

Jesus Christ Superstar "U Don't Hear Me Tho'"

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But you don't hear me though

(Funk, funk, funky)

[VERSE 1: Rodney O]

Muthafuckin punk

Look who's hangin out with the Falcons

Just because you're on top of the mountain

But what goes up, must come down, hoe

They didn't give a fuck about you years ago

So what you're gonna do when it's on sinkin

Muthafucka, you probably start drinkin

I don't know, but I'll never be a sucker's friend

Just because a fool's makin dead presidents

Rodney O & Joe Cooley will never quit

And all that bullshit dancin ain't sayin shit

I'm only down with my homies from the get-go

Fuck O.P.P. and a sideshow

If you don't like it, here goes my middle finger

Rodney O's keepin one in the chamber

Who you're foolin, you puff, you prance, punk hoe

Back to the hood, fool, but you don't hear me though

(Funk, funk, funky)

[VERSE 2: Joe Cooley]

Here I go with the flow, some dope stuff from Joe

Why don't you sit back, hey yo, and bob with the tempo

So what up, niggas? Yeah, I got the funky jam

Come up on your blindside - aw shit, here I am

I'm not down with the r&b, it make me sick

Seeing a crooner tryin to add a rap a little bit

You know what I'm talkin about, that shit's not real rap

They try to add the hip-hop flavor, and it's still wack

Rodney O, Joe Cooley got the gangster track

Comin off strong, we're not givin no slack

Kickin street shit cause I know it would stick

I got the hoochie mamas hummin on my dick

Sit back, rap lovers, and smile

The crew is about to entertain ya for a while

You love it, you like it, it's a straight up rap show

And to you r&b fans, you don't hear me though

(Y'all ready for this?)

[VERSE 3: Rodney O]

Time for me to kick another fly funky verse
And if I die, put a sound system in my hearse
You don't hear me though, here's a title, bro
I'm callin money when I slam down my domino
Ugh - fever in the funk house
Yeah, and if you play, then you know what I'm talkin
about
Who you're foolin when you say that you can fade the
O?
I got a New York critic in a choke hold
He dissed my record cause he didn't like my vocals
Now I'm showin him the meaning of loco
I'm not friends with my peers, so I'm overlooked
I got the p-funk, fool, on a funky hook
I'm payin suckers back for all the years of dissin me
But now I'm rollin, and there ain't no stoppin me
Rodney O and Joe down with the psycho
Back to the hood, fool, but you don't hear me though

(Funk, funk, funky)

[VERSE 4: Joe Cooley]

L.A.'s the place where the hardcore is happenin
That's the way it is, so that's the way we're rappin
Some New Yorkers don't know where we're comin from
And one had the nerve to try to diss Compton?
I take it personal when you diss my hood, son
Now you got me wanna break you off some (yeah)
Now you got me wanna break you off some (yeah)
Now you got me wanna break you off somethin

(Funk, funk, funky)

Joe Cooley is (funk, funk, funky)
Rodney O is (funk, funk, funky)
This jam is (funk, funk, funky)
But you don't hear me though

(Funk, funk, funky)

But you don't hear me though

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