

## Dayton Family "Eyes Closed"

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Shoestring:

Shoestring's on the comeback, bust you bitches up off  
my threads

Motherfucking feds raid my shit I put that head to bed  
Been running from the law, been rocking war from my  
hideaway

Fuck them bitches, hittin them switches perfin as I ride  
away

Be quick for pulling your piece and slip like grease and  
there's a deadly

War

The bitches they call me shoestring, the niggas they  
call me skeletor

Walkin up to your doorstep, creepin up from the back  
bitch, the killer of

Your dope deal

The killer that left that package and that body in the  
driveway

Murdered them on a friday

Scooped up the yea, the pay and headed back for the  
highway

Put the coke on the floor, hand over the dough

My hat is cocaine white and the feds think it's blow

So they pullin me over ? ? ? honkies checkin my  
suitcase

Somebody want to wet me up

The feds are tryin to set me up

Reachin for my pistol grip, I'll pop it til I drop these hoes

Try to stop the click, we'll beat your shit and leave this  
bitch with your

Eyes closed

Froze, I'm creepin up on you with that fuckin missle  
30 oz six shotgun shells, all he heard was fuckin  
whistles

Fuckin up your tissue, pack your pistol and riot pumps  
This motherfucker thumps, so none of my enemies  
jump

So motherfuck your cookie crew the avenue be rollin  
through

Its all about the money bitch, what the fuck you wanna  
do

Niggas wanna grab they balls, show they teeth like they  
jaws  
You niggas have more periods than the motherfuckin  
pussy walls  
So what the fuck you talkin bout, rappin ain't no thang  
to me  
You buster ass bitches ain't really what you claim to be  
We can throw them thangs, play the same and I'm  
gone bust your nose  
Try to stop the click, we'll beat your shit and leave this  
bitch with your  
Eyes  
Closed.

Bootleg:

Consolidated, suckers assassinated subliminal  
criminology  
Actually rippin for salary it's no formality  
To be a tragedy, body rip for raggedy, dogmatically  
Financially money's the mission  
Motive the means, bodies for fishin  
Intuition got me trapped like quadafi erasin your posse  
for a hobby  
Dead bodies in lobbies dealin with the veteran  
In your head like excederin, better than medicine  
Curing viruses hard as caluses  
Head wounds by 30 inch, givin paralysis, track record  
like dallas  
Competition is missing, being stragled from angles  
In position by magicians like mathematicians  
I'm stackin digits and figures on petty niggas  
Lemon squeezing mc's with platinum triggers  
I'm deadly like storms in arizona  
I make my living on corners, by turning niggas into  
organ doners, fuck  
Diplomas  
Haven't you ever heard of a killa, we can go eye to eye  
Cause with your eyes closed is how you die  
Say goodbye to the bad guy, am I my brother's keeper  
Reefa makes me creaper, hoe put him in a sleeper  
So watch yourself, watch your step for these bullets ? ?  
? ?  
But couldn't creep away from it's death  
One of my niggas died, it was his time murder ain't  
jokin  
Flashes and blashes reading him dead with his eyes  
open  
Since we ain't no dummy, takin the aim and bust him  
Now the nigga was trusted, the friendship than rusted,  
but fuck it

I rather be behind guns than in front of bullets  
Bullseye all in my face by a nigga who ain't scared to  
pull it  
So he's drinkin 40's pullin ? ? ? ? wishes  
Open fire on snitches killin all the death wishes  
Get the picture, I never shot a man when he was runnin  
Pistol barrell in his face so he see all the bullets comin  
Cash in chronic ? ? ? /  
Informer drug holder  
Bitches in love, niggas catch slugs between they  
shoulders  
Green shit that I'm foldin make niggas think that will  
hold them  
But they don't wanna jack trigger with mr. empty the  
clip  
I flip on the scripture like I'm apostle  
But stick to the script, cause this is real nigga gospel  
Until my mission's accomplished, I'm gone be hostile  
with a bottle  
Didn't have no role model, so I live like fuck tomorrow  
The path that I chose was to roll with my og's  
Killers and creepers who never sleep or dose  
Fuck with us be leaving with your eyes closed  
Its mandatory I'm wishin to catch a nigga like a  
transmission  
Straight up slippin with his eyes closed  
And in my hood ain't no sightseeing  
Fuck with us, who knows where you might be in  
Only police will be lookin after the hearse roll  
And ain't no catchin a crook, so you'll be leaving with  
your eyes closed

Watch your back, I'm creepin from the blind side  
Another nigga dead, another fuckin homicide  
211 187 better call for back-up  
I'm a get to flyin heads, once I load my mac up  
Crackheads crack up, bitch niggas back down  
We ain't scared of shit on the north side of flip town  
Dayton avenue is where I'm from to be exact  
It's all about survival, tryin to get some more crack,  
right back  
Before you catch a barrel to your dome g  
If you with somebody else, than you and all your  
homies  
Come one come all nigga ain't no hoe up in my gang  
Got no time for lames and I'm a stay the same  
I'm criminally insane, givin pain is what I do  
Catchin you in plain view, makin sure your ass through  
Money and the power, bitches in the door  
Grippin on a nickle plated 44  
And you'll be leaving with your eyes closed

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