

Scarface, One

I finally figured it out that haters' mouths is used for suckin'
Suckin'

You niggas paper weights
Y'all don't wanna fuck with the great
Fakin' moves like you wantin somethin - get it straight
Cause one mistake'll get this muthafucka aired out
You niggas better recognize this is Brad's house
I put the mic down to give you other rappers a chance
But all you niggas wanna write about is dance
I tell another nigga 'bout your mama
So I'll be forced to bring you back the raw shit
The hardships of growin' up
Stuck in the hood
Broke as fuck, out to hustle
Facin life struggle
And havin' nightmares about gettin' big scrilla
And that's the type of shit that turn these mama boys to killers
On the realer, it's a nigga comin' back for the streets
Cause this bullshit I been hearin in the rap game is weak
You got these killas on your payroll
I'm doin it out of love
But if you cross me I'm fuckin' you up
I keep a [?????]
I'm a nigga in destroyer mode
I squeeze it once you blow you out of your soul
Who's the [??]boss[??] in this rap shit?
I let my opposition judge me
But if push came to shove they couldn't budge me
Cause I'm ugly with styles identical to none
I'm tellin' you: Don't fuck with me, nigga, I ain't the one

I ain't the one
These niggas better recognize the realest
Keep a loaded .45 inside for protection...

I'm a .45 packer, niggahoe subtractor
BLACKA BLACKA BLACKA
Nigga, back up!
I'm a bad actor
With no respect for the nigga haters
I kill a muthafucka stiff cause he's a traitor
I ain't a player
I got my stripes from these streets
I'm a killa
That's probably why at night I can't sleep
I strike a match and watch a muthafucka burn
That's just treatment ??? you fuckin' worm
I'm the Don Corleone
Y'all niggas is phony
I put that on my mob and my goddamn homies
Recognize niggas who can't be touched
If they can't be seen
I'm a lost [?????]
Undestroyable by human plagues
You got a strap? I got a strap too!
You fuck with me I have to clap you!
And now you stearin down the barrel of a gun
I told you: Don't fuck with me, nigga, I ain't the one

[Chorus...]

Wait -
This muthafucka got me bend, I gots to break

Before I shoot this muthafucka in his face
Cause niggas on the edge don't wanna play right
So I'ma lay his ass down in broad daylight
Now what's up, bitch, ???
[????], let me clear this muthafuckin corner
Mayhem unlike a nigga ever seen
[????] in his face all in once gettin clean
I'm dashin in my undercover ??hoo-doo??
(Who you?)
You run un on me? I gots to shoot you!
And you know me
And ain't shit changed but my zip code
Your [????], I'm in a flipmode
A tip-top murderer
Comin' for you bullshitters
Squash you muthafuckin' niggas
I ain't the one

[Chorus...]

Realest Niggas Down South, muthafuckas
Don't get that shit twisted
Just them hoes
[???]
I-ight
[????]
For all you fake muthafuckas who was talkin' 'bout the first joint
Suck a nigga dick
Fake-ass ho's
Know where started it
Know where started it
Know where started it
Me, [????????????]
Lay this muthafuckas down
In broad daylight
Bitches be squeezin' they pistols
They wanna play fight
Me? I'm the colder
Bold-bold-bolder
Bold-bolder
Hit em from the shoulder
Puncher
Dumper dumper
You muthafuckas talking shit
I drag him on the back of the bumper
[?????] Face to M-o-b and
Can't a muthafucka see em [???]
2000
The new millenium