

Let It Be Known (feat. Scarface & Alvin Joiner)

Mack 10, Scarface & Xzibit

Mack Dime, come on Scarface, Mack demand the respect
X to tha Z Xzibit, c'mon , it's true, we bangI got trouble rhymes to a death the troubled times
A double nine incase niggas get out of line
And heaven knows that I tried to change
But in the mist of trying to be a better man
Trouble is all I can seem to seeAnd the fact is I know tomorrow isn't promised to me
So from this day forth I'll be all I can be
My brother turned his back on me
Got to be my own man
Regardless of what the stakes is, I'ma play my own hand
And I'm tired of being let down by my so called friends
Regardless to the blood shed and no tears in the end
Father, please forgive for I have sinned forgive us all
But I ain't to blame the lunatics wearing my heart
And I think I gotta build another wall'Cause I don't want the world to see me
'Cause maybe these demons will try to end me
I'm exhausted and my body's sleepy
Never the less it's hard to rest, I'm a nervous wreck
I walk with the stressI use to walk around with a vest
But now a days I be like, "Fuck it dog
You fuck with me I gots to fuck with ya'll"
And make ends is just another word for pay back
Paying you back today for this grudge that I had way back
You niggas I grew up with wouldn't play with that
I send you bitches to the morgue with holes in your head
No remorse, why you think my niggas taught me to ball?
'Cause I be walking around in designer suits?
In fact these niggas know that I'm the truthAlways scandalous, eye before I shoot
For disrespect there is no excuse
Calling the choices
No respect, respect is respectX! Want a war? Die on, walk the line get it on
Here to today, then your gone fucking with us
If you talk it up, back it up, paper start stacking up
Niggas start acting up, let it be knownX! Want a war? Die on, walk the line get it on
Here to today, then your gone fucking with us
If you talk it up, back it up, paper start stacking up
Niggas start acting up, let it be knownI play with psychotic, lunatic, gang da rang shit
You know that walk up dome nigga close range shit
Mack 10 probably licked out so deep I dream on it
Locate my pray and and put my red dot beam on itPut the hammer lot squeeze on it with the

dope kick in
 Fuck a rage feel the 44 shot deep with in
 Bitch niggas can't fuck with true niggas by nature
 And believe me dog you got a problem on your hands if I hate ya I'll make spit flames like a K
 nigga
 Now close your eyes, pray nigga I swear it's your day nigga
 Got so much dope off it's like a crack storm to me
 And your heart is so gone but your ass belongs to me Using my colors against me but this time
 stay true
 Ain't no body to blame shoot, for you now being through
 Plus and make one move to the game
 When your scandalous living trife
 That's when you fuck with a real nigga gotta pay with your life X! Want a war? Die on, walk the
 line get it on
 Here to today, then your gone fucking with us
 If you talk it up, back it up, paper start stacking up
 Niggas start acting up, let it be known X! Want a war? Die on, walk the line get it on
 Here to today, then your gone fucking with us
 If you talk it up, back it up, paper start stacking up
 Niggas start acting up, let it be known You say, I can't hustle well, hell if I can't
 I keep my nose to the grind and go hard to the paint
 With a ki of that white or a pound of that dank
 And if it's dank it gotta be sticky and stank It's the dope dealer 1-0 the powder pusher
 You's a pussy so you's a dusher and blood gusher
 I'ma Inglewood swangin', I'ma rep Hoo-Bangin'
 I'ma let my nuts hangin', I'ma do tha damn thangin' I fuck all bitch niggas and slap up hoes
 And shatter windows with K's and chemicals
 So when the funk kick is on
 We don't need a show stopper
 Get the rangin' east poppers
 Squeeze and waving east choppers Fuck around with this shit and get your wig split
 Either do it myself or just pay for your hit
 It's the chicken hard passion
 And I'm never letting up
 Anything in my way best believe I'm wetting up X! Want a war? Die on, walk the line get it on
 Here to today, then your gone fucking with us
 If you talk it up back it up, paper start stacking up
 Niggas start acting up, let it be known X! Want a war? Die on, walk the line get it on
 Here to today, then your gone fucking with us
 If you talk it up back it up, paper start stacking up
 Niggas start acting up, let it be known
 X!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>