

Y'all Don't Hear Me Doe

Young MC

Aight, open sesame, people stop stressin' me
We ain't back in school so fools stop testin' me
Cause so much needs to be said
And all these smart people actin' stupid yo it's making me fed
Cause they tell ya that crime don't pay
But ya look around the block
You see brother makin' dollars every day
And that lifestyle's kinda phat
Yeah they tellin' you it's right at home but you don't wanna hear that
You wanna be the pimp daddy, drivin' in the Caddy
With the brand new gear instead of rags that are ratty
Or maybe you'll deal in sacks
Not Fifth Avenue but the sacks where you pay no tax
With the girllies comin' out of the woodwork
Cause of all your hood-work
When you're with a babe your doin' good work
And money's rolling right, and business goin' tight
You rip a box of Trojans every night
But the best laid plans of mice and men
Will go all to Hell every now and again
So before you get your mac on and your crack on
You should find somethin' legal for you to fall back on
Don't worry bout pressure from peers
Cause they won't feel nothin' if ya get ten years
And you'll be livin' life low just to make some dough
Hell no! That ain't the way to go, but ya'll don't hear me doe

Yo, yo we wanna wreck the show
Cause yo I'm comin wit the bump but ya'll don't hear me doe (Hiyeah!)
Yo, yo we wanna wreck the show
Cause yo I'm comin wit the bump but ya'll don't hear me doe (Ya'll don't hear me doe)
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Aight, second paragraph in the aftermath
So follow me closely as I take this path
Not a miracle so don't you get hysterical, lord
Cause I been livin' cool since they cut the umbilical cord
Now to the fellas gettin' skins daily and the weekend
Sneakin', always lookin' round for a freak and
Gettin' them drunk on the Hennessy
You got a girl in every state from here to Tennessee
Well think back about a generation ago
Your moms a young lady at a movie show
She's with a fella and he's about your age too
Now how would he treat your momma if he thought like you?
Would he love her and treat her like a beauty queen
Or would he try to get the panties if you know what I mean?
Would he respect her and take it to her nice and slow
Or would he do her like a Hennessy ho? But ya'll don't hear me doe

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Up next comin' with the hip-hop flex

I like to rhyme the way a nymphomaniac likes sex:

Often, and when I do I rock this well

Cause if the rhymes are mediocre then the tracks don't sell

But anyway, back to my lyrical agenda

I'm sick of people walkin' around and playin' the pretender

Tryin' to keep up with the Jones' with the Jones' is a joke

Because your thinkin' that they will pay but yo they won't

You both got Benzs at the same time

Even though your Honda was rollin' just fine

Aluminum siding for the house but the paint never peeled

But, hell, at least you got a good deal

You send your kids to colleges that cost too much

"Yo it's a million miles away but hey we'll keep it touch,"

And you don't budget money in the way you should

"But it don't matter honey cause you look so good"

Now what if Mrs. Jones used cocaine

And what if Mr. Jones was half insane

What if the Jones kids always got beat

But they smile when they saw the Benz rollin' down the street?

Now would you want to copy that kind of life

And have that for your children and that for your wife

Just to perpetrate like you had some dough?

Because you can't take it wit you when you go, but ya'll don't hear me doe

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