

# The Gangsta Shit

Scarface

It's like this, y'all niggaz been invadin my turf  
Ignore examples I've set while ya play the dirt  
It's only one thing to do now, and that's to set it -  
off, and show you motherfuckers who's boss  
I don't play games, I just cock the thang  
Squeeze the trigger twice and I'll blow out ya brains  
I'm pissed, y'all niggaz shouldn'ta fucked with this  
I clutch my fo-fifth, I puncture yo shit  
I blast a nigga, plastic bag stick a nigga  
Got love for no nigga, now that's yo ass nigga  
It's war, so I suggest you call on your troops  
Army fatigues ain't shit, cuz y'all don't shoot  
I'm a Rap-A-Lot mobster, callin all the shots  
from a underboss prospective, and y'all gon' respect it  
I murder, by numbers nigga, one two three  
Darin any motherfucker to come test me  
Ya standin in the jungle nigga  
Witness a motherfuckin rumble minute  
I'll leave yo head with a tongue in it  
And if you ain't one then bitch stop actin  
If ya don't want drama, then bitch stop askin

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I refuse to be shorted, I refuse to be defeated  
Competition's depleted cuz my rhyme's so heated  
And you can't fuck with me, ya need to stop fakin  
I'm workin on my sixth CD and still bangin (say what?)  
You think you hardcore then come show me  
Just make sure ya comin for real when ya come fo' me  
Cuz if not, I'm floatin up yo' motherfuckin block  
Y'all some fraud niggaz, straight up broad niggaz  
We hard niggaz, yeah - so fuck y'all niggaz!  
Soutside I ride for all my Ward niggaz  
We're strapped and all killas, we came for the battle  
The Mob back in the saddle makin ya trunks rattle  
If I had one dolla, for every nigga who though  
that Face fell off, this whole world would be bought  
Fuck that, I'll be here until it's all over  
And when it's all over, go back and slang boulders  
Can be stopped, not even by a bad soul  
Fuck Jed and Chad, it's Jay, Prince, and Brad  
Ain't enough bullshit in the states to come stop this  
Rap-A-Lot Mafia shit, yeah

Ain't enough bullshit in the United States to come stop this  
Rap-A-Lot shit, Mob shit...

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It's gon' take more than just rappin, more than just sparrin  
For y'all niggaz to up and just fuck with Brad Jordan  
Fuck you warden, and every motherfucker who defended  
You safe from talkin shit from a distance  
Ya new-boot rap niggaz, comin around here  
makin them bullshit caps, bitch I'll ruin your career  
I got mine all my God-damn self, get in line  
And I'll destroy a slew of you niggaz, one at a time  
I'm the last of a kind, you God-damn right  
You can never beat that, I'm just glad you see that  
Is this my payback for puttin Houston down in the first place?  
Got the whole world screamin Mr. Scarface  
The problem is, y'all boys, you niggaz loco  
and the truth is, you hoes couldn't see me with bifocals  
I'm a killer in the flesh, I'm Rap-A-Lot's best  
I'm Prince's adopted son, with no love for no one