

# 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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