

# Forgot About Me

Scarface

"I know they miss yooooou..." -  
It seems like every-BODY, everybody, everybody  
Everybody forgotten about me..  
Will I ever, ever, EVER, be free?  
Huh, uh, HUH?

Just when they thought it was safe  
I picked up the phone and called it a day  
I bought a new car, caught a new case - fuck it  
The harder I walk, the ground shall shake  
Stompin, the harder I march, the ground will break  
I am, groundbreakin, like an earthquake, heh-heh  
Yeah, I run this shit, but I'll tackle it  
You want me to break it down, I'ma fracture it  
My mind is wanderin, I can't find it  
But ten times outta ten, my mind on the mon-ey  
Bandana around my head like I know karate  
And I'll wax a nigga's ass like Mister Miyagi  
And it ain't over 'til the fat lady sang  
And that bitch got a whole lot more weight to gain  
And call me by my new name  
(...What is that?) featuring Lil Wayne

"It seems like every-BODY, everybody, everybody  
Everybody forgotten about me..  
Will I ever, ever, ever, be free?  
Huh, uh, HUH"

(My nigga, featuring Lil Wayne..  
Came here to fuck with me tonight, shwaty)

I am as, real as they come as hard as they get  
They go to talkin off the wall I put a par' in they shit  
I'm the o-riginal gangsta, I'll tell you how I do it  
I take niggaz from the jump when they step to me with that bullshit  
I am a fool, bitch, a native H-Town from the south side of Houston  
You're tuned to the sounds of a nigga, who don't give a fuck  
'casue one way or the other  
I'm gon' still get mine, play the game, motherfucker  
The truth is in the building and I came tonight  
And I done sold so many records, change my name to life  
'cause I can breathe into the hood, make it feel my pain  
And even though they try to change me, I remain the same  
And even if I did have that chrome-plated grill on my shit  
I come from out the motherfuckin bricks  
Now, never forget, where I come from, son  
I'm respected in these motherfuckin streets I run  
I'm Face

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Everybody forgotten about me..  
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Huh, uh, HUH"

(MY, NIGGA)

It's Bun B, the nigga Mr. Swisher, and Mr. Flows

Mr. Brick, Mr. Killer Grams Nigga, Mr. 'BOWS  
Mr. Slab, Mr. Candy Paint, nigga Mr. Dough  
and Mr. Eighty-fo', hatin hoe, we think yo' sister know  
When I hits the do', motherfuckers drop and kiss the flo'  
Light bulb flow, I glass shatter, transistors blow  
I'm the shit fo' sho! Roll wit it, bitch or {?} worm  
I'm hot in this heat, a head shot'll keep your perm burned  
It's my turn, I earn stripes and paid dues so  
Don't be surprised if I'm in a trap or own a new show  
I don't TRY snitch, sneak diss or even backdo'  
Balla block, a short stop or drop down in Fat, hoe  
(What!) I don't keep it a hunnid (huh), I keep it a thousand  
I'm hood, so I rep the hood, direct from the public housing  
(Manye!) I got it crunk like Obama in a 'Fesco  
Nuttin less than the best, hoe  
Nigga, let's go it's U..

"It seems like every-BODY, everybody, everybody (muthafuckin G..)  
Everybody forgotten about me.. (K, fo' LIFE!)  
Will I ever, ever, ever, be free? (Long Live the Pimp!)  
Huh, uh, HUH"