

# The Diary

Scarface

What, fade me how?  
Shit, on this rap shit  
Come on, nigga

I brought my chopper an' my hard hat  
The shit's fucked up now show a nigga where the war at  
'Cause I'm about to clean house  
Stick this AK up your ass an' blow that fucker clean out

'Cause you niggas in the wrong  
You came up short an' now we finna get it goin' on  
I ain't your average motherfucker  
You step out of line an' watch a motherfucker bust ya

'Cause you done came at me the wrong way  
I ain't no Clint Eastwood, nigga  
An' you done picked the wrong day  
So bring your ass to the battleground  
Rat a tat tat, like that is how my gat'll sound

Avoid no niggas 'cause niggas be human  
I squeeze the trigger an' niggas be movin'  
'Cause I don't point it in the air  
An' pull the trigger, why?  
I'd rather point it at yo' ass an' watch the nigga die

I gives a fuck about your team mates  
When it's all said an' done  
You're gonna wish you never seen 'Face  
You shoulda seen that lil' nigga, Brad  
James through here, seen Dave an' yo, that nigga bad

An' your homies better stand still  
Don't make my brother Warren bust one of you bitches  
'Cause the man will  
Don't bring your ass to my picnic  
'Cause I done had it up to here  
With all you niggas talkin' that bitch shit

So you better get your shit right  
I'm from the state where you rarely see  
A motherfuckin' fist fight  
It's all about the gun blast  
So you can miss me with that bullshit  
You spittin' with your punk ass

It's 'The Diary' of a born killer  
Don't have to worry about me fallin' off this thang  
'Cause I'm a strong nigga  
Doubt my regard of the hard  
With niggas behind me from East Oakland to the South Park

I've got the mind of the man right behind you  
You can run, you can hide but I'll still find you  
Like I say, there's no getaway  
An' I'm gon' have it where  
Your family'll have to throw your shit away

It's the return of the real niggas  
I'm prejudiced to a certain extent but still I kill niggas  
I'll bust that ass on the fuckin' double  
So push on with that ho' shit, bitch  
'Cause you don't want trouble

So get your ass up of my shoestrings  
An' let your shermed nigga do things

Ay, ay, ay, where you finna go, fool?  
I can't fuck with it, you got it, man  
Come on, man, you wanna rap, nigga?  
I can't do it, come on

You see, you see  
That's how motherfuckers is, dog  
That's how motherfuckers be, punk ass hoes