

# U Can't See Me

Juvenile

Now you can't hang around, my crew or my clique,  
Especially if you ain't about no gangsta shit,  
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Especially if you ain't about no gangsta shit

Kirby's round the corner playin' bones with Russ,  
I'm waitin' for my bitch to get off of the bus,  
She told me she could make it to my house by twelve,  
So we could get it on, just amongst ourselves,  
She came to, I had a blunt to blow,  
After that, I'ma be ready to fuck this hoe,  
I ran up in it for an hour or so,  
Put her back in the bus and took a route to the store,  
Picked up some brew for the rest of my crew,  
And a couple of cigars for a blunt or two,  
Headed for the D.J. Way on Teledonna,  
Now this area was all about drama,  
Hoes was sweatin', I had my shades on,  
Ready to put the dick on any bitch that I played on,  
Now what's the haps with you and your clique?  
I don't think you want no more gangsta shit,  
Mo I can roll, I'm just a baller from the South,  
Ready to knock any muthafuckin' pussy out,  
I got bitches on the side wanna ride with nine,  
But don't understand the way that I kicks the style,  
But I'm a flexor, to riggedy-wrecks-a nigga from the Nolia,  
I'm goin' out everytime when I kick I'm like a solja,  
Niggas don't understand the way that I flow,  
The fliz-no is slow, so check this out bro

I kicks the shit that make them niggas say "ooh",  
That'll make them hoes say "Yeah, that must be that nigga Juv",  
I'm from the, wild side of the city,  
What a pity, I'm wild, like a muthafuckin' crazed Frank Nitty,  
I'm not the old days nigga that's comin' with the gats,  
Nigga where you at? Nigga where you at? Nigga where you at?  
Give me a bag of powder, watch me twitch,  
I might go crazy and wanna kill in this bitch,  
I seen a lot of niggas talk shit about me,  
But don't know a muthafuckin' thing about me,  
So keep my name outta your mouth and you just might just don't see the glock  
,  
POP everytime I see your ass on my block,  
Shop close for the hoes, that used to think that Juv would trick,  
But bitch how you feel? Cuz you ain't got shit,  
Niggas wanna play these games and don't know,  
That I am the wickedest one you know bro,  
I'm just a nigga from off the side,  
So what's up? I'm bout to rock in the house, right?  
Microphone check one two, now what's the haps?  
It's time for me to put my neighborhood on the map,  
I'm from the neighborhood of the wild Magnolia,  
Home of the killas, the trillas, the soljas,  
Droppin' muthafuckas like an everyday habit,  
If I see your fine, sexy bitch, I'ma stab it,  
Comin' from my head, my skin tone is red,  
Ready to put the muthafuckin' black boy to bed,

I ain't never was afraid of no war,  
Cuz where I come from, we snort powder and we roar

I'm in the Nolia, lookin' for the Poppers,  
Took me a hit off the blunt, then I spot her,  
Hoe that I know, bout twenty years of age,  
A pepper-red bitch with extensions in her head,  
Now she was the type to put you in a plot ball,  
Her last old man done got his head knocked off,  
But fuck I want the pussy so let's see what she's about,  
She gave me the phone number and the address to her house,  
I passed by late, she stayed on South Mero,  
Walked in the door with my three eight zero,  
Popped on that ass, got her nothin', I was outty,  
Now she calls me sayin' how she feel about me,  
"Come back to me, Juvenile, I'm beggin' you please",  
"Won't you just come back to me, Juvenile, I'm beggin' you please",  
Now, if I was King, just imagine that shit,  
I'd have the Queen back smackin' that bitch,  
Now drop to your knees and kiss, and you tease,  
Of that, hell of a guy Mister J-U-V,  
I want riches, fuck bitches and them hoes,  
No better than a sweater, fella, cuz I won't let her,  
Hoe blow my head off, and take me off ground,  
Knowin' inside that a bitch could bring me down,  
Juvenile let a hoe trap me?  
That ain't the hamp, I'm on the map ayyo I'm in the house,  
And I'm on the map G