

Amil, Heard it All Before

Amil

Miscellaneous

Heard it All Before

[Amil]

nigga you ain't told me nothing i ain't heard and
action speaks louder than words and
said you would treat me right
they said you be sweating every freak in sight
yeah i know, one day you gon marry me
yeah i know, you want to have your seed
yeah i know, don't worry, 'cause there is no other
yeah i know, and you can't stand your baby mother, right
oh, you never felt this way before, huh
wanna keep me in the gucci stores, huh
what happened to them minks and the diamond rings
lying ass nigga, you ain't buyin me things
nigga don't tell me i'm your flyest bitch
if i can't get the keys just to drive the whip
if i ain't the one you take on the private trips
if you got it like you say you do then provide them chips nigga

chorus

[Jay-z]

we'll always be togetha
no one can fuck you betta

[Amil]

yeah nigga i heard this all before
yeah nigga i heard this all before
yeah nigga you drive me crazy
i wanna have your baby

[Jay-z]

yeah bitch, i heard this all before
yeah bitch, i heard this all before

[Jay-z]

i thought you ain't like rap
you was deceiving me
all you do all day is watch BET
actin like you ain't recognize when you met me in the ride
mispronouncing my name, squinting your eyes
you shouldn't play games wit pimp like i
now that i gained you, i'm supposed to sympathise
yeah i know, you hait parties and you never go out
yeah i know, you a nun and you stay in your house
yeah i know, well can you please do me this favor
how you been with three rappers and six ball players, tell me that
shit, we both gamin eachother
lying through our teeth, both blaming eachother
i tried to front on you i take you to my rest
you tried to front on me actin like you ain't impressed
i'm tryin to see if the coochie's propa
you trying to score your self a gucci parka
and that new shit from prada
you tryin to get a rich baby father
i'm tryin to forget you by tomorra
this ain't rocket science
ain't no rock buyin, just a hard rock lyin
and stop frontin like your shit is real
you get your game from oprah and lauryen hill
and if you are a nice girl, and i read you wrong
look, i'm sorry if i lead you on, ok

[Amil]

nah nigga, you ain't got to apologize

i knew that bitch want your cousin on your father's side
i mean damn, you don't even let me answer your cell
i mean damn, why i still got to ring the bell?
i find girl phone numbers and you say they your mans
when i call you don't even know who i am
so you can go ahead wit all that game you throw me
don't tell me, motherfucka show me

chorus x2