

## Dre Dog & Equipto

### "N Yo Eye's"

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[Andre Nickatina]

Rap cat, like that

Top of the line freak, I gotta get scratch

Don't waste time on a rat

Mickey Mouse ho step back, Mickey Mouse ho step back

I'm in high pursuit for a prostitute

In my baby blue suit, in my new leather boots

The game gets sticky wanna know about mines

I live my life through your car Alpine

Don't talk back, ho you thick

In this club ho who you wit?

Holla back, don't be fake like fruit

I spits my game if I think you cute

I talk about the izm with Sugar EQ

Anybody else well I don't know you

You love that freak cause you dress real fresh

She said good night but she don't rest

She might say daddy after twelve A.M.

Don't even play bitch, go and paid that pimp

Roll around the Bay bitch get that bread

In-call, out-call, freak go 'head

You can even walk down San Pablo

Let a player tell you what your mind don't know

I'm Fillmoe down everyday

I might laugh bitch but I really don't play

Roll my whip, spit my gift

Bitch holla back, but don't talk back

I could see the ho lust in yo eyes

You got it past him but couldn't get past I

I dress like Cody Jerrett when I gotta knock somethin

The beats start bumpin when the freaks start humpin

Bring home somethin, don't make no mistakes

Why you talkin to the suckas buyin you dranks?

They lookin for a dream, you lookin for the cream

Holla at me freak yo Khan nah mean

You can realize bitch a big surprise

I can see a picture frame in yo eyes

I see Van Gogh, I see Picasso

I also see a rap cat from Fillmoe

That's a nice style let me lace your boots

This game is so official like a referee's whistle

Chicago, Fillmoe, Milwaukee, O-A-K, Frisco Bay  
Hey! Area Bay love Mac Dre

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