

## Professa Nuts

### "You Can't See Me"

Visit "[You Can't See Me](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[King Tee]

I run that old gangsterism on the normal  
The name is King Tee, I pack guns like it's formal  
With the utmost respect I be chillin  
Knockin MC's out cause I'm the best in this building  
I be the G-R-E-A-T, plus majestic  
Magical, radical, the technique is hectic  
I, floss upon the scene in the front and back Caddy  
Yeah, here goes Big Daddy, heh  
In my trunk I keep a whole fifth of 'gnac  
in there with some extra hollow points for my strap  
Cause I bust on fools, I shoot down fools that front  
The last of the few with the funk  
King Tippy, who flips the, rhymes like I'm crazy  
You know these artificial gangsters can't fade Tee  
The original G, from the C-P-T  
I'm no joke on the funk fool, you can't see me

"To all my people with the funk.." (Yeah)

You can't see me!

"To all my people with the funk.." ".. where ya at?"

You can't see me!

"To all my people with the funk.." ".. where ya at?"

"To all my people with the funk.." ".. where ya at-at-at?"

[King Tee]

Huh, I'm really into girls with fat cats  
Hoochies, and hoes, and some hoodrats  
I take 'em to the Snooty Fox for the spin  
but if they real proper, we hit the Comfort Inn  
I grab a fifth of Tanqueray and some Squirt  
A fat bag of chronic then we're coolin like Levert  
Turn on the porno flicks just to set the mood  
Toss the bitch up and leave her ass in the room  
Cause a bitch ain't shit like Snoop told it  
All I do is toss and let the next man hold it  
I chill at the bar because that's the spot  
where a bitch'll get ten dollars just rubbin on the cock  
Yeah, Tee bein a trick won't work  
You won't spend my money on no (??)  
and that's real, comin from a real-ass G

I'ma just toss yo' ass like a salad beatch, you can't see me

"To all my people with the funk.." ".. where ya at?"  
You can't see me!

"To all my people with the funk.." ".. where ya at?"  
You can't see me!

"To all my people with the funk.." ".. where ya at?"

"To all my people with the funk.." ".. where ya at?"

[King Tee]

Now I'ma take the third verse to the neck  
then ask who's next and, ask who wrecks?  
I bring Tha Alkaholik spirit to the room  
Down two 40's, then hit the boom  
Release all your doubts cause, I'm what it's about  
The funky drunk man, in front with the stout  
And niggaz wanna test the fashion  
cause I bring passion, for those who's askin  
I don't trip I just, hit the switch for the funk shit  
I don't fuck with the punk shit  
I slang my rap like crack, and niggaz be cluckin  
A quick blast for the buck  
then they spark, and yo oh, peace to Mark  
for the beat from Carolina to the Compton streets  
They'll know, the original G, from the C-P-T  
I "Act a Fool" on the funk boy, you can't see me

"To all my people with the funk.." ".. where ya at?"  
You can't see me!

"To all my people with the funk.." ".. where ya at?"  
You can't see me!

"To all my people with the funk.." ".. where ya at?"

"To all my people with the funk.." ".. where ya at?"

{\*scratches ad-libbed to fade\*}

Visit [Professa Nuts](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.