

# You Don't Hear Me Doe

## Scarface

Call me psychotiv 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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