Eyes Up (Instrumental Mix)

Slum Village

Fake niggas, talkin' shit about me and my click
What to do, what to do, what to do?
Keep ya eyes up
Where you at, where you at, where you at
Come on, come on, come on, come on
Keep ya eyes upT3, keep yourself, respect Allah
Jay Dee, don't do no parties for free no lie (aight)
Baatin levatatin up in the sky
SV, got they eyes on the prize well uh
SV, got they eyes on the prize well uh
SV, SV huh, uhOne on one, havin' some fun, in my master suite
Two is better than one, lets make it a master piece
You love it when my crew say we from the D
You love it when my crew say we work for apathy
I hate it when these motherfuckers player hate me
Motor-bot, the executioner of wack emcees
Motorbot makin sure niggas is casualties
Juggernaut, you can say my crew will never be soft
SV, we the type of crew that never fall offEyes up
Where you at, where you at, where you at
Come on, come on, come on, come on
Eyes upJay Dee, don't do no parties for free no lie (aight)
Jay Dee, don't do no parties for free no lie (aight)
Jay Dee, don't do no parties for free no lie (I said aight)
Where you at, where you at, where you at
Come on, come onSay, (huh)
My jam knocks, we knockin motherfuckers out they damn socks
Remastered it's the S of the Pad Lock
Been makin money, I been had a fat knot
Been loopin up the shit to make ya head nod
You say (what) my jam knocks
You can hear me coming off the damn blocks
Since a kid I ain't never played wit damn blocks
And I was never ever known to cock block
Like jealous niggas that must wanna get socked
Them niggas make me wanna cop a damn Glock
You say, say, say (huh) my jam knocks
These ladies know, Jay, can make the bed rock
Be hittin like Bam Bam, in Bed Rock

Compare the S to gators we them big blocks
We stir fry mutherfuckers like a damn wop
Rock and rule niggas like my man Mop
So when my band rocks, watch the bands flop
You say (h-huh) my jam knocks
You can say the S is the soul shock
The soul shot known to make 'em shell shocked
When devinous cats used to pop locks
I steal, when I used to pop locks
The S twist shit up like a dred lock
You say (h-huh) my jam knocks
You say (w-what) my jam knocks
So keep yaEyes up
Where you at, where you at, where you at
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon
Eyes upT3, keep yourself, respect Allah (aight)It's like again y'all
Uh huh, uh huh, one, two
It's like again y'all
Uh huh, uh huh, one, two
It's like makin money's critical
Rhyme written, lyrical
Some emcees will never know
What we keep on giving and
Makin music beautiful, and we keep delivering
Y'all niggas to the fall
And I ain't forgivin it, I should do some ill sh, like, like
Break your ligaments, then you would be feelin shit
Known to be doing shit, and if you do some shit
Know who you fuckin wit
Never fuck around with the click
Don't fuck around wit the click
You might get ya melon split
Uh huh, again y'all, uh huh, one, two
It's like uh huh, again y'all, uh huh, one, two, it's likeEyes up
Where you at, where you at, where you at
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon
Eyes up

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