

They Cant 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

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