

Listen

Haystak

Telephone rings... This is Haystak... wat up dude...
what'chall gonna do... naw just stay with them broads man...
Y'all in the jacuzzi huh...naw, naw, Imanna rhyme... but go
ahead y'all have a good time... Hangs up... Cha'

I ain't got no time to fuck off money laid up in the hot tub,
Cuz where I'm from time flies by like hot subs,
Cops love to pull you over 'n' search your shit,
Call a female officer to come 'n' search your bitch,
You can't trust neara' motha' fucker to know where you live,
Cuz your frien's turn to your foes,
Bullets holes in the crib,
It's a trip, how the tables have turned,
From bein' broke, to spendin' money like you had paper to burn,
You haters gonna learn what most players already know,
Need to worry 'bout ya own hoes, worry 'bout ya own doe,
Windows break, gun blasts echo,
Swore revenge on 'em, now you just can't let go,
Gotta chip on your shoulder, I know how ya feel,
Pushed over the edge, yous a killa for real,
I bet you sleep with yo' steel,
Ready to let it rang out,
enemies catch ya slippin' they gonna blow ya brains out,

"Listen," "Listen,"
"What the fuck, you can't handle it?"
"Listen," "Listen,"
"What the fuck you gonna do?"
"Listen," "Listen,"
"Can't you recognize game?"
"Listen," "Listen,"
"Video survalience, unit one,
We are monitoring the suspect,"

You may got the feds outside, as we speak,
Posted up watchin' you, from across the street,
Rumor has it you offed yo' peeps,
Took over they territory, bought you a jeep,
Iced your teeth and your pinkys
Phones piercin' your ears,
Up in Vips screamin' ain't no bitches in here,
Whatcha mouth
You shinin' like a headlight playa,
You ain't gotta brag,
"That's the mother fuckin' feds right there,"
They hard to spot in the club,
Workin' they plain clothes,
Versatchi shirts, rollies, gators 'n' kangoes,
Look just like you do,
Airs, Axe, FuBu,
You think dudes cool,
But he's the fuckin' police,
You out there shinin', braggin', flossin', yo jew'ry,
Next thing you know you caught up in fronta the damn gran' jury,
Be careful who you talk to,
Neva' let 'em see ya be sof' dude,
These fools tryin' ta off you,

Hear me talkin' to you nephew...

"Listen," "Listen,"
"They don't know who they fuckin' with,"
"Listen," "Listen,"
"They can't recognize game,"
"Listen," "Listen,"
"Why the fuck they can't handle it,"
"Listen," "Listen,"
"Think ol' plain clothes dude goin'ta kill you man,"

Robbin' the wrong motha fucker got you caught in the win'
You went into hidin', started offin' your frien's,
Sent ya a message, the next victim 'ill be ya kin,
You put him in that position,
Now he got to do you in,
This fool goes crazy, he done been to the pen,
3 or 4 times, for killin' 5 or 6 men,
You had the hook up,
Front ya twenty, you pay for ten,
Five days shouldn't pass 'fo' you page him again,
Well, six days passed 'fo' they found yo ass,
Filled fulla bullet holes naked in the trash,
Shell casin's on the ground from a 44mag.,
Money that you owed still beside you in a bag,
Slit yo throat from ear ta ear, pulled yo tounge thru yo neck,
Local cops blamed it on the Columbian connects, and ah,
Couple days after you was gone, yellow tape came down,
And life went on...So "Listen," "Listen," "Listen"...