

Scarface, Born Killer

I'm a born killer, you're face to face with Scarface
You tried to ice an X, but that's a motherfuckin waste
Your schools fucked up G
And your momma shoulda warned ya about a nigga like me
Cause I don't weep and I don't sleep
Save that motherfucker black, cause talk is cheap
And uh, since you got beef
Let's take it to the streets and I'mma bring it to your ass G
I'm comin from the heart son
And I don't take no shit, but I'm about to start some
Now which one a you hoes wanna jump
If you got static, then get it off your chest punk
Cause I ain't bar none
If you're feelin lucky then go ahead and get cha some
I ain't with this fucked shit
If ya ain't in trick, then get your ass in ya trunk bitch
Cause I'm about to square it off
Hit ya ass in the chest with the tech and try to tear it off
Send you back to mommy, it's a plastic
And hadda bitch out huntin for a casket
I'm on the for realla tilla my nilla
I'm a born killa

[CHORUS x2]

I'm a born killa
Born
Killa
"Don't fuck with me"

My momma did her part
But it ain't her fault that I was born with out a heart
In other words I'm heartless dude
I don't love me, how the fuck I'mma love you?
That's right, you guessed it
I'm legally insane, marked mannick depressive
I'm takin all types a medication
To keep me out the mood of premeditatin
Yo, the log around my lone is worse
I'm havin thoughts of killin me, but I'm killin you first
Mr. Kindness talks but I don't listen
A victim of society fucked by the system
My whole life's been a see saw
I'm up one day, down and out on tomorrow
Right now I'm even more upset
Some shit that happened to me that I don't think I'll ever forget
You think I'll let it die, but I ain't
It ain't because I want to, it's because I can't
I'mma getcha but I ain't goin into it
Cause ain't nothin to it but to do it
See it ain't no sweat to me
Cause in the fo place, you fucked up the minute that you stepped to me
I'm not your average dealer
I'mma born killa

[CHORUS]

Now I'm livin where I can cause I'm homeless
Can't make point calls cause I'm phoneless
I ain't, I'm starvin duke
I can't go to mommas house cause mommas starvin too
Better grab that 12 gauge
Cause that's the only way a niggaz gonna get paid
I'm on my way to my old bank
They know me real good and they don't think that I'd gank

Had my gun in my trenchcoat
Now getcha ass on the floor
And don't think about pushin that panic switch
I'm gettin paid and you're gettin killed bitch
Take notes to the message I gave ya
Ya dyin ho and can't nothin save ya
I'm doin bad, so I'm goin bad
Huh, and you never expected that from Brad
But theres a lotta things pressin me
And ain't the nigga to let the mortredresser dressin me
So I'm comin out winnin
100,000 in the case now I'm comin out grinnin
But the shit didn't flow smooth
The security guard had to run and pulla hoe move
He reached for his pistol
The 12 gauge went "BOOM"; shoulda heard that motherfucker whistle
Hit him in his chest
Now which one a you motherfuckers in here wanna die next?
Nobody made a move
And I got away smooth
And thats how it is nigga
I spared a couple a lives, but I'm still a born killa

[CHORUS]