

## **T-Bone**

# **"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

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