

# They Can't See Me

J. Rawls

Medic! Medic! A, yo, that's what they yelling!  
Their hearts done stopped pumping, son, and ain't no telling  
What that kid gone do now, is that him writing texts?  
What the?! I didn't know that son was ambidextrous  
With the beats and the rhymes  
Plus he said it on time  
And listen to that groove  
It's raw with no refined  
With "Boom-na-na"..  
Yeah, that's how we did it  
Rolled the loop, and kick in the snare, and then he lit it  
Now you're brain's on drugs  
Introducing J. Rawls  
He makes the beats for ya'll  
And now he got the gall  
Like, Who he think he is?  
Like maybe Mos, Sans, and Kwa..  
Ain't wrote no damn lyrics since the days of my man, Ra  
But he still move the crowd  
To the next universe  
And ain't no chaos in this verse  
But you gotta let it soak first  
Before you knock it  
But listen to you rock it  
And once that rhyme settle up in your dome  
Just buy the album when I drop it  
But it ain't like that  
I'm just statin' my case  
I been touching Ts and marks [????] since I tied my first shoelace  
So listen up! Cause, son, the rhymes about to start  
So sing the chorus with me, cause that's my favorite part  
Come on:[Chorus - repeat 2X]  
Who they want to be like?  
They can't see me!  
Who they tryin' a' be like?  
They tryin' a' be me  
Who they want to be like?  
They can't see me!  
Tryin' a' be like.

They can't see J. Rawls Who they want to be like? That's what I thought  
Expected Sands on the mic, son, but, yo', you got caught  
By them brothers united, and we're not Bling, Bling  
And ain't no stretch Hummers and stuff  
We just doin' our Thing, Thing  
With the nine to five; man, I'm trying to stay alive  
And, yo, this rent payment is due, and ain't no checks from Jive  
Or, maybe, Tommy Mottola, or even Arista Corporation  
I just do this stuff for fun, I do this stuff for Jason  
Or maybe Joe Sikes (Peace son!)  
So I can take it up a little higher  
Put two weeks in on the job or maybe even retire  
And I just got here, but I'm still working like I'm starving  
And working my ass off, but it's getting kind of hard and..  
So maybe the next time you see me I'll be talking about Bling, Bling  
But I'll be giving to the org instead of wearing them diamond rings  
Or, maybe, buying equipment, so I can perfect my craft  
Making phat ass beats for Sands; so he can, keep spitting that math  
So check for Book of Acks [???], and peeping the Lone Cats  
But don't be expecting too many more of these damn Rawls raps  
Until next rhyme, remember this moment in time  
With that "Who they want to be like?" Cause that's my favorite line Chorus 3X

Songwriters

JASON RAWLS Published by

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