

Code Poets

"Dark Green Eyes"

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[Off Topic]

Put some good highway miles on the Cherokee Jeep
Take it to South Street
Stare at the freaks
Blaring my beats
And free-styling, I don't care who's eyeing me up
They're all silent
With the windows up
They're all quiet
Damn near ten years
Since we locked lips
I feel like that was my last kiss
Because I been half-hearted, everything, ever since
Hindsight shows evidence I might have been a bit sick
So I turned out more innocent chicks
Than legitimate pimps
I'm not lying when I tell them I'm not trying to be in it
For the long term
Some understand and some never learn
I'm no lady killer
I just happy taking my turn
Except for this girl
She's not perfect by any stretch
But I can't reach the pedestal to try and topple the bitch
So there she sits
Idolized out of her league
It's all too obvious after the fact
Why she would up and leave my ass
Had enough mental issues for psychology class
And a tight grasp
Choking baby girl to her last
Guess I wasn't man enough to stand up face facts
Now I'm sitting back on the past
And if I saw her in the street I'd probably walk on past
'Cause she don't know me from a stranger anymore
The J. Moore she fell for is no more
But she may like this hip-hop, Off Top, 12-bit lifestyle
I'm on

[Off Topic]

I became We became I

It was in a dream the last time I saw dark green eyes
that were like mine
I was too young to hold on
A fading memory that I've chased for so long

[Off Topic]

Now I'm an adult
I got faults, but I don't weep
I got solids, liquids, and gasses that help me go to
sleep
Who's got the container?
I got some currency
I could trade ya
Write a sad, sick, stalker poem to a tenth grader
I'm losing sleep on it, even ten years later
This goes beyond pathetic, this is psychotic behavior
Yeah I moved on, but I moved back
I don't know why
I guess a happy memory for me
Beats being empty, tearing out my insides
That was last time I ever cried
Even when my grandmom died
'Cause it's '97, and I'm college-bound
To a school that I don't want
Mom's promises were a front
And dad is a sociopath
Pulling my strings
Never took a chance
Never didn't pass
Took a suicide jump from the top of my class
But I bounced off the pavement with a head full of raps
And spent the next couple of years perfecting my craft
Kept it from the people who would get in my path
Til I came out so raw that I scared them cats
First I would create it, then I'd murder a track
Then something went and pulled me back
Maybe I just never found anything as good
Because I made myself believe I never would
Never felt so high or low again as far as I recall
Truth is, I never really felt again at all

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