

# 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 slingin' 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]