

You Don't Hear Me Doe

Scarface

Call me psychotivite 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!