

You Can't See Me (feat. C.M.W. & Tha Chill)

MC Eiht & Tha Chill

Uh... geah... uh...
Niggas can't fuck with this... It ain't nuthin but the Eihthype click...
Geah... uh... c'monStep in the arena
In 9-6
I'm kinda mean of
Felony case catcher
No misdemenour
Mentality of a psychopath
When i catch you dippin slip into this blood bath (geah)
The 9 niggas ain't no joke
So you gone bear witness, get this
Like the fuccin gun smoke
It don't matter cuz i got you suspended
Fucc up your whole program your life ended
The Tec 9 split up, I'mma get you
Unload these muthafuccin hollows till i hit you
Fuccin with my mind
The wrong kind
Evil as fuck
The Glock goes buck... buck... buck... buck
Duck
Your head
Instead
The scene that is left is your mutherfuckin death
My Glock goes up
To fools wanna be me
But them punk ass niggas don't wanna see me (c'mon uh geah)
To be or not to be
Killed
When you're fuckin with the Eiht, Bam and Chill (geah)
Specialize in the murder
Rappin
Original Baby fuckin Gangsta streiht ass tappin
I got that ass on cue
You be dazed and confused tryin to figure out
What we fix to do (whut tha fucc?)
You best hit the ground (geah)
These killin niggas
Be spittin up the K and don't be fuccin around
I seen two niggas fall (geah)
But
Wait

Eiht
Got
Slugs for all of y'all
Boom Bam picks the slack up (geah)
For fools that's tryin to let off Chill gots the Mac up
Them killin niggas doin drive bys
Lighten up yo' whole fuckin yard like fire flies
Little Hawk'n Bird got my back G (that's rite)
The Glock goes up to them punk ass niggas don't wanna see me
THA CHILL:Now i remember back when we use to hit lil licks
Ever since thirteen i've been hittin the mean Joe Green
Big strap in my bacc pocket
Just in case a nigga wanted to act a fool i unlock it
Cock it
Peel his cap back
Run nigga ya best ta run, jog to the cluck
Buckin on my way tossed the gun
And now I'm rollin like ain't nuthin went on
But I'm knowin i did that dirt
So I'm knowin i can't go home
Shiit just a little trip
Puffin on a little endo
Lay low
Servin the cluckers and clockin a couple of c-notes
Park around the corner from the spot uh
Cuz nigga we slangin rocks and the spot it got hot
So i bails up the block with that gangsta strut
Rememba the po po hot with my Cavi in my butt
Stepped on the porch gave my nigga some dap
Hatin at the c-o-p's
Tryin to see these

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