

N Yo Eyes

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Rap cat like that
Top of the line freak i gotta get scratch
Don't waste time on a rat
Mickey Mouse hoes step back, Mickey Mouse hoes step back
I'm in high pursuit for a prostitute
In my baby blue suit, In my new leather boots
The game gets sticky, wanna know about mines?
I live my life through your car Alpine
Don't talk back, Hoe you thick
In this club hoe who u wit?
Holla back don't be fake like fruit
I spits my game if I think you cute
I talk about the? wit Sug or EQ
Anybody else well I don't know you
You love that freak 'cause she dress real fresh
She says goodnight but she don't rest
She might say daddy after 12 AM
Don't even play bitch go ahead pay that pimp
Roll around the bay bitch get that bread
In call, out call freak go ahead
You can even walk down San Pablo
Let a playa tell you whatcha mind don't know
I'm Fillmoe down everyday
I might laugh bitch but I really don't play
Roll my whip, spit my gift
Bitch holla back, but don't talk back
I can see the hoe lust N Yo Eyes
You got it past him but couldn't get it past I
I dress like Cody Jarret when I gotta knock sumin
The beats start bumpin when the freaks start humpin
Bring home sumin, don't make no mistakes
Why you talkin to the suckas buyin you drinks?
They lookin for a dream you lookin for the cream
Holla at me freak yo Khan na mean?
You can realize but you're a bit surprised
I can see a picture frame N Yo Eyes
I see Van Gogh, I see Picasso
I also see a rap cat from Fillmoe
That's a nice style let me lace your boots

This game is so official like a referee's whistle
Chicago, Fillmoe, Milwaukee
O-A-K, Frisco Bay, hey... Area Bay love Mac Dre...

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>