

Eye 2 Eye (feat. Takeoff)

HUNCHO JACK, Travis Scott & Quavo

Murda on tha beat, that's not nice
Real nigga, I
Get high, touch the sky
Right hand in the air
Left hand in the pot
Real nigga, I
We see eye to eye
Real nigga, I
We see eye to eye
Yeah, yeah (yeah)
I see green in your eyes, it don't lie (it's lit)
Blew dollar bills in them hills to the sky (cash)
We with the flow and dash
And all of my hoes, they goin' cash
Over that, 'bout they mad
I know the problem, yeah, yeah
Eye to eye (yeah)
Choose to Dubai (yeah, yeah)
I could see that they jealous, don't know why (ahh)
Is it 'cause we lit at 4 a.m. at the spot?
Put that on your tongue, wait for the swag to unlock (yeah)
If you searching, coming for us (alright), over the border (it's lit)
We import 'em (yeah), just don't record us (straight up)
Poppin' at the crib then live it, run it like the foreign
Roll the dice at night, I take the chance in the morning
Nah mean?
We ain't really with that camera shit
Nah
We fuck up for real, for real, for real
We fuck up the check for real (checks)
We havin' a lean inside, it's the percs, she havin' the X pill (lean)
We know how to flex for real
We hop on a jet, the time we kill (pew)
These niggas be ridin' and chasin' money
Wrong, signing deals (ye)
I got Patek Philippe (ye)
And I bought a skeleton (ice) (ye)
I'm a deadly weapon (ye)
I'm about to go off in a second (vroom)
Moving bricks and medicine (bricks)
She like to fly, pelican (brrr)
Touch the sky, heavenly (sky)

Designer belt from the Netherlands (yeah, yeah)Real nigga, I
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 We see eye to eye
 Yeah, yeahI see green in your eyes, it don't lie (green)
 Blew dollar bills in them hills to the sky (yeah)
 We with the flow and dash (skrrt, skrrt)
 Know my hoes, they goin' cash (skrrt, skrrt)
 Over that, 'bout they mad
 I know the problem, yeah yeahReal nigga, I (I), pop a perc' and fly (brr)
 Crack that ceiling, take a whiff and I come back alive (live)
 Niggas commit suicide when they don't got mob ties
 Flip it like it's Five Guys, I'm 2Pac, get all eyes (all)
 Look at the bitch, she a dime
 So many watches, a nigga can't run out of time
 They get out of line
 They gang in your yard but they strapped like the Uber driver with the sign (brrt)
 I've been known to tell the truth for my rapper
 These other rapper tell lies (lies)
 Real niggas keep the trap alive
 Ain't no fabrication on the vine (let's count)Real nigga, I
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 Know my hoes, they goin' cash (skrrt, skrrt)
 Over that, 'bout they mad
 I know the problem, yeah, yeah (yeah)Skrrt, skrrt
 Skrrt, skrrt

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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