

Got My Eyes On You

Styles P

Konvict, Konvict
(I got my eyes on you!) You got your eyes on me
Get, hit with the thing, try to ride on me
(Said I got my eyes on you!) You got your eyes on me
Get hit with the thing, try to ride on me
(I got my eyes on you!) You got your eyes on me
Get, hit with the thing, tryin to ride on me
(Said I got my eyes on you!) You got your eyes on me
Get, hit with the thing and try to ride on me

I can't be humble - e'rybody bougie and industry
But me, I'm in the concrete jungle
Where rap about your cash'll get your mouth bloodied up
Run in your house, real late, you and your wife buddied up
I can't afford to rap about no cars with no 24's
Shorties on my block is real, hard with they 44's
I know some teenagers, that'll strip you like a female
Take your jewels off, when you get your car detailed
Sell it half price, like they got it on retail
Put you on the ocean floor, right by the seashells
They all got the look, like they'd ride on you
Take it easy young boys I got my eyes on you

I got my eyes on you!
And I'm posted on the corner with that thing on my side
Said I got my eyes on you!
It's a message to them stick-up kids, don't even try
Used to be a bad lil' shady nigga just like you
And I pop that ass one by one, plus two
Got my eyes on you!
Along with my whole squad ready to ride, yeah

Where I come from, you don't get caught slippin
You don't get caught trippin
Cause if you fall down then it's "Off with him"
Another one off in the wood box
Man'll get revenge cause that's how the hood rock
Mighta been different if, he had a good pops
The war go, on every day but it should stop (should stop)
And them killers gettin younger and younger
I guess it's the hunger, so they cockin back and takin you under
And shorty got his eyes on me, I got my eyes on him
I know the look so I'm a ride on him
I'm a catch his ass slippin then slide on in
It's a pool full of sharks, boy dive on in

You know I keep the thing on the corner
Them shorties on the block is real wild, you make a move you a goner
Moms gon' be a mourner, family gon' be pissed
You should know how it is, you raised on the G strip
Grams to the bricks, O's to the pound
And the strap and the clip is for, holdin it down
Get a hole in your shirt, or your hat knocked off
Cause them shorties got gats and they thirsty to pop off
The nights is short, the days is long
I blame the crack-head parents that raised them wrong
My dutchie is long, my haze is strong

I keep my eyes on you, it's the Ghost and 'Kon

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(Got my eyes on you!) You got your eyes on me
Get, hit with the thing and try to ride on me
I got my eyes on you