

# 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 Me

The stares of a million pairs of eyes  
And you'll never realize  
You can't C Me

Been 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 Hennessie  
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 Me

Niggas Can't C Me

The stares of a million pairs of eyes  
And you'll never realize  
You can't C Me

Which way did he go George  
Which way did he go  
Which way did he go  
Which way did he go

You 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 getten 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