

# Eyes of the Lord

Wiley

Yo, in the eyes of the lord  
Ain't no fraud  
I've swung my sword  
Chopped the mic chord  
Because I'm the mic lord  
You are the mic fraud  
I'm on the aeroplane, doing real mic tours

Just for the record, I'm back with a better CD for your ears  
Back with a better CD for your peers  
You ain't done a better CD in years  
Why? Because your work rate's low  
Me, you can call me the work rate pro  
Because I work all day till the cows come home  
You've been resting since cows left home  
Just for the record, I'm better than your best MC by miles  
Check my bars, they fit together like tiles  
Hurricane kicks way better than Guile's  
I'm a decade ahead, check out the miles  
You're a decade behind, that's a lot of miles  
Some call me wile, some call me wild  
Some people live their life with smiles  
Opposite, might be a hard phase  
Fronting, looking for my heart place  
Might've had a harsh taste of living the life in the harsh place  
The way you're living now, you wanted to be the last place  
I understand clearly, almost lost it nearly  
Everybody goes through heartache  
I'm full time, can't do it half way  
Wanna do a full one, yet you do it half day  
If you wanna see talent, come around our way  
Got spitters on the corner, spitting  
They do it for the love life, me and my past days  
Them days that you press on better days  
You rest and you ain't even better than your last days  
Fix up, because I'm looking at my last pay cheque  
And right now I'm approaching star gate  
Check me out because I'm who the stars [?]  
The level I'm spitting's too high for ya  
No bligh for ya, I wanna cry for ya  
Sound low, wanna turn up the mic for ya  
You wanna swing, I'll put an end to your hype for ya  
It's not "stop that, start that", ever you doubt me  
Never, because I'm not a breader on the mic for ya  
Pic up the mic, and I spray what I write  
For the crowd that I'm hyping up  
You better lighten up  
Your level of spitting is too low for me

Go away, you wanna bring a shit flow to me  
You're not road to me  
Can't see 'em on the same stage  
Because you don't do the same shows as me  
To match your level of spitting is old to me  
See through you, can't act cold to me  
I'm like [?], I can do it overly  
The beats I make are like gold to me

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I got beats in my computer  
And when they land road, everybody's gonna lose their mind  
Promoters wanna do a club night just for the ravers  
Think quick, losing mind  
Cah when it's choosing time  
Got two bookings at night, moving nine  
You can never say I'm not moving grime  
See me in 09, it's moving time  
Step out the car, brand new jacket  
Brand new [?] jeans, too [?]  
It's life, living the dream with few [?]  
In the booth, main [?]  
When I'm in the [?], I breathe to life  
When you're in the studio, you bring a heat and knife  
And it's equal rights  
So I ain't bothered if you do it, because I'm equal, right  
Flying like an eagle high  
They should put me in a sequel of Eagle Eye  
I've got my vehicles right  
Couldn't be me if you tried  
Got me seeing the time  
Say you're a g but you lie  
And your whole crew got fried  
Served up, bread deals, too sides  
Keep the back when I shave two sides  
One level the same on all sides  
More trainers, more money  
Next house, next ride  
I flew above up so we can't collide  
You're stuck in the ends, can't see past your ride

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