

Eyes of a Killer

Master P

Posted on the block getting paid with the locs up
Everybody in the hood just as smoked up
So I just walk with my locs on
And get my motherfucking set get it going on In other words I see a fiend in the motherfucking park
You know I'm serving 'em in the dark
But I don't because I pack a fucking dis 9
You know the God damn turf is all mine Sometime niggaz hall in the streets
But I don't run from the po po police
I got fiends in the back instead of the front
I'm selling 20's and dimes and even crum And motherfuckers better low, 'cause I gotta get it
I got a nine motherfuckers so deal with it
And get a beat from a fiend every fuckin' minute
I wear a bulletproof vest so, nigga, go up in it And I don't give a fuck if niggaz can't stand me
I'm on the turf motherfucker selling candy I got candy, crack cocaine
Hold them thangs in my hand, 'cause I'm the dope, dope man
I got candy, crack cocaine
Hold them thangs in my hand, 'cause I'm the dope, dope man I see tweakers when I walk
Chase a nigga through the park
Grab my fucking nine
And keep them dope fiends in line I got candy, oh yeah, I can crack cocaine
I'm the dope, dope man
I got candy, yeah, oh yeah, crack cocaine
Hold them thangs in my hand, 'cause I'm the dope man I got candy, hell yeah, we got the crack cocaine
Hold them thangs in my hand
I got candy, it'll keep a nigga on a run
But I pack a gun, 'cause I got candy

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