

Scarface, Homies & Thuggs

(feat. 2Pac & Master P)

Verse 1:

Ghetto niggas remain violent while the killers remain silent
niggas strapped with 45's and ain't smiling
And I'm driving to a place they're all warrin'
the lake we build houses but its the hood we call home
In the ghetto the only place a motherfucker will keep it real
we focused on the dollar bill, still
The outsiders tend to disrespect the place
where niggas do thier struggling die with a straight face
Surviving, under conditions demons dinin'
you can run it but can't hide it so step aside
Its the nigga that makes music for the streets
cause I love this motherfucker like pussy with no sheets,
cause its deep
Some niggas make it out the neighborhood and won't surface
and let the money make them nervous, what's the purpose?
A motherfucker sitting on fat
he came up in the hood but he can't come back
Fuck that, I remain in the street game frame
on a mission to maintian me and take aim
In position to let my opposition know my life
cause off in these streets I keep it real but what's right?
Surviving, sitting on a key doing business on a beeper
I'm sinking in this motherfucker deeper
Fear the reaper that no man born or woman harm me
fuck being a nigga in your army; though I'm a killer
Enter the ghetto so that you can see
what I mean when I say I love this cause it love me
Let it be, stop looking at this motherfucker strange
and talking 'bout a motherfucking change
This is for my thug niggas

(chorus x6)

This is for my homies and my thug niggas (uuuuugh)

verse 2

'Face, picture us working at McDonald's
and me and you selling fucking toasted up (?)
Gold slug, a car full of thug niggas
twenty inch wheels candy paint so we drug dealers
No Limit soldiers to the fullest
see I was raised on some red beans the size of some bullets, huh
We ghetto niggas can't be stopped
got me mixing up dope with little J down at Rap-A-Lot
My phone tapped the feds on my tail
got me paying luxury taxes on everything I build
True to the ghetto that's my life
you see that house on the lake its for the kids and the wife
You can test me if you wanna
cause I be dumping niggas off from New Orleans to California
Rowdy like a hurricane (uuuuuugh)
independant, black owned got them hooked on this cocaine
You used to see C in a suit and tie
but we young niggas in tennis shoes and diamonds
Executive street millionaires
niggas gonna be bout it bout till we gray in the wheel chair

Chorus x6

Verse 3:

What do you get from boosting?
niggas coming out from california to represent them niggas from
Houston
And now we rocking keep this shit popping
and all my niggas across the bay know L.A. keep the shit hot
I keep my glock inside my pants , dont give niggas a chance
to put me inside a casket you dirty bastards
Until the day I die you catch a nigga high off weed the police can't
find me
My shit will drop and I'll sell five million
while all the niggas enter the game get caught up in drug dealing
How can I fall? how can I ball, how can I catch my enemies and murder
them all?
My word of flame burn niggas inside thier brain
niggas can't hang with me, and like it changes, uh
Scarface got me on this shit
we laced it motherfuckers in thier body and face, uh
Growing thicker, liquor made me daddy and nigga
niggas don't wanna see me world wide mob figure
M.O.B. and the leaf keep me weeded
them niggas don't wanna see me when i got weed in my system
Catch another victim, capture bodies
bring a shottie to the fucking party, yeah
I party all night
I do this shit cause its wrong but we were born right
And to the niggas in my zone we do it long ways
'till these bitches understand nigga my song pay; cause I'm the man
Now these are my homeboys, we outlaws till the day we die
keep this shit rough and raw my 45
Make sure that I survive to another day
to bust rhymes which from I get paid
Now that's the end of my freestyle but it was left for dead
but the shit away you can hear it playing, westside

chorus x8