

## Master P "Eyes Of A Killer"

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Posted on the block getting paid with the locs up  
Everybody in the hood just as smoked up  
So I just walk with my locs on  
And get my motherfucking set get it going on

In other words I see a fiend in the motherfucking park  
You know I'm serving 'em in the dark  
But I don't because I pack a fucking dis 9  
You know the God damn turf is all mine

Sometime niggaz hall in the streets  
But I don't run from the po po police  
I got fiends in the back instead of the front  
I'm selling 20's and dimes and even crum

And motherfuckers better low, 'cause I gotta get it  
I got a nine motherfuckers so deal with it  
And get a beat from a fiend every fuckin' minute  
I wear a bulletproof vest so, nigga, go up in it

And I don't give a fuck if niggaz can't stand me  
I'm on the turf motherfucker selling candy

I got candy, crack cocaine  
Hold them thangs in my hand, 'cause I'm the dope,  
dope man  
I got candy, crack cocaine  
Hold them thangs in my hand, 'cause I'm the dope,  
dope man

I see tweakers when I walk  
Chase a nigga through the park  
Grab my fucking nine  
And keep them dope fiends in line

I got candy, oh yeah, I can crack cocaine  
I'm the dope, dope man  
I got candy, yeah, oh yeah, crack cocaine  
Hold them thangs in my hand, 'cause I'm the dope man

I got candy, hell yeah, we got the crack cocaine  
Hold them thangs in my hand

I got candy, it'll keep a nigga on a run  
But I pack a gun, 'cause I got candy

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