

ZinG

"Eyes Wide Open"

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V1: Passion of the Christ and, clashin' of the Titans. I'm passionately writin', Bible in my right hand. Kamakaze smashin', Maseratti crashin', Papparazzi flashin', and constantly they askin'... Questions of irrelevance, lacking in intelligence. They're passing off the precedence, but that's just what it represents. The motive is loaded with quoted words they promoted, their soul, they sold it, corroded, it folded, surely imploded. But hold it...

Hook: Eyes Wide Open (I got my) Eyes Wide Open (I got my) Eyes Wide Open. They oughta be, they gotta be, cuz everything aint what it seems.

V2: I got my eyes peeled, like apples or potatoes, and my head keeps spinnin like I'm trapped in a tornado. Laughin' at the same old, when it happened to be fatal. Now it's time to play some catch up (ketchup), like you're smashin a tomatoe.

They be like "ZinG man you got it all wrong. We only say it, cuz they play it in the song." But I can see, that they already got you drawn. It won't affect you? Well we'll see, it won't be long. Dig a little deeper, then it's hard to fall for them lies. In Paris it's all gravy, so I guess we call 'em french fries. Amazing, how crazy, we bite when Jay-Z says praise me. But I'm weedin out the wack, with a quack, I'm Donald pickin' a Daisy. Cuz it goes back to the Garden, where sin had us fallen. I'm in need of a Saviour, and it's Him that I'm callin. When it comes to the alternative, I'm chuckin up the deuce. See there's only once I'm choosin' so it's Duck, Duck, Goose!

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