Night Vision

Guru

When the sun goes down and the moon comes up
You can see a lot of things if you look deep enough
It's all aroundThe city skyline, in the nighttime, be the right time, to ball out
Who's the real pimp, gangster hustler, you call out
Is it him, is it him or is it, Dukes over there?
Real recognizes real, so yo, no one cares
The chief executive mack, in so deep you can't imagine
I've seen the beatdowns, the gunfights, plus the paddywagon
See daddy with his pants saggin', pushin whips that's too fly
Switchin' up to a suit and tie, ladies say he's too cute to lieAnd none of my girls, wanna, talk to you
Plus, none of my boys, gotta, talk to you
'Cause when you see me, they'll be somewhere in the cut
And you can't be me, so nip that weak talk in the butt
The party's crowded, and everyone, is showin' love
Whassup, what's the deal, how's things holdin' up?
The smooth dude, that moves through, with the utmost precision
Truly a wiseguy, seein' life with my night visionSee that young blood, comin' down the street
Don't be hypnotized by the stride of his feet
Pickpockets, streetwalkers, number runners, hustlersLots of ladies, wanna, check me out
And lots of haters, wanna X me out
I got more style than Gucci, Louis or Prada
Drop more jewels on you, than your uncle or father
Once this envious kid, was temptin' me kid
To stoop down to his level and cold empty his wig
He was mad 'cause his girl wanted up in my world
I looked the other way, and she was still, stuck in my worldAiyyo, baby wants to run with me, come with me, have fun with me
I be the man when I'm dipped, or in a t-shirt, and dungarees
I overheard her man, that was screamin' in her ear
While I nodded to my peeps, who was schemin' in the rear
If he's gon' flip, he's gonna, find out quick
That I stroll with a click, and we roll mad thick
He shook my hand and laughed it off, that was his best decision
We keep it tight aight? Hangin' out, with that night visionI bust into this night club, I can see you perpetraters
Passin' out your BID'ness cards wearin your knockoff gators
Pimps, heartbreakers, dumb-ass Johns
You got to make a decision, to go witcha instincts
And rely on your night vision

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