

Safire

"Slip Into My Eyes"

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Saafir talking:

Yeah comin' wit that heat
I can't hear the beat
Ayyo Tone whats that man?
Turn that up

Saafir:

Now these r the eyes of a player
True to the layers of the game it's plain and simple
An instrumental in life
Driven' to keep my mental tight
Refined and chain and caged in pain
Its microphone season, hey!
I can shock the rain
I exercise my extra eyes to keep my bones breathing
Ghetto bred but balanced to keep from falling off the
ghetto edge
I got my eyes from hustlers who made scratch from
snatching lakes
And could peep all your flavor before the after taste
They never taste they eat.but never words in they
speech
Always embrace whats deep
Tweaking off your paper this entices freaks its unheard
of
So in this herd of cattle I prattle prime beef
I see millions politic with reef through the revolution
Dry land flows, scandalous type
quick to spot a snitch trapped in the pitch black
Feel the intro, peep the playalistically divine and slip
into minds

Chorus

Saafir: Slip into my eyes (3X)
Ladies Singing: Slippin' away,U got me slippin' away
(3X)

Saafir:

And you will if your optical skill is low level

Then lay back in this cold ass world of colorblind gray
cats
And vivid pictures I see the sick getting sicker
Niggaz dissin they own blood just to get richer
Snail Niggaz wit the escargot rhyming style.. ugh!
Real rappers coming out aint no more rhyming foul
Ill be hurt when I see my real folks snorted out
Blowing all the work till u broke
Look now you done it
Twisted in jail with diverging
With a monkey in your stomach
Bail way more than 800
Three striking out, trynna win with the bullpen of
gorillas
Pimps killers and Niggaz that say open your mouth
and stick a tool in it
Freaks that never speak and stay wetted
With the fetish rabbit ass.hoes that sell their souls for
cabbage
You can ask tone like a grandfather
holding eyeglass frames I'm serious
Slip into my eyes if you feeling dis

(Chorus)

Saafir talking:

These are the eyes of a player,
True to the layers of the game

Saafir:

I'm an image without an image but you can't see that
I know its hard, When you trynna get a cameo from the
start junkyard
Trynna fulfill your character with the self came fill
No skill.trynna get a meal ticket, But you aint wicked
U aint paid the price, I'm trynna have more days
than the first and fifteenth fuck paradise
I'm paradise is being shaken (rattling noise)
Every time the president awakens in the winter
connect with my weather team
From Oakland to LA to Mount Verna-Lini
Who I never scene, a murder scene
Yellow tape reshapes my fate
Faces racism my own sisters, setting me up
Cuz they love the taste of sums gism
Ancient ass 5-0-1 denim devil blues
Visions through the prism of another level fool

chorus (5X)

Saafir in background saying, slip into my eyes..imma

hustla!

(Fades)

slippin away

u got me slippin away!

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