

Comin' Agg

Scarface

Ah shit... I'm sick of niggas jumpin up with choppers
Runnin for your shit, tryin to make another nigga stop ya
But it's on cause you up against a real nigga
I steal niggas and kill niggas, I'm the real nigga
You up against a muthafucka with a quick temper
I'm a born killer, in case you don't remember
I got my pistol but I got a different clip in it
Click-click, muthafuckas, can you get with it?
You ain't the nigga that you thought you was, fool
And now I'm after that ass on the cool
It's all about survival of the fittest
Nigga, you shouldn'ta did this
And now I gots to handle my business
I got to get your ass up out the picture
I ain't the nigga you wanna fuck with
Muthafucka, I wouldn't bullshit ya
Now look at what you stuck with
The last nigga in this muthafuckin world you shoulda fucked with
I'm leavin niggas in bodybags
You shouldn'ta fucked with the Brad
You punk muthafucka, I'm comin agg

Mr., Mr. Scarface for the nine-trey
Niggas packin nines, fuck you, bitch, I pack an A.K.
Fully automatic for you hoes who wanna jack this
S.A. fool, and I'ma put you on your back, bitch
Ain't no half-steppin, I'm comin at you rough-like
Shootin to kill cause back in school I had enough fights
Whenever when I bucked my knuckles up on a nigga's head
So you can sling em all you want but I be slingin leg
Cause like I said befo' I'm a muthafuckin dreadlock
Puttin fools in headlocks, givin niggas headshots
And everybody in your muthafuckin area
Is tryin to scrap up some money, so they can help to bury ya
But I can give a muthafuck about your family
Because your family ain't my fuckin family
You shoulda thought before you stepped to tha
Nigga in black standin right here next to ya
I'm stoppin muthafuckas from breathin
Just gimme a reason and I'ma be squeezin
The trigger of this muthafuckin glock, pop-pop until you drop
>From these muthafuckin gunshots
And leave your whole fuckin family sad
Don't fuck with the Brad, muthafucka
Cause Brad's comin agg

Where the cocksuckers at, where the cocksuckers at?
(Where they at? Where they at?) (There they go) at my gat
Cause I'm about to heat up like a vet
Chop shit down on your set and then jet
And smash off in my soap box
Cause I'm down for the dirt and muthafuckas said it don't stop
Now which one of you hoes wanna fuck
Make your way to your truck
I wanna see the way that you jump
Cause by the time you get your keys
I'm lettin loose, muthafucka, lay em down, nigga, and get these

It ain't shit for me to watch em fly
So die, muthafuckas, die, muthafuckas, die, die
I ain't no muthafuckin good guy, dog
And I don't give a good guy damn about none of y'all
I'm from the state of the muthafuckin gunslingers
Knockin dicks in the dirt with just this one finger
So get your ass caught up in this gangsta shit
And I'ma try my best to make it stank, you bitch
Plus you comin with that fake drag
You fallin dead on your ass, you muthafucka
I'm comin agg