

Scarface, Gangstas don't live that long

News Reporter:

In world news today officials decree that rapper Brad Jordan, alias Scarface must be stopped.

After being monitored by secret service agents for two years, evidence leads Tobacco and Fire Arms officials to believe that his literally dope lyrics promote drug usage, and distribution, degrade women, influence gambling, promote violence. Officials say, he's the "Lord Of Underground Rap". Him and his music must be stopped.

Scarface:

And now we got em' on a mission

Now the whole entire world has gotta try to come up with a quick decision

They claim we threats to society

And now they callin' on the government to try to make somebody quiet

For the nonsense they done to me

Gangsta Nip, Spice 1 and 2Pac never gave a gun to me

So gangsta rap ain't done jack for that

I've even seen white folks from River Oaks go get the gat

So why you tryin' to kick some dust up

America's always been known for blaiming us brothas for they mess-ups

And we were always considered evil

Now they tryin' to bust our only code of communicatin' with our people

Let's peep the game from a different angle

Matt Dillon pulled his pistol every time him and someone tangled

So why you criticize me

For the things that you see on your TV

That rates worse than PG

Just come around to where they got me

So you can feel the hand of the dead body

Chorus:(Repeat 2X)

Ya know you can't believe that song

That brotha's wrong

Gangstas don't live that long

So now they tryin' seperation

And sendin' black folks in white coats to infiltrate our congregation

Tappin' into our conversation

Saying the message that they give

Bring forth wrong premeditations

So David's got a silver mag

While listenin' to Brad, David gets mad and kills his dad

David Duke's got a shotgun

So why you get upset cause I got one

A tisket a tasket

A brotha got his ass kicked

Shot in the face by a cop, closed casket

An open and shut situation

Cop gets got, they wanna blame it on my occupation

If you don't dig me, than baby you can sue me

cause the things that I be sayin' ain't worse than yo western movies

Don't blame me, blame your man Gotti

Now you can feel the hand of the dead body

Chorus: 2x

Ice Cube:

You best to free your mine

Before I free my nine

And stop messin' with the void in pop

Or feel my hot rocks

Bang,bang, boom boom, ping ping I'm the black

White boys got a magazine and don't know how to act

I'll attack and make you vomit

Down with Kahlid Abdul Muhammad

Do he got a brother, I'm it now

I'm the illest

Wanna kill this house, Don Cornelius

Can you feel this?

You punk suckas make me sick

Suckin' on the devil's trick
Scared of revolution
Need to start deuchin'
Houston is the place
I caught a case
Them fools, tried to put a scar on my face
But I bust two times to the gut
To the Reverend Calvin Butts
Gotta pair of n???
I started this gangsta hit in 86
Now you dissin' me
For publicity
Isn't he a hoe to the third degree
Who me?
I'm a 'G' who like to scrap-a-lot
Down with Rap-A-Lot
And I can't stop, won't stop
So tell Bill and Hillary
Ice Cube, it ain't no killin me, yeah
Ice Cube, Scarface
Getin' with these house suckas, and they don't stop.
Chorus: 2x