

You Can't See What I Can See

Heavy D

("Y-Y-Y-Y-You're blind, baby")

"You're blind, baby! You're blind from the facts" -

In comes, what comes another humdrum
Diddy-dum-drum, some young bum got stung
One, two, three, four, five, SIX
Hard as the Heavy HITS, comin with bag of tricks and
pretty chicks
In control of my whole stroll, know I got nuff soul
A brother got bold, but he dug a hole
Instead of a victory, he got e-victed, B
I'm not pressed, I'm on a (Peaceful Journey)
Lock like a bad lock, gotta make ya head bop
Not Fred Flintstone, but I make the (bed rock)
Rock to the rhythm, hell is what I give 'em
I'm really sick and tired of the isms skizzisms
Check microphone check microphone check it out
Hev's got the huns half the brothers love to talk about
Skeeze me (WHAT?) Tease me (WHAT?) Do a dime please me?
Rub-a-dub-dub, it ain't easy
Flex if you're flexin, sex if you're sexin
Things are goin on in the Heavy D section
Microphone check one, microphone check two three
You can't see what I can see

You can't see what I can see!

"You're blind, baby! You're blind from the facts" -

Here I go, here I go, here I go again then
With a grin-grin, I might bag Rin Tin Tin
Emergency run run, dial 911
The H-to the E-to the A- to the V- to the Y, wants a
honeybun
Yes I am, yes I am, the big belly man
Hot damn, here I am with the mic in my hand
Abracadabra-ic, silk my favorite fab-ric
Hun had fun, she was done, readin Moby Dick
Me and my crew played a game called Flipper
When we come around, you better tighten up your zipper
I'll rip shreds in bed, Jack the Ripper
Yes I drink Coke, but I'm not a coke sniffer
Mac daddy-o, on the patio, sippin tea with Sweet'n'Low
when I lay low, they hollerin, "Where they go?"
Hev says peace to Big Kev in the barbershop
Can't forget Mike, Faze-O, and Scott
Twist and turn, long and yearn
You had your turn, now it's my turn
Microphone check one, microphone check two three
You can't see what I can see

Yes, on a smooth tip, the Overweight Lover
I'm on ya radio and on ya magazine cover
Drink Coca-Colo, remain the rhyme solo
Like fancy clothes and once in a while, I sports polo
Drinks in the house, there's a stunt on the couch
with a blunt in the mouth, check it out, check it out
Peace to all the Nubian sisters, who be in

Twists and turns and Uptown doobiens
Follow the leader, UH-UH! I got the fever, UH-UH! UH-
UH! UH-UH!
I'm burnin up like a heater
Microphone check one, microphone check two three
You can't see what I can see

[Chorus and ad-libs 'til end of song]