

2Pac F/ DJ Quik, Outlawz "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 its 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 its 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 its 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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