Scarface, Sellout

It's been a long time coming but now I'm back at it

Flipping the script, from balling back to gansta rap classics

You know that shit that hit the hood and upset it

If real niggas respect it, the squares gon' rep it

I done came in here to bring it to you

The uncut version of ganstarism with the nickel painted Ruger

Quick to cock it on you, spark light in your eyes

The unexpected is happening to you now nigga, surprise!

Who is it? (Face, marchin', mobbin')

You said it one more time (Face Mob)

What else? (we keep you)

Now motherfuckers lay it down

The ruler's back, cause it's too many pussies out here

making bullshit records and ruining rap

I gotta check this whole game; niggas out here listening

to these record label bitches instead of doing they thing

I'm a real nigga, a street nigga till it's done with

And I could never let you talk me into dumb shit

Like selling out to move a few more units

Just keep me in the ghetto cause the hood stay truest

You fuck around and cross the other side of the track

Catch you a brick then realize that you can't come back

I'ma stick to the facts

Fuck it if I don't go two

The homies know that Face stay true

And though I've got more muscle, my sounds don't change

Been the same ever since I stepped in the game

Now, this is for these niggas switchin' they shit

Prostituting theyself, trying to get them a hit

Suck a dick

[Chorus]

You a sellout nigga

Bow down nigga before they fuck around and find you face down in the river

Talk down nigga and I'ma bust you in your mouth nigga

Show 'em you a foul ass nigga

You a sellout nigga and I'ma bust you in your mouth nigga

Show 'em you a foul ass nigga

Fo sho I talk a lot of shit but you can bet that I'm the nigga

Out here backing it up, while you acting it up

I can prove you ain't as real as what you claiming to be

You the king on your block, but you ain't shit in DC

You ain't shit off in the city of Chi

You ain't shit off in the Do It or Die

They want to skin you alive

Out here talking like you carrying arms

We don't shoot at motherfuckers, we done flipped the script to carrying bombs

I can end it for niggas out here who's hard in the booth

Any city I can hit the hood cause Scar is the truth

I know so much about these streets that I can walk them asleep

You can't tell me shit about your hood, I walked on your beat

I know your whole life story, plus I've seen for myself

You got caught smoking dope, that's why they sent you to jail

Had you locked up with wet backs, only real niggas suffer set backs

90 days and I ain't goin' to respect that

And you can sniff a snitch a mile away

Fuck him in his ass and feed him dick, a pound a day

[Chorus x2]

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I've got niggas I was raised with who know who I am Lil' Brad from out of South Acres, prone for scams Never ducked the motherfucker, I was down for the dirt Got respect from older cats cause I was down for the work When Fondren had its Great Skate I'd roll to the club Drunk off the bird with thumbtack holes in my glove Stood in the corner waiting for bullshit to jump And in the event it jumped you saw a fool get stomped There it is, can't get this shit no realer than that Had a super boxing game, but now I'm peeling your cap I done been in fist fights with niggas twice my size Got an incredible record, 27 and 5 And the 5 losses I got, I had to redeem 'em So he had to fight me everytime I seen him Ain't no pussy in me, I've been for real before this rap shit I study MCs, that's how I know you hoes is plastic So-a, shake your ass and I'ma tell 'em the truth Fabricate your bumps and bruises homey, do what you do Just remember who for real when they tell you they real I survived the game of life nigga, fuck some skills

[Chorus x2] You a sellout nigga Bow down nigga before they fuck around and find you face down in the river Talk down nigga and I'ma bust you in your mouth nigga Show 'em you a foul ass nigga