

Grave Digger

"Keep Your Eyes Open"

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Intro: (*interpolation from "Pulp Fiction")

The path of the righteous man is beset on all sides by
the inequities of
the selfish and the tyranny of evil men. Blessed, who in
the name of the
charity and goodwill, shepherds the weak thru the
Valley of Darkness, for
he is truly His brother's keeper. And I will strike down
upon thee with
great vengeance and FURIOUS anger, those who
attempt to poison and destroy
my brother. And you will know my name is the lord
when I strike my
vengeance upon thee

[Makaveli] Let us pray my nigga, for we definitely have
sinned

Chorus:

Keep your eyes on your money and the cops, nigga
If you ever, figure, to be a bigger nigga
Gots ta keep your eyes on your money and the cops,
nigga
If you ever, figure, to keep livin, nigga

Verse 1:

It's time for you to feel the real born ridaahs
Lowdown, Bustop and Flipside shotters
Down for Johnny Clown cos they ass out-of-bounds
Hit em up and lay em down
Cos the shit y'all be doin, we done already done
The war y'all tryin ta win, we done already won
We ain't on the same place or the same foot
>From jackin to rappin, it's Steve Mack and the crooks
>From the eastside of Wotts, West Coast of the border
where the real gangbangers do them drive-by
slaughters
Off the lick and weed, cocaine mixed with speed

Quick to pull a trigger, break ya down to your knees
Motherfuckers kill for anything where I come from
Sayin "Fuck tha police!" on them one-on-one's
For me, I'm not a follower, I'm a leader
I got this tailor-made, Paul bait Peter

Chorus: (x2)

Gots ta keep your eyes on your money and the cops,
nigga
If you ever, figure, to be a bigger nigga
Gots ta keep your eyes on your money and the cops,
nigga
If you ever, figure, to keep livin, nigga

Verse 2:

This ain't the life I chose, to be a hoss
Stressed out, and stranded on Death Row
But sooner or later, I knew it fall in our face
and we don't give a fuck about you niggas cos y'all
hate us
You're haters, like the Gators, we ain't bustin our heads
Puttin it down on this grass, yellin "Fuck the Feds!"
Cos they don't wanna see us, they were nada (What
you doin Flip?)
Flipside checkin the hood, and our black girl's are
hotter
My grammar, is slender, rehearsed it, like Santa's
smokin Havana's, like Tony Montana
In 1998, the world is ours
As ghetto stars, *?every matches and raches is cars?*
An eye for an eye, fuck with me and you will die
It's '97, say hi to my one eye
Brace AK when you see the D-K-K
or the T-T-P, we're off the way ????

Chorus (x2)

Verse 3:

Under this black trenchcoat, I keep a fully for you
bullies
I'm comin for you first before you niggas try to do me
Too many niggas died, loaded not, focussed high
Reachin for a piece of that pie in the sky
>From the best to the worst, don't get caught up in
drama
The Grim Reaper revives and leave a message with
your momma
Revenge is set, I'm double back into the killers

You know who they was, when hesitate to pull the
trigger
Your whole part is fraud, they tied you up with your kids
Flashbacks on life and all the shit that'cha did
Take nothin for granted, you're on this planet to win
What goes around, comes around again and again
Cos nowadays, you gots ta keep ya eyes open
I bet this thang show you motherfuckers I ain't jokin
Are niggas down for beef? For when it's time for war
I'll be kickin down your motherfuckin front door

Chorus (x4)

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