

# You Don't Hear Me Doe

Scarface

Call me psychotive but I'm bad, nigga yo!  
And I'ma do ya bad, black  
And when I come, I'm bustin up niggas to hear me, black  
Ya should of never let a nigga see  
if there was niggas and bitches and bitches and niggas that hated me  
Huh, I waited for my date to come-of-age  
and now I'm of-age I can't escape the fuckin front page  
So I guess that nigga D is up to hit again  
I kicks the funky shit and coke, and stupid like I'm Gilligan  
I'm P, supposed to hit a lick for a jack  
The only thing I gained is the pain of niggas comin back  
Nigga lookin for they shit, aggravated and pissed  
Niggas they can't fuck with my clique  
I'm here to break em off for chunk  
A D-E-A-T-H-L-Y, a motherfuckin punk  
And I be rollin with the brass  
Don't answer with the ziggers in your hood, he break your neck to roll a  
pass, nigga  
Don't even stop to say 'Whattup?' cos I bust for the fuck  
And pay some quick to light a motherfucker up  
Next time you stop me on your block, I hope you leave the place  
or be the next to meet the Lord face-to-face  
Nigga, I ain't the one to take no bullshit  
Cos see a nigga like the D is game to empty out the full clip  
So when I come for ya, act like ya know  
Sittin motherfuckin smooth to the curb but you don't hear do'

I'ma bring ya to ya asshole (uh)  
Do it like the G-to-O (yeah)  
Bustin on that ass but still I see that you don't hear me do'  
(But you don't hear me do')  
Bring ya to ya asshole (uh)  
Do it like the G-to-O (yeah)  
Bustin on that ass but still I see that you don't hear me do'

It's time to fuck em up, here it comes, BLAST, nigga!  
Thump to your chest and they comin out your ass, nigga  
I grew apart, livin my life as a criminal  
Niggas G to kill but still I see that you don't hear me do'  
So I'ma serve it to ya fat, hit the deck, mate  
Hit the deck mate, call me Flipper when I checkmate  
D-um divertin nine, Tre-9, full Glock, Glock  
My Glock makin sounds and it don't stop  
So nigga pass the swisha quick  
and I'ma blaze til the motherfucker burn me off my fingertips  
Cos, see a nigga gotta saty high  
I try to smoke til I can't smoke and then I won't smoke  
But still I got my fingers on my shit  
and click, click, click, ya die, die, die, ya dead, bitch!  
You tried to test the wrong nigga, be a tested  
Straight from St.Paul but clockin G's down in Texas  
Some think I'm talk cos I play it cool  
but I ain't the average motherfucker, I do the shit that niggas won't do  
Huh, like pistol whip a woodie for his bank  
Then after that I gate and grab his bitch and do the same thang  
And I will pain up the asshole  
Collectin grips on my drips as I stroll but you don't hear me do'

Ain't no mistakin what I'm bringin, you motherfuckers still ain't had  
enough  
So I'ma continue to break you off for proper ass chunk  
May it be 9, may it be a gauge, may it be a shank  
Any way you come I'm in your motherfuckin shit, mate!  
Huh, a nigga bustin caps, smokin fires  
quick to bring it to your ass and keep on goin til your ass die  
And it ain't no runnin down dem backstreets  
cos I got slugs to catch em with Carl Lewis on the track meet  
Huh, and still you wanna test a nigga so  
Audi 5, nigga, hate to see ya go but you don't hear me do'  
  
Yeah, check it!