

# N Yo Eyes

## Andre Nickatina & Equipto

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

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