Y'all Don't Hear Me Tho

Fabolous

[Verse 1 - Fabolous:]Sometimes I amaze sometimes I disappoint
Sometimes I blow this paper like it's just a joint
Sometimes I look at change like it's just some coins
Like Shaq at the line, you pro'ly missed the point
This perspective which angle you looking from
When you take a chance ever wonder who you took it from
I'm from Brooklyn son got no problem taking nothing
So I figured I could take nothing and make it something
Tell 'em faking ass niggas they won't make it frontin'
Tell 'em girls lose they clothes and get the shaking something
Purple weed gold bottles now let's think of something
Cause y'all don't really y'all don't really y'all don't really hear me though
[Chorus - Fabolous:]Smoking all out
Swagger to the max
Bad bitches holla
I just holla back
My money talks I ain't even gotta tell 'em
Even when I talk low don't it sound like i'm yelling
Y'all don't really y'all don't really y'all don't really hear me though
Y'all don't really y'all don't really y'all don't really hear me though
Y'all don't really y'all don't really y'all don't really
[Verse 2 - Fabolous:]Might be how i'm feeling mixed with what i'm drinking
Got me on some shit that might be what the stink is
You might just be cool it might be what you thinking
It might be something in the eye but the Mischa winking
Listen before your dumb ass say some stupid shit
I have my dog laying on your house on some snoopy shit
Ball player swag that's what out the hoop and shit
Two chicks that hanging with Mr Cooper shit
Eat with me if you hungry dawg
But then again High Loyal is a hungry dawg
That's saying hunger make your dog eat you alive
You either starve to death or you eat to survive
[Chorus - Fabolous:]
Smoking all out
Swagger to the max
Bad bitches holla
I just holla back
My money talks I ain't even gotta tell 'em

Even when I talk low don't it sound like i'm yelling
Y'all don't really y'all don't really y'all don't really hear me though
Y'all don't really y'all don't really y'all don't really hear me though
Y'all don't really y'all don't really y'all don't really
[Verse 3 - Red Cafe:]Shakedown on sleep
I'm getting to the money
The way i'm counting sheep
I be counting money
Live from the roof
Empire state
Finna burn this bitch down
Find the next fire escape
I'm high so nothing ain't farfetched
Out in Houston with my rocket no Marques
Fuck with that street fan
Fuck with that Loso
Come to your city spend some tickets at the go-go
Giving back to the hood be what I call it
Smoke grand daddy Kush
I'm in orbit
If they ain't with the family they weirdos
[Chorus - Fabolous:]Smoking all out
Swagger to the max
Bad bitches holla
I just holla back
My money talks I ain't even gotta tell 'em
Even when I talk low don't it sound like i'm yelling
Y'all don't really y'all don't really y'all don't really hear me though
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