

Guess Who's Back - Scarface Lyrics

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"Guess Who's Back"

Talk to me man...

This ya boy Young Hova, yo turn the muh'fuckin noise up

We'll get right into the proceedings this evening

Headphones are distortin, bring it down a lil' bit

Okay - now we workin wit it

The boy Face on the bassline, Face - Mob!

Welcome to New York City... it's ya boy Young Hov' chea

Kanye West on the track (whoo!) Chi-Town, what's goin on now?

Can I talk to y'all for a minute? Lemme talk to y'all for a minute

Just gimme a minute of ya time baby - I don't want much (whoo!)

Lemme talk to these muh'fuckas, uhh

Guess who's bizack?

You still smellin crack in my clothes

Don't make me have to relapse on these hoes

Take it back out to taxin them roads

When I was huggin it, niggaz couldn't do nuttin wit it

Straight from the oven wit it - came from the dirt
I emerged from it all without a stain on my shirt
You can blame my old earth, for the shit she instilled in me

Still with me, pain plus work

Shit she made me milk this game for all it's worth

That's right, these niggaz can't fuck with me
I'm callin guts everytime, drag my nuts everytime
Homey, we make a great combination don't we?

Me and the Face Mob, everytime we face-off

Face it y'all, y'all niggaz playin basic ball

I'm on the block like I'm eight feet tall

Homey, I'm in the drop with the AC on

That's why the, streets embrace me dawg, I'm so cool!

Guess who's bizack?

Back on the block with the old Face Mob

Mack Mittens and Hov'

Don't make me relapse

Back to the block with the fo'

Cuz this street shit is all I know

From the womb to the tomb - a hot pot of joy and a spoon

Tryna make me forty thousand and move

Motels, star-studded, rock stars and goons
Plain clothes wanna run in my room (whooooo...)
But nigga guess who's bizack? It's ya boy Face Mob
Started with an eightball, gotta get this cake dawg
Give niggaz a break, nah, you know how the game go
Fuck you think I slang fo', to go against the grain (no)
I'm out here to grind mo', rapped up in the paper chase
I wanna fuck a fine hoe and candy paint the 88
Don't got no wholesale, cuz that ain't how I wanna run it
Here take these five stones and bring a nigga back a hundred
Gotta see my feet dude, you do shit a fiend do
The fire get too hot in the kitchen, I hit the streets fool
Money is an issue - and that's on the fa' shizzle my nizzle
Ya block warm, then I come by with the fizzle
And make fa' sho' I get to work mines, for part of the time
We go to war and you ain't makin a dime (ha ha!)
Cuz I got, shit to lose - a nigga out here payin his dues
My baby walkin gotta get him some shoes
It's a new game doin, lemme give ya the rules
Get outta line and I'ma give ya the blues
It's a new game doin, lemme give ya the rules
Get outta line and I'ma give ya the blues, whoa!

Guess who's bizack?

The boy B. Mizack - a.k.a. Mr. Crack-A-Brick

Turn a whole one from a half a brick, look I mastered this

You can smell it once the plastic rips

A hot plate'll make ya swell up if ya gasket clicked

You can make ya chips swell up, ya don't hafta pitch

Play them corners like a safety, watch the traffic switch

Young'n never pump fake, and you'll get past the blitz

And keep ya whole hood on flip - like old box-spring

Pissy mattress shit, low old box of things

Strictly glassy shit - I hug the block like quarter waters

Shit I used to hug a corner like a old deuce and a quarter

Till like deuce in the mornin, with the old heads

Slangin loose quarters, this Philly cat back gatted (had it)

Still fuckin with them crack addicts

Still bustin with that black-matic

For any correction please mail us at showthelyrics1@gmail.com
