

T-ara

"Can't See Us"

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Organized rhyme gangsta connected, from ghetto to
ghetto and city to city we worldwide respected
Feared and rejected, rhymes perfected, no need for a
none

Holy ghost protected, it's the don of the rap clique,
don't trip

Spit lyrical rhymes that reach 'em killas and the
convicts, Piru's, B-doggs

And 'em shaw crips and street pimps with these West
coast bomb hits

12 years strong, still can't see my clique, sick with the
spit

Tell them prayer haters, get a grip, and don't trip, this
a brand apocalypse

Two double O three, ain't no stoppin' this, from
California to the projects of the boogie down

We infamous for bringing that gospel God-core sound,
you can't see O-R-G-A-N-I-Z-E-D-R-H-Y-M-E.

[Chorus:]

Ya'll can't see these G's, playas and ridas from the
ORC, we the dopest clique

There ever gone be, straight up out of the dirty bay,
ohh wee, Cali hits is what we bring

Nuttin' less only the best from the west, so get up out
of your seat

Baby and let me see you do the gospel boogie.

Peligroso, like a shoot out, with the po-po, or hydros
with no struts in tha low-low

Ya'll must be crazy tryin' to mess with an assassin, I'm
flashin and blastin anyone harrassin'

Find a catch a thrashin, and if then asking, tell em
Bone said it

Leave ya black and blue with a lyrical weapon, calling
the paramedics

Ya'll can't see us like a cheetah in the jungle, you're all
bark, we're all bite, ready to rumble

