

Scarface, Friday Night

(feat. CJ Mack)

[Intro: Scarface]

Damn, this a bitch
We ain't gotta motherfuckin thing
Ring CJ do what he doin in Cali-for-ni-a
(Hello?)
Hey, wuz up nigga, it's Face
(What up Fizzace?)
Feelin I'm gone come fuck wit you
(Come on down loco)
Ai, please have some bitches, please
(Ha ha ha) Ha ha ha

[Verse 1 CJ Mack, Scarface]

Locc, I been hustlin all week
Tonight's the night I dips 'n try to step up in a freak
I call this ho named Tiki, she got homies we can twist
All we need's some chronic and a motherfuckin fifth
Is you wit me locc?
What's mine is yours and what's yours is mines
When I'm in Houston you be treatin me fine
I scoop you up in L.A.X. around 6
I scootch you through the hood, then we gone get up in these tricks
It's Friday night

Two players in a black 5-0-0
Slidin down the shore, gettin at every fly ho
I'm wit my homey, ain't nobody set trippin
Drops my shit off at his house and then we kept flippin
Now see y'know your nigga don't sleep
Homey enough and see
Well, hand your nigga some heat
So I can feel warm in these cold ass L.A. streets
Now hook ya nigga wit some L.A. freaks, baby
It's Friday night

[Hook: CJ Mack]

Straight sellin with my Texas G
Stayin sucka free as I L-O-C
It's Friday night

[Verse 2]

[CJ Mack]

Two players on a hoodrat chase
You niggas can't see me and you can't see my nigga Face

[Scarface]

First thang we do is hit the club
I'm seein hella bitches in the corners tryin to show your homey love
This bitch is fly as a bird
And gotta ass that could swang from California all the way up thru
Pittsburgh

[CJ Mack]

Hold up locc (What?)
I know that flea

She been out 'n club hoppin since '83 (Ain't this a bitch)
And the bitch is still hoin
See, get at broke bitch and fake smile and keep strollin locc (Riiight!)
See them busters in the corner, they don't like my hood
I don't like their hood so it ain't all good
So keep ya eyes on em
Cos if it ??? ??? line, we gotta slide on em
Ride on em

[Scarface]

I gots no problem kickin dust up wit punk ass little busters
Who wants to try to buck us, we grab these guns and bust em
I gots that tena millimetre in tha parkin lot
[CJ Mack] Fuck em locc, we gots some bitches at the Mariott

[Hook]

[Verse 3: CJ Mack, Scarface]

You motherfuckers better chill
Before you fuck around and lose and get your cap peeled
Jumps on the elevator, hops off the six floor
Knocks on the door of room 604
Gets greeted by the biggest pair of thighs you wanna see
With a pair just like a *?mona?* homegirl G
See, vee like the mix and vee like the twist of em
Face, you can hit it first and then we can switch
It ain't no fun if my homey can't twist a bitch
I'll dare ya ass to try to run that 2PAC shit

I goes high-ho silver like the fuckin Moan Ranger
Playin here's out my dick inside a total fuckin stranger
You fuckin with a Texas cowboy, I puts it down boy
You ready for the second go (You know it!)
I go two or three hours and I'm sendin these bitches off on their way
(See ya!) You's a fool CJ!
(Nigga, how you like the southern California freakin?)
Dogg, I'll be back every motherfuckin weekend
It's Friday night

[Hook: CJ Mack]

Straight sellin with my Texas OG
Stayin sucka free as I L-O-C
It's Friday night
You motherfuckers better lay back
(Cos you can't see that Face)
Or it's just the nigga C-Mack

[Outro: CJ Mack]

Yeah Mr Scarface and CJ Mack
Puttin in much work for Rap-A-Lot and Rap-A-Lot West for the 9-5
You motherfuckers better stay down
Cos y'all punks couldn't see us with ultrasound
Coward
[Scarface]
You motherfuckers couldn't see us with glasses on
He he, y'knowhutl'msayin?