

# Scarface

Gucci Mane

Tell the D.A., give a fuck bout what the judge say  
I never liked the pussy nigga in the first place  
I spent 500 K a week just for the court case  
And put a tattoo on my face, so now I'm Scarface  
Scarface  
I put a hundred on your head if you cross me  
Scarface  
I want him dead, I don't care what it cost me

Black hats, red ball, jumping out on me  
Unmarked cars keep on wind up and down the street  
Plus the stupid-ass jacker, he want something for free  
Know damn well, without no money he get nothing from me  
I be that ass, baby momma call the folks on me  
I got these crab-ass niggas trying to smoke for free  
Lil G just told me that he's short this week  
But how the fuck he gonna be short when I sell work so cheap?  
Old pussy-ass nigga used to work for me  
Then told these motherfucking folks he bought some work for me  
I know some cold-blooded killers who got love for me  
I keep them real-deal goons in the club with me  
Gucci

Niggas waiting on me like the mailman coming  
First, third, and fifteenth, everybody running  
Old heads tripping cause they asking me to front on them  
Come short on my one time, and I fuck with them young'uns  
All balls, no brains; niggas know I'm ignorant  
Understand and get zeroed when put in that predicament  
The cars ride up and down the avenue in daytime  
Nighttime the same thing -- niggas finna pay mine  
Duck off with my motherfucking dope, you got some long nuts  
I burn niggas' hoods down, I shoot up they dope cuts  
Niggas call me Scarface cause I gave them a reason to  
All you get is one chance and then I come get even, fool

Moving them grounds, and I ain't thinking bout Grammys  
Got so hot in Atlanta, I had to move to Miami  
Go a hundred big H.A.M., got my trap house whamming  
Just ran up on the plug, I brought the food to the family  
We say hello to drugs, we don't say no to drugs  
Like No Limit C-Murder, making moves with the dubs  
Like I'm moving them birds, I got em for sale  
Just like Revenge of the Nerds, I got a roomful of squares  
The Feds looking at me -- get some glasses, my nigga  
They say I make it hot -- I make it happen, my nigga  
So what's cracking, what's popping?  
Got the same gun that killed Bin Laden  
I like my boxer briefs soft cotton  
I'm used to being spoiled rotten  
It's Gucci