

Greed

Scarface

You claim your man done beat your ass in when he puts his hands on ya
You called the police, told the man you ain't goin'
So he's packin' up your shit and got your suitcase ready
Sittin' in the driveway beside your black Chevy
Got your whole family wired up to go in his place
But he don't give a fuck now, they showin' his face
You probably tried to play the good girl when you saw him today
But now you got him fucked up 'cause you all in his safe?
Whatever happened to the women like mama
Who fed the whole family with love and ten dollars?
A new day came and now your ho sack chasin'
So hungry for scratch, you hoes'll track down Jason
Don't get me wrong, I got respect for Black ladies
It's the ones who playin' dumb and the check for the babies
On theyselves, lookin' lovely with they hair full of spritz
Double digit for your children and they dress 'em like shit
And all they gots to do now is collect it and smile
I figured bitches had a little more respect for they child
I guess they don't, and it makes even madder just thinkin'
These hoes can get the crib and the goddamn Lincoln
I know you hate me 'cause the truth hurts
Sit on your ass and receivin' the salary while the dudes work
Let's get for real because the world needs it
Twenty-five hundred dollars a child? Come on, the girl greedy

Now say the nigga ran a Mickey D's
And made the money for the cracker who own it, shoulda did the shit for free
But now you got your hands out like Gretchen
You greedy motherfuckers want cash 'cause y'all left him
So now we lookin' at the short end of it
And bitches comin' up off they babies and y'all love it
They need to rewrite the law in every state
It's lovely when you do for child but what it take?
How come it got to be an income thing?
Claimin' they ain't got the income and then come change
And then you wonderin' the reason they left ya
'Cause she done had a talk with her friends and they didn't help
To realize it's just a dick thing
And with the money, she can play with herself, that's when the shit changed
It kinda starts a new outlook, don't it?
Especially when you offer the world and she ain't want it
And y'all tellin' me the men cheatin'?
We ain't as bad as you make us to be, 'cause y'all greedy

Now I ain't write this song to downgrade ladies
Installin' more respect in they brains for our babies
We send 'em money for necessities
But the game done got so cold at this point, we need a referee
They say the baby needs a place to stay
But greed done got her huntin' for houses by Penny Hardaway
But just remember, all dogs got days
And even while you wait to exhale, you all pay
So women, stop complainin' 'bout your men
Be glad they got a nine to a five and not a ten
In the state pen', sendin' pictures off, gettin' skinny
Claimin' they ain't takin' no dick while you face plenty
And now you got to hustle up 'cause y'all need it

You wanted everything at one time and we all seen it
Try to see whose grass was greenest
And ended up stuck, sellin' for fuck 'cause you're all greedy