

# Scarface, The Good, The Bad, The Thugly

(feat. Full Force)

[Intro: D.J. Ace (Full Force)]

All my cats, international, worldwide  
Niggas know how it get down  
This the O.C.N., body prover, stick and mover  
Get more gangsta, Patti Labelle'd out wigs  
D.J. Ace the original crowd motivator  
The Good: (Bambue), The Bad: (Raekwon), The Thugly: (Scarface)  
Wit fine sexy ass Allure on the hook, nigga  
Full Force on the hook, nigga, Lou Star on the hook, cat  
Pitch Black, the track, yo, Full Force is back, let's go  
(This one is dedicated, to all the haters, the non believers  
Those who counted us out the game, no, we all here, yo  
Those bullshit executives, who don't know a damn thing  
This is for the people, Full Force, yeah)

[Chorus: Allure (Full Force)]

You've done up and done it now, real niggas stand up, testify  
(We are here to show that Full Force, ain't none to fuck wit)  
Ya'll play fool, but don't forget, Full Force, now jumpstart this shit  
(We are here to show that Full Force, ain't none to fuck wit)

[Raekwon]

Aiyo, take money and chill, the most illest out of reels  
Jump out of wheels, prada slip-ons, a lot of bills  
You connin' it, this don, the streets honor it  
Lean back and green garnaments, clean ornaments  
Post in your arial, what, what, what, smoke in your area  
Son, gun up provoke in your area  
Swim through mammal style, do you, I do it great flannel style  
A lot of ammo when a lot of owls  
Run wit B.K. reppers, blow, swifter and sweeter than a neck  
To dress my ass off, wreck somethin', blow monster hits  
Wit dominance, it ain't real, and no honor this, might get you a honor spliff  
Catch me in shoes and jeans, B.M. wagon  
Lightin' up green, typin' up a letter by all means  
Full Force come wit it, makin' this all real  
I'm done wit, snatch paper kid, run wit it

[Chorus]

[Bambue]

Aiyo, hold up, stop, my niggas had this shit locked  
Since the pop wilds, some that got  
And show and tell time, he speaks, they can't sleep  
Recognize what's goin' down, and bang this up in the streets  
Some died, some dried out, had you cried out twice  
I say I roll wit Full Force, you lookin' at me like  
The fuck, you better get wit it ya'll  
Not too many niggas got diamond plaques up on the wall  
And it's fact, will never fall, on hits I flip sick  
Blowin' up another chick wit big tits  
Money talk, bullshit walk, know the rhyme  
Give me beats that throw hook, like no hook, I punchlines  
Roll wit Full Force, cuz I won't settle for less  
Of course I'm on this joint, cuz I gotta have the best  
Come through wit big niggas, me and my dough deliver  
Bambue, boom, who's the flex spitter?

[Chorus]

[Scarface]

If you done heard one ghetto story, you heard 'em all

Seem like every rapper rhymin' bout they turnin' ball  
That's why I got on this song, so I can let a nigga know  
I ain't doin' this for the floss, baby, this for dough  
Imagine if the whole rap game was ice and blunts  
And in every other bird, you shot your dice and guns  
Sit that trifle up, ok, try for this, like a talented man, the right to win  
Strand, wacker shit sell than most tapes  
Me and Force fed, bullshit, you lose grapes, like  
Full Force, I remember now to speak your play  
In the hard ways, on the telephone all day  
So I had to come and rep it for the O.G.'s  
So some mistake it for the Force M.D.'s  
I move up on your sheets, so I had to come get it  
I appreciate you puttin' me down, that's a privilege

[Allure]

Now it's our time to shine, Full Force get busy, one more time

[instrumental break]

[Chorus: Allure (Full Force)]

You've done up and done it now, real niggas stand up, testify  
(We are here to show that Full Force, ain't none to fuck wit)  
Real niggas dance up in this mix, Full Force back up in this mix  
(We are here to show that Full Force, ain't none to fuck wit)

[Outro: D.J. Ace (Full Force)]

Yeah, nigga, you know how it get down  
Representin' New York City, D.J. Ace along side Full Force  
We still standing for Y2K and beyond  
East Coast, West Coast, we're tired of this shit, nigga, put your hands down  
Along side my man Raekwon, represent the Wu  
The infamous Scarface, and the girl Bambue, the grave spitter  
Pop this shit in your whip, boy, all the independent women stack your paper  
You know what time it is, all my niggas push it up, pop your collar  
Hah-hah, come on  
(We are here to show that Full Force ain't nothin' to fuck wit)