

## McGuffey Lane

### "You Can't See Me"

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Uh... geah... uh...  
Niggaz can't fuck with this... It ain't nuthin but the  
Eihthype click...  
Geah... uh... c'mon

EIHT:

Step in the arena  
in 9-6  
i'm kinda mean of  
felony case catcher  
no misdemeanour  
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 'cause i got you suspended  
fucc up your whole program your life ended  
the Tec 9 split up, i'ma 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)

Chorus...

EIHT:

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

Chorus...

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  
shiiit 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  
'cause 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

