

Forgot About Me (feat. Lil Wayne & Bun B)

Scarface

Seems like everybody, everybody, everybody
Everybody forgotten about me
Will I ever, ever, ever be free? Just when they thought it was safe
I picked up the phone and called it a day
I bought a new car, caught a new case, fuck it
The harder I walk, the ground shall shake Stompin', the harder I march the ground will break
I am ground breakin' like an earthquake
Yeah, I run this shit but I'll tackle it
You want me to break it down, I'ma fracture it My mind is wanderin', I can't find it
But ten times outta ten, my mind on the money
Bandana around my head like I know karate
And I'll wax a nigga's ass like Mister Miyagi And it ain't over 'til the fat lady sang
And that bitch got a whole lot more weight to gain
And call me by my new name
(What is that?)
Featuring Li'l Wayne It seems like everybody, everybody, everybody
Everybody forgotten about me
(My nigga, featuring Li'l Wayne)
Will I ever, ever, ever, be free?
(Came here to fuck with me tonight, shawty) I am as real as they come, as hard as they get
They go to talkin' off the wall I put a par in they shit
I'm the original gangsta, I'll tell you how I do it
I take niggaz from the jump when they step to me with that bullshit I am a fool bitch, a native H-Town from the
south side of Houston
You're tuned to the sounds of a nigga, who don't give a fuck
'Cause one way or the other, I'm gon' still get mine
Play the game, motherfucker The truth is in the building and I came tonight
And I done sold so many records, change my name to life
'Cause I can breathe into the hood, make it feel my pain
And even though they try to change me, I remain the same And even if I did have that chrome plated grill on my
shit
I come from out the motherfuckin' bricks
Now, never forget, where I come from, son
I'm respected in these motherfuckin' streets I run, I'm Face It seems like everybody, everybody, everybody
Everybody forgotten about me
(My nigga)
Will I ever, ever, ever, be free? It's Bun B, the nigga Mr. Swisher, and Mr. Flows
Mr. Brick, Mr. Killer Grams Nigga, Mr. 'Bows
Mr. Slab, Mr. Candy Paint, nigga Mr. Dough

And Mr. Eighty Fo', hatin' hoe, we think yo' sister know
When I hits the dough, motherfuckers drop and kiss the flo'Light bulb flow, I glass shatter, transistors blow
I'm the shit fo' sho, roll with it, bitch or [Incomprehensible]
I'm hot in this heat, a head shot'll keep your perm burned
It's my turn, I earn stripes and paid dues, soDon't be surprised if I'm in a trap or own a new show
I don't try snitch, sneak this or even back do'
Balla block, a short stop or drop down in fat, hoe
(What?)I don't keep it a hundred, I keep it a thousand
I'm hood, so I rep the hood direct from the public housing
Mayne, I got it crunk like Obama in a 'Fesco
Nuttin' less than the best, hoe, nigga, let's go, it's youIt seems like everybody, everybody, everybody
(Muthafuckin' G)
Everybody forgotten about me
(K, fo' life)
Will I ever, ever, ever, be free?
(Long live the pimp)

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