

Scarface, I'm Black

They try to take advantage of a nigga cause I'm black
They lookin' at me strange so I'm lookin' at they ass back
I got a little problem so I'm writin' you a note
A letter to the KKK from the black folks
I'm tryin' to get it on, tryin' to check the grip
and there goes officer cracker tryin' to sink my fucken battleship
Turnin' on his flashers, callin' up the dogs
now my Lexus Coupe is flex surrounded by the hogs
Snatchin' out my seats, tellin' me I sell dope
am I on probation or parole? I tell 'em fuck no!
Tell me mister officer, what's the problem?
what's the matter?
Why you gotta treat us like scum? Is it that a
nigga's doin' a tad bit better than you?
and brutality is all that you crackers can do
and mark me up for resistin' yo ass
when in reality officer friendly kicked my ass, damn!
You overflex your authority too
Put your foot in my shoe, and let me try on your boot
So I can run it in reverse
you can treat me like god, and I can treat you like dirt!
The 22 years I been here I saw
motherfuckers disrespect god before they disrespect the law
but yo I gots ta diss 'em
cuz I refuse to be misled by this ungodly system
mister president I beatin' on yo back do'
I make yo mind doin' rap but I'm black doe... nigga

"We are United States of America. You honestly believe
just because you wear bags that means you care?
You have the right to abuse and treat my people like
they're animals on the street? I'll be damned you're
bloods will flow with the hands of the black man
in the same streets that you killed me and my brothers in."

Mister mister officer, mister officer, mister sergeant
Just because I'm young and I'm black I'm a target?
You say I'm sellin' dope but you fake
cuz young dope dealers flash cash and make mistakes
and besides we ain't dealin' no mo'
look at my hood, we ain't killin' no mo' so
everybody's yellin' peace
The only war that's goin' on is goin' on with the police
cuz they ain't stoppin' with the bullshit
If they could they'd lock us up with some chains and swing a bull whip
cuz they figure they're the master
and they can take you to jail or take your lifes
them sorry bastards
That makes me wonder why
the five-o can determine if we live or if a nigga dies
and to me that shit is bull
only god can take life but I still gotta watch the law
It's bad enough I watch the next G
but even worse I gots ta watch the motherfuckers who protect me
They fucken packin gats yo
They serve and protect, they don't respect cuz I'm black hoe

"Every black man that is a car jacker will start jackin'
police cars and watch jaw brains shad on the dashboard.
Why when you pull us over you show us your pistols before
you aks us for our drivers license? Somethin' is not right!"

Rollin through my hood in my motherfuckin' dropper
Gettin' tailgated by a motherfuckin' copper

But I ain't got respect for you motherfuckin' dickheads
cuz y'all was straight hoes back in school nerdy shitheads
I finally figured out why you bitches roll in packs
cuz niggas who ain't shit talk loud and pack gats
You got a fucken pistol, now you think you're a VIP man
but you can get cut becuase you'd be just like the next man
Holdin' me for nothin'
Runnin' my fucken license plates
My plates come clean
You call the DEA
The DEA
says I'm a known drug dealer
straight born killer
a motherfuckin' wig splitter
He don't know shit about a nigga but I'm black
As far as he's concerned all niggas push crack
and plus I'm 22, that really makes 'em check
a drop-top Benz, Lexus Coupe, no respect
I gotta be doin' long I'm hidin' somethin' from the demons
He gotta be stringin' yale, let's play someone that's pregnant
cuz niggas can't have shit but I'm a motherfuckin' troop
You come to us like Luke
Undercover David Duke
Mister David Duke
Mister officer
Mister mister master
I'm pickin' out your coffin sir
Die motherfuckers, I'll send your folks my worst
a breast of pig in a motherfuckin' hearse
So fuck you motherfuckers, punk bitches take that
cuz I'm real with the shit that I speak cuz I...

[Outro]