

**Kante****"Y'all Don't Hear Me Dough"**

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Damn, one-time just bust a you  
And they 4 deep, too  
They seen all these caps and T-shirts  
And them gold thangs underneath the skirts

But the law ain't been broken  
Wait, I see 3 white cops and one token  
Oh, so that explains it, no doubt  
Uncle Tom pointed us out

But I ain't tryin' to get jacked  
They give me static, I'm givin' the shit back  
'Cause I ain't did nothin' wrong  
And this L.A. drama been goin' on too long

So it's on if they touch me  
Matter of fact, they better Starsky-and-Hutch me  
'Cause fool, I ain't waitin'  
I'm 5000, so much for gold Dayton's

I hit a side street and circled twice  
Shook 'em like hot dice  
Parked the toy in a driveway  
'Cause the same thing happened last Friday

I tried to tell you  
They was devils once befo'  
But y'all don't hear me though

Hey, fellas  
You guys know who I'm talkin' to  
Hey, fellas  
You guys know who I'm talkin' to

Damn, this baby pagin' me, 911  
Who is that? This bad-ass white girl from  
Aw nigga, you went out like a straight Boy Scout  
What you talkin' 'bout?

Fool, this girl a straight freak  
Yeah, she probably have your ass at the clinic every

week  
Askin' the doctor, "Have you ever seen this?"  
With a long-wired q-tip, stuck up your penis

Waitin' for the test results to come back from upstairs  
While you say your prayers  
And ask yourself, "Was it really worth it?"  
Before Casanova crossed over, everything was perfect

But you wasn't satisfied with the sisters  
So now you got blisters  
Trick or treat? Aw, nigga, you can eat a dick  
Or vice versa, that's how you treat a trick

Nigga like you who ain't learned  
That hittin' pale skins'll get you burned  
Man, y'all better let them white hoes go  
But y'all don't hear me though

Hey, fellas  
You guys know who I'm talkin' to  
Hey, fellas  
You guys know who I'm talkin' to

Damn Kam, I got a migraine, what you eat?  
Just some pork chops and pig's feet  
And a couple of strips of bacon  
What? And my head just started achin'

I hate to say, "I told you so" but I told ya  
You couldn't take it from a soldier  
Kam got the ham broken down to a science  
So keep it out your appliance

Cat plus rat plus dog equals hog  
Poison-ass animals, people need to ban 'em all  
Nigga, I been eatin' pork all my life and I'm cool  
Fool, you don't know what you're missin'

Listen that's the reason why you get sick so quick  
And spend a straight grip with doctor Tom Slick  
So he can fill your prescription  
For your ass, for your headaches and your hyper  
tension

When all you gotta do is stop eatin' the swine  
And everything'll be fine  
Black folk better leave that pork at the sto'  
But y'all don't hear me though

Hey, fellas

You guys know who I'm talkin' to  
Hey, fellas  
You guys know who I'm talkin' to

Damn, my nigga got stretched  
He's down for the K.O., for movin' that lleyo  
And now they askin' him to snitch  
I hate to say it but the nigga dug his own ditch

So now he's caught in a catch 22  
Damned if he don't and fucked if he do  
Lookin' at 15 with a L  
Scared he'll touch down, so what the hell

He starts singin' like a bird  
Federal detectives recordin' every word  
Puttin' niggas in a twist, steppin' on toes  
How long will he last? God only knows

Ballin' outta control, gotta put on a hold  
So it's on like that, nigga, where my niggas at?  
It ain't like he didn't know  
'Cause I damn sure, told him, he just ain't hear me  
though

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