

# 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 Porsche 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 ...)