

Who Are They

Scarface

Huh

You see a nigga with his game tight, money with a name like
'Face (Face Mob), havin his way, the homie did his thing, right?
You just a peon, the type of bitch I'd pee on
High sidin a nigga, rollin in a Neon, now what the fuck was she on?
I'm "Prime Time" bitch like Deion (yeah)
I Spinks on a ho like Leon
And you are just a castaway, so get your ass away
Instead of fuckin you, I'd masturbate
I shouldn't of had to wait, I think you blew your big chance
You rejected when I asked about the eighth grade dance
Now I'm big time, like my homeboy Randy
Plus I'm pushin a Porshe with drop top panties
It's just like candy but I ain't hammy
Yo ho, so yo, ass can't hand me
Shit, fuck your cell phone bitch, you can keep that
Broke, you ain't know a motherfucker, where was she at?

I think I remember you, from way back when, but how can I be sure?
That's so long ago and since then we both have grown
But look at you, you're amazin
What's so, crazy, I know how niggaz do
'Cause they get money, change and don't remember who they are

Listen, in high school with the females, I was rarely selected
I got rejected by the ones the damn nerds rejected
If I wore a shirt Monday, this is true, I ain't lyin
By the end of the week you probably saw it two more times
I was discouraged by the microscopic size of my bank
But stayed constantly motivated to rise in the ranks
I used to be a bottom feeder, lowest man on the totem
But I showed a mass like the transit sit on my scrotum
Gettin fed by my music and it's all clean work
And the used to be prom queen is a Walgreens clerk
I would dream about bein with ya, wantin to kiss on ya
Now I let my damn bladder bust before I piss on ya
Me and 'face second to none, makin records for fun
You thirty-seven at the strip club gettin naked for ones
But I ain't trippin, you can hit the room with me, it's fine
And when I bust one on her chin, I'm like "clean up on aisle nine!"
(yeah)

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Thugga, huh

A (Bitch Ain't) never been (Shit) to me
I've been screamin that since "Chronic" popped back in '93
Back when I was broke in the hood on my ass
I couldn't get away when the bitch drove past
Now a nigga seein cash so fast, things change
Same bitch askin for a ride in the Range
Lookin at a nigga strange, 'cause I ain't tryin to entertain
Conversation about her becomin my main

I'm like "bitch, you must of fell and bump your brain
And think you fuckin with a lame, nope not me mayne
I ain't got shit for ya, matter fact, I don't know ya
That's all I'm a show ya, 'cause that's all a nigga owe ya
Used to be fine, big titties and behind
Had a few kids, now your belly bigger than mine
Stomach lookin like you had a fight with a lion
I ain't fuckin with you bitch, move around"

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'Cause they get money, change and don't remember who they are (they are, the
y are ...)