

# Young Buck, Say It To My Face

(feat. 8Ball & MJG, Bun B)

[Young Buck]

I'm sick and tired of these same ol' broke bitches  
No job all they wanna do is smoke swishas  
Get some money hoe why you wanna watch mine  
Ain't no tellin' what i'm gon' be drivin next time  
Seven figga nigga we don't buy the bar no mo  
Pull up the paper work tell the owner he can go  
Walk like a pimp bitch  
Talk like a soldier  
I got new york niggas candy paintin up they rovers  
It say 200 but it go a little over  
Not the corvette the ferarri testarossa  
We can bet on any point on the dice  
Pick em up  
Shake em twice  
Get em girl  
Look i'm nice  
I'm so clean with my g-unit kicks on  
I might be goin' in when pimp c get home  
If you don't like me say it to my face  
Just because i caught a case don't mean you can't be erased

It must be the ice or the money that i make  
They talk behind my back but they won't say it to my face  
Hoe, say it to my face (yeah), say it to my face (yeah)  
They talk behind my back but they won't say it to my face  
It gotta be the cars or the trips that i take  
That make em wanna hate, won't you say it in my face bitch  
Hoe, say it to my face (yeah), say it to my face (yeah)  
They talk behind my back but they won't say it to my face

[Bun B]

You can go anywhere cross the us  
From north to the south east mid to the west  
Walk up in the hardest hood ask a nigga bout me  
Bet they tell ya bun b is straight mothafuckin' g'  
A gangsta from his toes to the top of his fitted  
Trillest nigga in the flesh you can't fuck wit' it  
Got the german hand guns they shoot 2 2 3  
Bust through ya condo n rip open ya knees (rip open ya knees)  
My nigga please you don't want it save your breath  
By myself imma ride till no enemy is left  
When the middle finger niggas hit your block like insurgents  
Theres no deterants from us cleanin' your clock like detergents  
Buck they don't think i am nigga please  
Why this pimp i bet they die before they reach their first  
Mothafuckin' sale  
I rep them underground kings fuck boy pimp and bun  
If it's action that you wan't mah nigga come get you some

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[MJG]

They call me m dot mjg i mean  
I'm packin' some weight

They ain't talkin bout trill jeans  
Cuz they like to talk shit in they uniform  
Guess what them niggas still phoney as the unicorn  
And i'll be damned if i run you bust tho  
They run outta guns man u so dumb  
You faker than a bitch snitchen on the track  
I'm about to pull a bun  
And bust a fuckin' cap

[8 Ball]

All ball do is smoke weed and get bad bitches  
And if ya'll mad at me for that then ya'll niggas some bitches  
Undercover groupie niggas want them stop and plead  
For the last time i don't smoke regular weed  
It don't matter where we at man  
We fire in it up  
Security don't stop the weed from findin' us  
Industry dick suckas keep runnin ya mouth  
And imma give ya motherfuckas something to talk about

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