

## Amiel

### "Heard It All"

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[amil]

Nigga you ain't told me nothing I ain't heard and  
Action speaks louder than words and  
Said you would treat me right  
They said you be sweating every freak in sight  
Yeah I know, one day you gon marry me  
Yeah I know, you want to have your seed  
Yeah I know, don't worry, 'cause there is no other  
Yeah I know, and you can't stand your baby mother,  
right  
Oh, you never felt this way before, huh  
Wanna keep me in the gucci stores, huh  
What happened to them minks and the diamond rings  
Lying ass nigga, you ain't buyin me things  
Nigga don't tell me I'm your flyest bitch  
If I can't get the keys just to drive the whip  
If I ain't the one you take on the private trips  
If you got it like you say you do then provide them chips  
nigga

Chorus

[jay-z]

We'll always be togetha  
No one can fuck you betta

[amil]

Yeah nigga I heard this all before  
Yeah nigga I heard this all before  
Yeah nigga you drive me crazy  
I wanna have your baby

[jay-z]

Yeah bitch, I heard this all before  
Yeah bitch, I heard this all before

[jay-z]

I thought you ain't like rap  
You was deceiving me  
All you do all day is watch bet  
Actin like you ain't recognize when you met me in the  
ride  
Mispronouncing my name, squinting your eyes  
You shouldn't play games wit pimp like i

Now that I gained you, I'm supposed to sympathise  
Yeah I know, you hait parties and you never go out  
Yeah I know, you a nun and you stay in your house  
Yeah I know, well can you please do me this favor  
How you been with three rappers and six ball players,  
tell me that  
Shit, we both gamin eachother  
Lying through our teeth, both blaming eachother  
I tried to front on you I take you to my rest  
You tried to front on me actin like you ain't impressed  
I'm tryin to see if the coochie's propa  
You trying to score your self a gucci parka  
And that new shit from prada  
You tryin to get a rich baby father  
I'm tryin to forget you by tomorra  
This ain't rocket science  
Ain't no rock buyin, just a hard rock lyin  
And stop frontin like your shit is real  
You get your game from oprah and lauryen hill  
And if you are a nice girl, and I read you wrong  
Look, I'm sorry if I lead you on, ok

[amil]

Nah nigga, you ain't got to apologize  
I knew that bitch want your cousin on your father's side  
I mean damn, you don't even let me answer your cell  
I mean damn, why I still got to ring the bell?  
I find girl phone numbers and you say they your mans  
When I call you don't even know who I am  
So you can go ahead wit all that game you throw me  
Don't tell me, motherfucka show me

Chorus x2

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