Git Out My Face

Scarface

[Chorus:]
Fake-ass-ni-ggaz (NEED TO GET OUT MY) faaaace
Fake-ass-ni-ggaz (WON'TCHA STAY OUT MY) faaaace
(ALL YOU FRAUDULENT-ASS NIGGAZ NEED TO GET OUT MY) faaaace
(ALL YOU BEGGIN-ASS BITCHES NEED TO GET OUT MY) faaaace[Scarface:]
News gossip laws gossip boppers boppin hoes beg
Foresake me cause they bitches always be off in my bed
Always fuckin with they feelings, bitch I'll fuck you with my head
I don't love you and you don't love me so motherfuck what Donna said
I got paper never spend it I ain't never seen a night
That I felt a need to pay a bitch unless she was a dyke
Lickin pussy left and right, bringin bitches by my place
Jack me off and suck my dick and let me skeet off in her (faaaace~!)
Blackberry start to buzzin, guess her husband askin questions
Wonderin where she at cause she just called her cousin, mad and fussin
I'm laughin cause I'm fuckin, slappin ass and titty suckin
Please your nipples, puttin that thump in her ass and she ain't strugglin
[Chorus][Scarface:]
You ain't gangsta, youse a busta, quick to say that you a hustler
But realistically, you a bitch to me, sweet as pie but down to Custer
Wanna cry when niggaz touch ya, wanna hide cause niggaz bust ya
Got the copies of them statements you was makin motherfucker
All you fake-ass niggaz get the fuck out my (faaaace~!)
'Fore I make it rain and shower you with copper from the A
K, 47 that's gon' be my tool
Make me clack it, I start actin like a motherfuckin fool (yeah)
Fool, you know me, I've been down since '85
Sellin dime for dime, doublin up my paper every time
I live the life of crime, ghetto life from day to day
Made me throw up both my hands, now get the fuck up out my (faaaace~!)[Chorus]
[Scarface:]
Thought I mighta hung it up for good, got tired of ridin beats
For free, said fuck it, I'm gon' go on and coach a team
Play golf and smoke my weed, poke her every other day
Do some groups and keep these haters out my motherfuckin (faaaace~!)
But this shit ain't go the way I planned, I'm caught off in the cross
And if I leave they won't respect the South cause niggaz soft
Talkin 'bout what's in they mouth, talkin 'bout they cars and house
And that ain't what we all about, we out here workin in a drought
'Bout that paper, 'bout that cabbage, out here hustlin 'til you grab it
Pimp a pimp, you silly rabbit, youse a bun without a tablet
So yo' intellect connect is comin short it out of space

Catchin bricks and weed and ace so get the fuck up out my face

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