

# 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]

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