

Scarface

"You Don't Hear Me Doe"

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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 Doe

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 doe
(But you don't hear me doe)

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 doe

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
doe

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 till the motherfucker burn me off my
fingertips
'Cos, see a nigga gotta say high
I try to smoke till 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 doe

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 doe
(But you don't hear me doe)

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 doe

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 nine, 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' till 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
doe

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 doe
(But you don't hear me doe)

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 doe

Yeah, check it

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