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Cream

"Private Eyes"

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Yo Key-Love, check these hizzes I just came up on man Come on over here man, know you wanna get busy with this here

[Kool Keith]

Yo nah man, I got my binoculars on, zoom Check out in this buildin, this honey is gettin undressed She don't even know I'm watchin, check it out..

[chorus] Private eyes.. private eyes..

[sung Intro]

Look at you honey, you're lookin good girl Don't you see me lookin through your window Oooh, baby, get outta here over here baby You, I loooove I love to, climb up in a tree Get a good look, closer up, don't you see me (Keith, get your camera ready) Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

[Kool Keith]

With equipment ready, my thirty-five millimeter Minolta I snap flicks of chicks prime thickness catch perfect night twilight Kodak exchanges, you're caught with strangers For the self-entertainment I make arrangements Adjusting focus here, stand there I got the best view, just you, my target, your G-string All booty's in the air Clear pictures, raw adventures Developin some progress, already you undressed Psychadelic background, me with oils You pull your panties down in your own privacy

[singing]

And I'm lookin lookin lookin in your private eyes.. Peekin through your windows, babe Private eyes.. you're lookin gorgeous.. oooh Private eyes [Kool Keith] Yeah There I am, black mask, cape, naked Leather striped motorcycle boots The phenomenal Bronx entertainer, private show solo Binoculars in my window Peepin Tom, I'm watchin you do the (?) sheer lingerie My telescope's on you every day Apartment house, you don't know Six-three, or six-T It could be my boy downstairs in three-B Erotic rubbers for lovers; three-way peekaboos You run and change your shoes, elastic boots beyond your knees You see me on the elevator every night, I smile, peace

[singing] Private eyes.. yes.. private ey-eye-eye-eyes Peakin into you, baby.. Don't you see me, lookin through your window Here I come, into your bedroom baby Oh yeah, (?) on zoom, ohhh Console I keep it close.. to you, babe

[Kool Keith] No pager no phones I know you're home I see you cookin in the kitchen Silk robe, as you roam back and forth As I stand birthday suitless Blow kisses with wishes I wanna approach, I'd rather watch live Night steams with dreams I beam in your face Lights out, you can't see Private eyes exchange, between you and me..

Private eyes..

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