

[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-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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