

U Can't C Me

Juvenile

[Chorus]

Now you can't hang around, my crew or my clique
Especially if you ain't about no gangsta shit
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[Verse 1]

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 ho
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

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[Verse 2]

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 every time 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? 'Cause 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
'Cause where I come from, we snort powder and we roar

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[Verse 3]

I'm in the Nolia, lookin' for the Poppers
Took me a hit off the blunt, then I spot her
Ho 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, 'cause I won't let her
Ho blow my head off, and take me off ground
Knowin' inside that a bitch could bring me down
Juvenile let a ho trap me?
That ain't the hamp, I'm on the map ayo I'm in the house
And I'm on the map G

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