

Scarface f/ K-Rino, Slim Thug

"Who Are They"

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Huh [Verse 1 - Scarface] 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? [Chorus - Unknown Female] 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 [Verse 2 - K-Rino] 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) [Chorus - Unknown Female] 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, is I know

how niggaz do 'Cause they get money, change and
don't remember who they are [Verse 3 - Slim Thug]
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" [Chorus - Unknown
Female] 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, is I know how niggaz do
'Cause they get money, change and don't remember
who they are (they are, they are ...)

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