

Eimear Quinn

"All Eyes on Me"

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[Intro]

Now if you gonna' be in this game and from the looks
of things
It looks like you been made your mind up about that
You got to realize that this is a loosing game
Drugdealers don't have pentions they don't end up with
retyring funds
And they don't end up with big house on the hill
They end up dead or wishing that they were

[Littles]

Yo my pops packed up and left
I turned out to be a thug nigga
Momma's telling me boy you just like him
You're a gangsta I'm a gangsta too the shit we friends
Coming in the crib eyes low fucking with that hydro
Grandma telling me I'm smoking on dope
My attitude is changing motherfuckers I'm living
dangerous
A straight A student cutting school I'm getting money
now
Junior high I pulled up in that AC-Coop
Back then was like a six hundred drop
I got weed, cocaine in the form of rocks and the glock,
I'm balling
Fuck with my money man shots burst of nigga you
falling
Everybody rap talk what they never did
Ninetyfive raw sixtyone seventy
I'm afraid of Bryan run and check the rap sheets
Raides, carjaggings atempt for police
The boy don't clap heat
I used to ask now I demand respect
Without a deal 30.000 sold moved out the projects
Ask around in New York who's fucking with me
(All eyes on me)

[Chrorus]

I'm next in line motherfucker (Until the day I rest)
Queensbridge is mine nigga (I gotta sleep with a vest)
I go show theese motherfuckers how to do this (I'm rich)

I do not stress)
I don't stress nigga, stress
(All eyes on me)
That hammer burst man (Until the day I rest)
I got my own I'm try to pull out (I gotta sleep with a vest)
I got my own I'm try to pull out (I'm rich I do not stress)
Ask around
(All eyes on me)

[Littles]
Yo money, guns and women introduced me to the fast
life
I could have been a doctor, lawyer or judge
Instead I hugged the streets like searching for love
Momma's friends don't like me so they label me a thug
Now I'm getting money all the neighbours wanna show
me love
I'm hated by many and hugged by more
I'm here to crack the gates and bring the streets to the
doors
A thug nigga who represents criminals and drug
dealers

[Chorus]
I'm next in line motherfucker (Until the day I rest)
Queensbridge is mine nigga (I gotta sleep with a vest)
I go show these motherfuckers how to do this (I'm rich
I do not stress)
I don't stress nigga, stress
(All eyes on me)
That hammer burst man (Until the day I rest)
I got my own I'm try to pull out (I gotta sleep with a vest)
I got my own I'm try to pull out (I'm rich I do not stress)
Ask around
(All eyes on me)

[Littles]
Yo You getting money I'm getting money we can merge
in force
I'm hungry old money shots are rain through doors
When I was young grib the gun sick of waiting on santa
claus
Shots popped and we be cocked every hammer toss
Ain'y nothing funny about the grins on my side
Every day a horse passes somebody else dies
Another momma crys jelousy is blind
Retaliation is a muscle of the sunlights
Ain't no stopping at them stopsigns
In another G's hood for real you can jack and kill
Yap for your shine nigga smack with guns
Left for dead before the cops come hours at the shots

run
No traces when them picks come
Put my first gun from tripping ty maxx
Fiend and the pop something
Home after five years shot three times whats next
I sleep shit fucked with a gun in a vest

[Kovon]
I'm the realest motherfucker that you'll ever see
A real motherfucker is all I can be
Any street any coast I'm still a G
(All eyes on me)
I'm the realest motherfucker that you'll ever see
A real motherfucker is all I can be
Any street any coast I'm still a G
(All eyes on me)

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