

King Tee, You Can't See Me

[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 Topsy, 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