

Michael Jackson % Band Aid

"Private Eyes"

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Yo Key-Love, check these hizzes I just came up on man
Come on over here man, know you wanna get busy with
this here

[Kool Keith]

Yo nah man, I got my binoculars on, zoom
Check out in this buildin, this honey is gettin undressed
She don't even know I'm watchin, check it out..

[chorus]

Private eyes.. private eyes..

[sung Intro]

Look at you honey, you're lookin good girl
Don't you see me lookin through your window
Oooh, baby, get outta here over here baby
You, I loooove I love to, climb up in a tree
Get a good look, closer up, don't you see me
(Keith, get your camera ready)
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhowww!

[Kool Keith]

With equipment ready, my thirty-five millimeter Minolta
I snap flicks of chicks prime thickness catch perfect
night twilight
Kodak exchanges, you're caught with strangers
For the self-entertainment I make arrangements
Adjusting focus here, stand there
I got the best view, just you, my target, your G-string
All booty's in the air
Clear pictures, raw adventures
Developin some progress, already you undressed
Psychadelic background, me with oils
You pull your panties down in your own privacy

[singing]

And I'm lookin lookin lookin in your private eyes..
Peekin through your windows, babe
Private eyes.. you're lookin gorgeous.. oooh
Private eyes

[Kool Keith]

Yeah

There I am, black mask, cape, naked
Leather striped motorcycle boots
The phenomenal Bronx entertainer, private show solo
Binoculars in my window
Peepin Tom, I'm watchin you do the (?) sheer lingerie
My telescope's on you every day
Apartment house, you don't know
Six-three, or six-T
It could be my boy downstairs in three-B
Erotic rubbers for lovers; three-way peekaboos
You run and change your shoes, elastic boots beyond
your knees
You see me on the elevator every night, I smile, peace

[singing]

Private eyes.. yes.. private ey-eye-eye-eye-eyes
Peakin into you, baby..
Don't you see me, lookin through your window
Here I come, into your bedroom baby
Oh yeah, (?) on zoom, ohhh
Console I keep it close.. to you, babe

[Kool Keith]

No pager no phones I know you're home
I see you cookin in the kitchen
Silk robe, as you roam back and forth
As I stand birthday suitless
Blow kisses with wishes I wanna approach, I'd rather
watch live
Night steams with dreams I beam in your face
Lights out, you can't see
Private eyes exchange, between you and me..

Private eyes..

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