

Say It to My Face (feat. 8-Ball, MJG & Bun B)

Young Buck

I'm Sick And Tired of These Same ol' Broke Bitches
No Job All They Wanna Do Is Smoke Swishes
Get Some Money Hoe Why You Wanna Watch Mine
Ain't No Tellin' What I'm Gon' Be Drivin Next Time
Seven Figga Nigga We Don't Buy The Bar No Mo
Pull Up The Paper Work Tell The Owner He Can Go
Walk Like a Pimp Bitch
Talk Like a Soldier
I Got New York Niggas Candy Paintin Up They Rovers
It Say 200 But It Go a Little Over
Not The Corvette The Ferrari Testarossa
We Can Bet On Any Point On The Dice
Pick Em Up
Shake Em Twice
Get Em Girl
Look I'm Nice
I'm So Clean With My G-Unit Kicks On
I Might Be Goin' In When Pimp C Get Home
If You Don't Like Me Say It to My Face
Just Because I Caught a Case Don't Mean You Can't Be Erased
It Must Be The Ice Or The Money That I Make
They Talk Behind My Back But They Won't Say It to My Face
Hoe, Say It to My Face (Yeah), Say It to My Face (Yeah)
They Talk Behind My Back But They Won't Say It to My Face
It Gotta Be These Cars Or The Trips That I Take
That Make em Wanna Hate, Won't You Say it in My Face Bitch
Hoe, Say It to My Face (Yeah), Say It to My Face (Yeah)
They Talk Behind My Back But They Won't Say It to My Face You Can Go Anywhere Cross
The US
From North To The South East Mid To The West
Walk Up In The Hardest Hood Ask a Nigga Bout Me
They Gon Tell Ya Bun B Is Straight Mothaf**kin' G'
A Gangsta From His Toes To The Top Of His Fitted
Trillest Nigga In The Flesh You Can't F**k Wit' It
Got The German Hand Guns They Shoot 2 2 3
Bust Thru Ya Condo n Rip Open Ya Knees
My Nigga Please You Don't Want It Save Your Breath
By Yourself Imma Ride Till Ain't No Enemy Is Left
When The Middle Finger Niggas Hit Your Block Like Insurgents
There's No Deterrents from us Cleanin' Your Clock Like Detergent
Buck They Don't Think I Am, Nigga Please
Why This Pimp I Bet They Die Before They Reach Their First

Mothaf**kin' Sale

I Rep Them Underground Kings F**k Boy Pimp And Bun
If It's Action That You Wan't Mah Nigga Come Get You Some
It Must Be The Ice Or The Money That I Make
They Talk Behind My Back But They Won't Say It to My Face
Hoe, Say It to My Face (Yeah), Say It to My Face (Yeah)
They Talk Behind My Back But They Won't Say It to My Face
It Gotta Be These Cars Or The Trips That I Take
That Make em Wanna Hate, Won't You Say it in My Face Bitch
Hoe, Say It to My Face (Yeah), Say It to My Face (Yeah)
They Talk Behind My Back But They Won't Say It to My Face They Call Me M Dot MJG I
Mean That
I'm Packin' Some Weight And
They Ain't Talkin Bout Trill Jeans Them Niggas
They Like To Talk Shit In They Uniform Guess What
Them Niggas Still Phoney As The Unicorn
And I'll Be Damned If I Run You Bust Tho
They Ran Outta Guns Man U So Dumb
You Faker Than A Bitch Snitchen On The Track
I'm About To Pull a Bun
And Bust A F**kin' Cap All Ball Do Is Smoke Weed And Get Bad Bitches
And If Ya'll Mad At Me For That Then Ya'll Niggas Some Bitches
Undercover Groupie Niggas Want Them Stop And Plead
For The Last Time I Don't Smoke Regular Weed
It Don't Matter Where We At Man
We Firin It Up
Security Don't Stop The Weed Man From Findin' Us
Industry Dick Suckas Keep Runnin Ya Mouth
And Imma Give Ya Motherf**kas Something To Talk About It Must Be The Ice Or The Money
That I Make
They Talk Behind My Back But They Won't Say It to My Face
Hoe, Say It to My Face (Yeah), Say It to My Face (Yeah)
They Talk Behind My Back But They Won't Say It to My Face
It Gotta Be These Cars Or The Trips That I Take
That Make em Wanna Hate, Won't You Say it in My Face Bitch
Hoe, Say It to My Face (Yeah), Say It to My Face (Yeah)
They Talk Behind My Back But They Won't Say It to My Face
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>