

Mathematics f/ Eyes Low

"Juscantluv"

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[Intro: Eyes Low]

Yeah, Eyes Low, my man Pazz up in here
Mad Man Rem, I'mma lay it down, you know how we is
Arch Nemy, heh, I'm holdin' this for the night, feel me
Huh, let 'em know, hit 'em

[Eyes Low]

I'm ain't livin' in the past, I'm livin' the present
Like a ribbon on a present, when deliverin' this smash
Count figures on my stash, weapon on my waist
Cool expression on my face, brown liquor in my glass
Stop scheemin' like you want it, 'for I give you what ask
Cuz no one sweep us down, to put a nephew in his
place
I'mma red you in the space, stick him in the trash
Just a victim of a crash, when I left him in a race
Now let's get back to the cash, ruinin' careers
And as long as you don't know me, I've been doin' this
for years
So bump homo herbs, with lo-lo words, we strapped
Minolo birds on dodo birds, we packed
That fo-fo bird, that don't throw curves, relaxin'
Coco herbs, my row go swerve, reaction
Now I'm back and I'm ready for war
Ride out, time to settle the score

[Interlude: Eyes Low]

Bring it on, ya'll, hah
Yeah, it's where ya'll count me, yeah, feel me
Eyes Low, I'm in the bing now
Back then, get down, lay down, whatever
We clappin' niggaz off, we backin' niggaz off
Feel me, man, my man Mathematics, he in there with
me
We all here together, type Southside, 32nd, for life,
man
Feel me, dog, I'm doing it, Queens, Jamaica, baby
You know what I'm reppin'

[Eyes Low]

Aiyo, ya'll rap muthafuckas better label me a problem

Cuz once I get stable on a label it's a problem
The name's Eyes Low, I'm a lyrical God
Drop knowledge, like I'm ghostwritin' lyrics for God
The time's up, prepare for a pain in the ass
LB Fam, Killa Queens, got this game in a smash
That smoke queen, sold crack, never made it to class
Stole whips, faded and crashed, got paper in stash
Everybody wanna know if me and Vegas'll last
You say what you clash, haters hate, stay in the grass
Faggot niggaz takin' raw dick, straight in the ass
While I'm stackin', sippin' on Jack's, straight in the glass
My mom's raised me, like fuck guns, you better without
it
Til I got my first pistol, now I'm never without it
Made the hood seem I'm real, so I've never been
doubted
All ya'll trash rappin' homo niggaz, never been bout it
The chain's surrounded, lookin' for a vet til he found it
I'm the reason why your chain going, and let you sip
fountain
I've never ammounted to shit, ounces and flips
Reloadin' the clip, cuz on the strip, get cheddar and
countin'
I'm an addict, used to live, and live to use
With a milli that ya'll play, I never lived to use it
Been a winner since my gone day, ya'll live to lose it
Against the odd, my mob play against the rules, nigga

[Outro: Eyes Low]

Tryin' to let ya'll know how we do, man
Feel me baby, feel my world, I'm bringin' my world to
you, man
Alcoholics, buddha heads, real niggaz
Hoes, prostitute, we all in it together for one rule
We tryin' to get this paper, baby, feel my energy, God
Zone off my energy, zone off me
Eyes Low, you know how it be
The God Mathematics, man, layin' this down
2002, 2003, we takin' it there, one

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