

## **The Red Chord "Pray For Eyes"**

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I am the mayor.  
Don't play games.  
I will scoop you.  
I was a man back when you were a child.  
Don't you dare talk on me I'm on some real shit.  
Get back in your cell and pray for eyes.  
There is no more room for you left in my mind.  
Nothing beats the original.  
From grove hill to uphams corner,  
Crack a biscuit.  
Say hello to the sports coat.  
Watch what you say and where you throw your shit.  
It's a beautiful day for a broken wrist.  
When you get to be my age you do what you can.  
Another day in the life of the original grown ass man.  
You can't top the original because he is the superman.  
The devil has my tongue and I'll prove it.  
Co-you ain't shit.  
It's a beautiful day for a broken wrist.  
Who are you? Who are you? You ain't shit.  
Pray for eyes.  
Get back in there.  
Pray for eyes.  
You can't beat the original.  
Take that down from the wall.  
A true warrior of the cell.  
I'll tell you what I'll do.  
Sir I'm knee striking you.  
I'll take you to the hole.  
You're dead.  
You're dead.  
You're dead.  
Try to calm yourself.  
You're dead.  
You're dead You're dead.  
I'll tell you what I'll do.  
Sir, I'm knee striking you.  
And don't think I'm afraid.  
Because I'm coming back fifteen deep-  
That's how the fuck I roll.  
Try to calm yourself.  
You're dead.

You're dead You're dead.  
I'll take you to the hole.  
You're dead.  
You're dead You're dead.  
It's all for nothing.

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