

## Gang Related Movie

### "Keep Your Eyes Open"

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The path of the righteous man is beset on all sides by  
the inequities of

the selfish and the tyranny of evil men. Blessed, who in  
the name of the

charity and goodwill, shepherds the weak thru the  
Valley of Darkness, for

he is truly His brother's keeper. And I will strike down  
upon thee with

great vengeance and FURIOUS anger, those who  
attempt to poison and destroy

my brother. And you will know my name is the lord  
when I strike my

vengeance upon thee

[Makaveli]

Let us pray my nigga, for we definitely have sinned

[Chorus:]

Keep your eyes on your money and the cops, nigga

If you ever, figure, to be a bigger nigga

Gots ta keep your eyes on your money and the cops,  
nigga

If you ever, figure, to keep livin, nigga

[Verse 1:]

It's time for you to feel the real born ridahs

Lowdown, Bustop and Flipside shotters

Down for Johnny Clown cos they ass out-of-bounds

Hit em up and lay em down

Cos the shit y'all be doin, we done already done

The war y'all tryin ta win, we done already won

We ain't on the same place or the same foot

From jackin to rappin, it's Steve Mack and the crooks

From the eastside of Wotts, West Coast of the border

where the real gangbangers do them drive-by  
slaughters

Off the lick and weed, cocaine mixed with speed

Quick to pull a trigger, break ya down to your knees

Motherfuckers kill for anything where I come from

Sayin "Fuck tha police!" on them one-on-one's

For me, I'm not a follower, I'm a leader

I got this tailor-made, Paul bait Peter

[Chorus: (x2)]

Gots ta keep your eyes on your money and the cops,  
nigga

If you ever, figure, to be a bigger nigga

Gots ta keep your eyes on your money and the cops,  
nigga

If you ever, figure, to keep livin, nigga

[Verse 2:]

This ain't the life I chose, to be a hoss

Stressed out, and stranded on Death Row

But sooner or later, I knew it fall in our face

and we don't give a fuck about you niggas cos y'all  
hate us

You're haters, like the Gators, we ain't bustin our heads

Puttin it down on this grass, yellin "Fuck the Feds!"

Cos they don't wanna see us, they were nada (What you doin Flip?)

Flipside checkin the hood, and our black girl's are hotter

My grammar, is slender, rehearsed it, like Santa's

smokin Havana's, like Tony Montana

In 1998, the world is ours

As ghetto stars, \*?every matches and raches is cars?\*

An eye for an eye, fuck with me and you will die

It's '97, say hi to my one eye

Brace AK when you see the D-K-K

or the T-T-P, we're off the way ??

[Chorus (x2)]

[Verse 3:]

Under this black trenchcoat, I keep a fully for you bullies

I'm comin for you first before you niggas try to do me

Too many niggas died, loaded not, focussed high

Reachin for a piece of that pie in the sky

>From the best to the worst, don't get caught up in drama

The Grim Reaper revives and leave a message with your momma

Revenge is set, I'm double back into the killers

You know who they was, when hesitate to pull the trigger

Your whole part is fraud, they tied you up with your kids

Flashbacks on life and all the shit that'cha did

Take nothin for granted, you're on this planet to win

What goes around, comes around again and again

Cos nowadays, you gots ta keep ya eyes open

I bet this thang show you motherfuckers I ain't jokin

Are niggas down for beef? For when it's time for war

I'll be kickin down your motherfuckin front door

[Chorus (x4)]

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