

## Canibus "U Don't Cee"

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[Canibus]

It's the capital C, little A-N-I, capital B, U-S, whattup G  
Even from a distance I got a front row seat  
And I'm watchin what y'all don't see  
Listen up kids  
Your favorite artists are mafia bosses  
From the streets to the corporate office of they lawyers  
Niggaz got money and then they got hungry  
Got friends in powerful places just like Bugsy, but more  
ugly  
It's gon' get bloody, niggaz don't know  
the side of the street shit the TV don't show  
Tour buses full of weed and coke, gettin a hundred G's  
a show  
These niggaz got cheese to blow  
On the phone, governor hits, gotta hide they mothers  
and kids  
Talkin in code, watchin out for the feds  
Every day they address change  
Hoppin out of bombproof automobiles, from real jet  
planes  
The mainstream think they just rappin  
They don't have the eyes or ears to see or hear what's  
happenin  
I'm from an island where the skinny niggaz ride  
It's an island where the real skinny niggaz die  
Ask my nigga Spragga Benz, he'll tell you why  
We represent Jamaican pride  
It's a war bein fought on all levels, let me paint the  
picture  
It's the straights against the gays, but the gays is richer  
There's a lot of sexy beasts in the system that like men  
more than women  
Cause they spent so much time in the prison  
I can tell you what it is and what it isn't, this shit is  
subliminal  
Can't see it without the criminal vision  
Motherfuckers is livin a life nobody ain't filmin  
Thug TV, and it ain't for children  
Guns, sex, money and drugs, fuck your feelings  
Feds puttin smoke detectors with bugs in ceilings  
Niggaz hirin they own law enforcement

Goin to court bent, dollars be talkin, drop the charges  
Don't forget, that nigga Shyne comin home soon  
And I +KNOW+ he hungry, I wonder what he gon' do  
If you can hear me cousin, I got my money on you  
What niggaz sayin in the streets is true, see you soon  
We can do somethin with Spragga B or Elephant Man  
When you come home, you see my shit is militant man  
I just came back from Belize, my uncle got married  
to this drug lord's niece, and bought a 36 karat  
marquis  
I'll holla at you, we'll discuss the plan  
I'm a soldier but I squeeze with a delicate hand  
The 50 cal cost fifteen thou'  
And I ain't stupid enough to say I got one, you figure it  
out  
It's a lot of nosy niggaz around  
That's why I moved the fuck out of New York to a less  
busier town  
With a 9 to 5, I still experience life on the finer side  
Hollerin ride or die  
Man of flesh with the eyes of God  
A concrete bunker protects my mind so I cry inside  
While I watch how the media designed the lies  
But real niggaz see eye to eye  
While fake niggaz run around lookin for another ride to  
buy  
With they lawyers co-signin the crime, I rhyme like  
there's a hundred million dollars on the line every time  
I'm ready to place a bet any time  
Empty a whole nine into any shield you hide behind  
to breach your contract with Father Time  
Just an old problem in the modern world, you see how  
these niggaz  
is thorough from borough to borough, I'll give you  
referrals  
7-1-8, 3-6-0, 2-5-1  
Send the last digit on a bullet through a barrel  
My hundred pound rucksack full of ammo and army  
apparel  
If a nigga REALLY wanna battle

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