

# Eyes Up

## 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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