

Jesse James

Scarface

Snuck up behind him, had his hands in his pocket
Too my pistol out, unlocked it
Pulled the hammer back and - cocked it
And left his shit all on the carpet
I seen a (murder, murder) I pin-pointed my target
I'm making my way up out the building
I got the nigga that I came here to get, notify his children
That they old man done fell up out the game
Because I came to this muthafucka
and killed his ass just like Jesse James Think it's a muthafuckin game?
I come around this muthafucka and kill yo ass just like Jesse James
What's my muthafuckin name? There'll be no witnesses to this homicide
No re-enactment on the late night news to be re-dramatized
All you got is a nigga with a dot
In the middle of his muthafuckin head he been shot
Dropped in the middle of the floor and he ain't breathin
And the nigga's on the go cause we ain't seein
He did his dirt and got the fuck up out the picture
The hollow point just hitcha, out of line, so it got witcha
Call the muthafuckin helicopter
But ain't no hope, cause the Tina broke that nigga off a hella proper
That oughta hold your monkey ass (muthafucka, you)
That oughta teach your funky ass (muthafucka, you)
I know this muthafuckin game is sheift
And you done lost the fuckin game of life
And that's a muthafuckin shame
You let a nigga come around and do yo ass just like Jesse James
And that's a muthafuckin shame
You came around this muthafucka and let me do ya like Jesse James Think it's a muthafuckin
game? Wait - this muthafucka got me bent, I gots to - break
Because this nigga done put his hands all up in my - face
He best to chill before I hit him with this - lace
And catch this muthafuckin case
Cause once I got it blind, then he done with
Because I'm true to myself, fuck the dumb shit
You ain't no muthafuckin gangsta, gee
And when I get up out your ass you gon' realize it just ain'tsta be
It ain't no studio up in me
And all that bullshit I'm hearin you talk only offends me
And lately I'm under a lot of pressure
It seems to me you can't come clean, so yo, I gots to check ya
I pull my .45 and (buck, buck, buck, buck)

And right before he die I (fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck)
I could give a muthafuck about the sentence
I snatch yo ass up off the hinges cause I'm (SCREAMING FOR VENGEANCE)
Cause life has no meaning, no meaning
We were all born to die, so no screaming
Think it's a muthafuckin game?
I come around this muthafucka and cut yo ass just like Jesse JamesPut out your muthafuckin
brains
I come around this muthafucka and do yo ass just like Jesse JamesThink it's a muthafuckin
game?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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