

# Mc Eiht, You Can't See Me

(feat. Tha Chill)

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 misdemenour

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 cuz 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 gets 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  
cuz 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