

King Tee "You Can't See Me"

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[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*}

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