

Forgot About Me

Scarface

"I know they miss yoooooou..." -
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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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"