

Can't C Me

2Pac

The blind stares
Of a million pairs of eyes
Lookin' hard but won't realize
That they will never see
The P(You must be goin' blind)Give me my money in stacks
And lace my bitches with 9 figures
Real niggas fingers on nickle plated 9 triggas
Must see my enemies defeated
I catch them
While they coughed up and weeded
Open fire
Now them niggas bleedin'
See me in flesh
And test
And get your chest blown
Straight out the west, don't get blown
My adversaries cry like ho's
Open and shut like doors
Is you a friend or foe ?
Nigga you ain't know ?
They got me stressed out on Death Row
I've seen money
But baby I got to gets mo'
You scream and go
'2Pac'
And I ain't stopping'
Till I'm well paid
Bails paid
Now nigga, look what hell made
Visions of cops and sirens
Niggas open fire
Buncha Thug Life niggas on the rise
Until I die
Ask me why I'm a Boss Player gettin' high
And when I'm rollin' by
Niggas Can't C MeThe stares of a million pairs of eyes
And you'll never realize
You can't C MeBeen gettin' word that these square motherfuckers with nerves
Saying they can get with us

But picture me gettin' served
My own mama say I'm thugged out
My shit be bumpin out the record store
As if it was a drug house
My lyrics bang like a Crip or Blood
Nigga what ?
It ain't nothing but a party when we thug
And there I was
A young nigga with heart
Ain't had shit to loose
Pullin' my pistol on them fools
You know the rules
D-R-E you got me heated
My words like a penitentiary dick
Hittin' bitches where it's most needed
Money and weed
Alize and Hennessy
To my Thug niggas in lock down
Witness me
Bail on these ho's in floss mode
The life of a Boss Player
Fuck what ya thought tho'
My enemies deceased
Die like a bitch
When my album hit the streets
Niggas Can't C MeNiggas Can't C MeThe stares of a million pairs of eyes
And you'll never realize
You can't C MeWhich way did he go George
Which way did he go
Which way did he go
Which way did he goYou niggas made a mistake
You should've never put my rhymes with Dre
Them Thug niggas have arrived and it's Judgement Day
Hey Homie if ya feel me
Tell them tricks that shot me
That they missed
They ain't killed me
I can make a motherfucker shake
Rattle and roll
I'm full of liquor
Thug nigga
Quick to jab at them ho's
And I can make ya jealous niggas famous
Fuck around with 2Pac and see how good a niggas aim is
I'm just a rich motherfucker from the way

If this rappin' bring me money
Then I'm rappin' till I'm paid
I'm gotten green like I'm supposed to
Nigga, I holla at these ho's
And see how many I can go through
Look to the star
And visualize my debut
Niggas know me, player
I gotta stay true
Don't be a dumb motherfucker
Because it's crazy after dark
Where the true Thug niggas see ya heart
Niggas Can't C Me

Songwriters

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