

Scarface, Small Time

(feat. Ghetto Twiinz)

[Chorus]

I started small time, dope game, cocaine
Pushin' rocks on the block, I'm never broke main
Sportin' jewelry and the shit they came wit rollin' hard
You try to serve me you'll get served, wit no regard [x2]

[Twin 1]

I gotta do what I gotta do in this game
I started small time, dope game, cocaine
I went from quarters to ounces to slangin' ki's bitch
I went from rags to riches and I'm stackin' G's quick
Now the popo's wanna come and get a nigga
I'm gonna knock 'em on they ass 'cuz my shit is bigga
I got my block sewed up, got them rocks swole up
Keep my shit on cock in case they roll up
Niggas wanna stick me for my G's and ki's
But believe I'm gone make dem bitches bleed indeed
You can bring it bring it bring it but you can't stop this
Bulletproof in case you bitches try to pop this
Can't stop what I'm ishin' out
I'm thugged out
Final real Cormega shit, a drughouse
Get the razorblade and a test tube and a cocaine
Niggas swell in this dope game
Check me out

[Chorus]

[Scarface]

I'm on a all night flight
Swingin' these others, got these cluckers all on me
Steady sweatin' me for credit, tryin' to act like they know me
Show me the money, it ain't funny
Want a twenty or a dime
See I'm a hustla on the grind
Can't do nothin' for five
Get out my face
This ain't the place
To run game on me homie
That five dollars that you shakin'
Can't change nothin' here homie
I saw some misses 'bout the riches
Double cross me, swim wit the fishes
I'm inchin' wit one-way tickets
To them bitches who didn't get it, get it
Twist it, paper chasin'
On this bacon I'm makin'
All that plottin' and that fakin'
Got you dancin' wit Satan
See you hatin' on a playa
Way too major for bustas
Bring the ruckus muthafuckas
If you think you can touch us
Get on the prime co's
Load the black rhinos, in the 5-4
Villain, killin' children barricadin' my millions
While I'm small time dealin'
I'm just smugglin' chickens
Get my G's in position

I'm cookin' ki's in the kitchen
Small time

[Chorus]

[Twin 2]

I got a pocket full of stones
Where the fiends at
Got them big ol' boulders
That's where the G's at
Can't fuck wit rattin' ass hoes
A bitch don't need dat
And for you jackin' ass niggas
I'll have that heat yeah
I'm takin' 'em down
I'm beatin' that ass
I'm puttin that thang all in dey face
Comin' for my G's, nigga please
Bitch it's steady straight
Makin' 'em, gettin' dividend
Got it hot yeah in-between
If them popo's come and get me
Let me out, I'm doin' again
We low, kilo, everythang I worked fo'
Have my girl workin' that corner
Don't come up in this short, hoe
Never seen, you know what I mean
All about that crispy green
Have it sewed up from H-town back to New Orleans
Murder murder if you play me short
Takin' heads clean off this bitch and bustin' hard
Fiends have my block on fire and have me workin' it
And my boys on the corner out there twirkin' it
They twirkin' it

[Chorus & Fade out]