

Scarface, It Ain't, Part 2

[Verse 1]

I got a problem how you do that there
It's been thirteen years and ain't went nowhere
Still, one of the coldest ever done this shit
And aint no motherfucking question know who run this bitch
I got my nigga Erick Sermon he supplied the beat
And I be in the vocal booth, supply the heat
Up in the game, for the street, these blocks and thugs
With a pistol grip shotgun to box someone
And it's a thin red line between what was and aint
Got a \$50 sack, plus I love to drink
I be in southside nigga til it's said and done
And I was always taught to take the bread and run
Here it is, the motherfucking moment of truth
I came in one deep now what you hoes wanna do

HOOK:

All these Rolex watches
It aint shit to me
And the Cristal poppin
It aint shit to me
Bitches out boppin
Aint shit to me
It aint shit to me, aint shit to me

[Verse 2]

Man, hold up, got too much bleek in my truck
I silence niggas like gag orders
With motherfucking powderpuff I just add water
I blow you punk bitches out the frame
And I'ma make you hoes remember my name
I'm the J E S S E, J A M E S
I'm shuttin niggas down, H town is mine I bet you know now
So hush with the talk, talk
Claimin you gon' put it on the map
Well I done already done that
So follow in footsteps of the gangsta shit's finest
Since 1987, Mr. Scarface
Gosh, I'ma stop you at the moment of truth
The last man standin, now what you wanna do

HOOK:

So you got tight flows
It aint shit to me
Money, hoes
It aint shit to me
Brand new clothes
It aint shit to me
Yeah right, see this Ro
It aint shit to me
Finna get a record deal
It aint shit to me
Build a house on the hill
It aint shit to me
Brand new Benz, big wheels
It aint shit to me, aint shit to me, it aint shit to me

[Verse 3]

Now the moral of this story here is simple and plain
Next time you mention southern rap remember the name
All you magazine niggas gettin caught up in the new shit
Just remember what the truth is
My mind playin tricks on me, Scarface is back
Diary of a man made, nigga comin agg'

The wall, the dead, lettin niggas know I aint a prankster
Damn it feels good to be a gangster
Smile for me now, I see the man died today, my fuel
I'm still up in this bitch, what they wanna do

HOOK:

Ay, ay

It aint shit to me

All that talk it aint shit to me

Big money aint shit to me

It aint shit to me

Publishing

Aint shit to me

Management deals aint shit to me

Money, cars, jewelry

Aint shit to me, aint shit to me