

Can You Hear Me

Fabulous

'Cuz now I ain't wit cha, know that I miss ya, some how I carry on
I can still picture, when I was wit cha like you was never gone
I remember the good times, all of the bad times
I dedicate this song, to my niggaz laid out
Till my niggaz lay down can ya hear me
I know you hear me Now we was once two niggaz of the same kind
Quick to holla at a bitch with the same lines
Quick to draw on a nigga with the same nines
But at the same time we was on some different shit
'Cuz you was with a bitch that I beg to differ wit
I told you sniff a bit and you could get a whiff of it
But you kept a closed nose when it came to those hoes And I'm your nigga so I tried to smell em wrong for ya
Wasn't there to take the fault for ya, but if you hear me
I dedicate this song for ya, he was setup in a stick up
By a girl he used to pick up on the upper west side
I used to help him chop a brick up, they found him in his pickup
Pants down and dick up, leaning with one in his head
And one in his chest, one of the best at this husslin' shit
But his downfall was that he put his trust in a bitch
And it's fucked up 'Cuz now I ain't wit cha, know that I miss ya, some how I carry on
I can still picture, when I was wit cha like you was never gone
I remember the good times, all of the bad times
I dedicate this song, to my niggaz laid out
Till my niggaz lay down can ya hear me
I know you hear me I remember selling three bricks of raw powder
Turn my man into a star in 24 hours
He didn't care spent the money in like 4 hours
On a Benz with like 400 and horsepower
And a chain that had Christ on it, a Rollie with a lot of ice on it
A pinky ring with a price on it, when he come around
Its likely that he blunted
With a pretty lady in them Nike's that you wanted It's well know he kept it on his hip like a cell phone
If you speak with him you can pick up on his jail tone
He used to say he wasn't going back without blowing back
And now I'm black I wouldn't put it past him
The D's would harass him, till he finally blacked out
They told my nigga to freeze, but he still backed out
Shots fired till his trigger finger got tired
All the newspapers said was, "Another nigga dead"

And it's fucked up'Cuz now I ain't wit cha, know that I miss ya, some how I carry on
I can still picture, when I was wit cha like you was never gone
I remember the good times, all of the bad times
I dedicate this song, to my niggaz laid out
Till my niggaz lay down can ya hear me
I know you hear me You can catch me in a cherry red 8-50 nice ass
Great tittles, face pretty everybody know that she date Smitty
A big time dealer thats doing a state biddin'
Who did more than his share of dirt in the world
Enough to make a nigga think about hurtin' his girl
So he used to tell his queen to stay to the castle
Away from the hassle to the day that he pass through
There's some enemies he might have who may wanna blast you She stayed for a few years, that's until a few
pairs
Convinced her to come and hang out around New Year's
It's been awhile, you can see it in her smile
And she ran into her man's co-defendant in the trial
Who started going on about how he moving on about
Running with them same niggaz Smitty had warned about
She slid off told her girl, she had to drop her kid off
They found her in the parking lot, somebody blew her lid off
And it's fucked up'Cuz now I ain't wit cha, know that I miss ya, some how I carry on
I can still picture, when I was wit cha like you was never gone
I remember the good times, all of the bad times
I dedicate this song, to my niggaz laid out
Till my niggaz lay down can ya hear me
I know you hear me 'Cuz now I ain't wit cha, know that I miss ya, some how I carry on
I can still picture, when I was wit cha like you was never gone
I remember the good times, all of the bad times
I dedicate this song, to my niggaz laid out
Till my niggaz lay down can ya hear me
I know you hear me

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>