Fire In Ya Eyes (feat. The Game)

Cyssero

[Sample:]
Love is as well gone
As sunny sunny days[Hook x2: Game]
Yeah I'm addicted to slugs
I can tell by your pearl handle you know how to treat a thug
I see the fire in ya eyes every time we hug
and I know sometimes you just wanna be rubbed, I'm in..[Sample][Ya Boy:]
Yeah!
I know you don't like the word mama
But you my bitch. That's how it is..
HeyI see the fire in ya eyes half evil half sexy I
Love to take it down every night if ya let me I admit
Baby girl I have my eyes on you
Hopin that one day I can flip the pies on you
Since you down south show you what that rock could do
Come back rich, yeah nigga that's my proof
I, hold the gauge you can hold the twenty-two
Nigga run up on Ya Boy baby you be shootin' too
Fuck Bonnie and Clyde mama, we much deeper
Ya Boy love dough and you the toppings on my pizza
The heater to my ether, my beautiful senorita
And I knew you was my bitch from the first, moment I seized ya
And just like, every blunt needs some green
Every gun needs a beam, every thug needs a queen
She suckin me up, I be sippin the bub
Had to pinch myself, nigga, I think I'm in.. I'm in..[Hook x2][Cyssero:]
Shit.. Fuck.. That's how it go..
Lemme show ya man.. ?? .. That's my bitch man.
First time I held her, the first time I banged her
First time I made her bust, first time I aimed her
Me and her the oh six (06) Bonnie and Clyde
And I call her Nino Wesson when there's drama she ride (ah ha)
And it's gutter hell, it's just me and my bitch
Like Ready to Die, track number twelve
Yea that's wifey: sexy, chrome and black complexion
Got me gettin erection
She chill on my hip, when I play the strip wit her
Show her how much I love her when I stick my clip in her
I get chips and dip with her

Then the shit'll get ugly if I'm doin ? wit her
Menage a toi, double the action
Real street niggaz know I be double the slappin
And to my main squeeze, believe me
The Fire in ya eyes, will have me squeeze on a man Eazy[as in Eazy-e or Lil' Eazy e][Hook x2][Game:]
Night after night..
lookin through that glass window wishin you was mine
Wishin I could hold you..
Just wanna squeeze the life outta you..I remember in '96 when we met, you got the best of me
I had an appetite for destruction, you had the recipe
Told me the last motherfucker chose his destiny
One in the head, execution style, so I'm guessin
He ain't know you was special, misused you and abused you
Put his hand around your neck, squeezed harder when you refused
To open your mouth, give him everything you got
I see the fire in ya eyes and in a nigga the shot
I guess what I'm tryin to say is that I like you a lot
You let me hold you like he hold you we take over the block
Go from the dope spot to the CL drop
You like it I love it, now me and you callin the shots
Remember yesterday when we rocked
You told me you wished you could've been there when Pac got knocked
Tonight we goin to the range, that'll get you hot
Wear your pretty dress, the one with the infrared dots
I'm in..[Hook x2]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/