

High Powered (feat. Papa Rue)

Scarface

I am representing for my niggas on lock
Doing time for that he say and she say
Laying niggas down on the freeway
Believe me they need me 'cause all these mouse ass niggas
Coming home way too long before they release date
He facing twenty five years fed time
And he ain't ever seen a day in that thing
He busting heads, ha, let's keep it real
I got the documents to prove that you's a snitching ass nigga
Trying to hide behind your music
You hit the highway, got money the fly way
And told it you's a hoe ass nigga that's what I say
And you can call against some niggas
Wanna touch it last album, I was 'Made'
This album a mutha fucker sold
All you niggas wanna plot against the Mobb
Since you wanna make it
An' finna adjust the knob to high powered
Beep, beep, goes the sound of my cellular
Here's the life of a hustler
I am a hustler, I am gangster
We nah informer
I am a hustler, I am a gangster
We nah informer
Deal with it, don't talk he be about it, 'cause he a G about it
I got a problem with a nigga, I go squeeze him out
And what the fuck am I going to talk to the police about
I am from the streets doing the type of shit you read about
I copped the Chrome 45 under
pressure
And then address ya, and now ya froze on the stretcher
You wanted trouble, I wouldn't settle lesser
I am the devil in the flesh, my pistol is my protector
See my reflection as it fades in the black
When I reappear on a nigga, it's a raging attack, yeah
And I solemnly swear, any problem I here
I just empty the clip, for him calling me to dis square
That's on my life, that causes me to
represent the Mobb
Since you niggas want that heat
I am about to turn up the knob to high powered
Beep, beep, goes the sound of my cellular
Here's the life of a hustler
I am a hustler, I am gangster
We nah informer
I am a hustler, I am a gangster
We nah informer
Bitch nigga, you catch a dead man walking
One foot is inside of a grave
The other one is in a closed top coffin

You still talking, like you the old G
When you was locked down though, you was low key
The niggas told me they had you in Sig, in the Locust
You were working with them boys and them
And even had the nerve to try and talk to the streets
Thinking that they bring some mark ass police
Then he tried to sue a nigga, but it got back to a
nigga
And when I see him, I am do the nigga
So skip that funky ass deposition fools
If you wanna crank it up
That's what I am about to do, to high powered [Incomprehensible]
[Incomprehensible]
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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