

## Exit Plan

Scarface

Cos I ain't ever change on you motherfuckers  
And OG's spitting game on you motherfuckers  
You should be ashamed like a motherfucker  
The streets packed with all these lame lil motherfuckers  
Everybody wanna be a hard stopper  
You won't find too many riding out without a chopper  
They end up dead or somewhere in lock up  
Where somebody will break em off something proper

These youngsters think that I'm so cool  
They wanna learn the game from an old school  
I give em strategies to sleep on  
So when they put me in the grave they could keep on  
Now first on your check list  
Be your own man cos your friends ain't shit  
They only come around when they need to  
Use that home boy shit to deceive you  
Remember you don't owe nobody, niggas  
Niggas put the bite to the hand that feeds, that's your body  
And they forgetting how they got there  
This is life, it's a game, but it's not fair  
It's hard enough tryna get by  
Day to day struggling with shit so you get high  
And staying drunk on the regular  
Talking dope talk on your cellular  
But in this game that's a no-no  
The streets ain't the only ones watching, taking photos  
And life ain't bitches and money  
This life's bout getting this money  
Because that bitch is a problem  
Can't live with and can't live without her  
My advice to you is stay on your grind  
Keep that bitch on her back and your bank on your mind, nigga

And we don't talk to police  
That's the number one rule on the streets  
Cause if you can't do the time, then you don't do the crime  
Nigga keep the streets quiet  
You don't upstrap unless you have to  
Bullshit with these niggas and they clap you  
You gon' revenge somebody?  
Dig two graves, just in case it's two bodies  
And never bring a stick to a gunfight  
One shot, one kill, you get one life  
And shitting where you sleep ain't an option  
People knowing where you sleep, that's a problem  
You got to watch these niggas  
They ain't your home boys, not these niggas  
First chance you call sleep, they could murk you  
So don't put squares in your circle  
Cos these streets don't love nobody  
You gotta pay attention to the signs, Johnny  
If you a weak nigga, don't try to play hard  
Better keep your punk ass out the yard

And don't get fronted, just avoid that  
But if you have to, pay them boys back

Cos niggas ain't playing, it's a drought  
The border is closed, the cash running out  
And broke mother fuckers make the best crooks  
Every nigga in the way getting shook  
You got to play the game by the book  
I fuck around and your life getting took  
And last but not least, when you make that money  
Keep it low-pro, don't say shit, dummy  
And don't say shit to your girlfriend  
Pillow talk will send your ass to the state pen  
Take notes to the game I'm providing  
Stop using momma names trynna hide shit  
Nigga them feds ain't stupid  
You ain't the only nigga trynna do this  
Riding round the hood in a four-door  
Flying spur ol' rims, trynna showboat  
You drawing too much attention  
And then be surprised when you catch a life sentence  
The game is a thing that you boys should be proud of  
But once you in it, it's hard to get out of  
And greed will kill a nigga like a gun do  
So when you get the chance to make a break for it, run fool