

Pacewon & Mr. Green

"The Eye Of A Needle"

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[VERSE 1: Pacewon]Cold days,
Long John, snorkelEyes scopin all new heads that walk
throughStick-up kids, narcs and them auto squad
Newark
dudesCustomers and new chicks to talk toMoney in my
pocket, the hustler's loveYou can't knock it,
first the re-up, then the profitNext is me shoppin
for a cute new droptop to hop inCandy apple,
let's get it poppinOr maybe it's midnight blue,
let's get it crackinBathing Ape fashion,
mall-to-mall dashinChick to chick skippin,
trippinEight thousand dollars on champagne,
sickeninEyes pop right out the sockets,
locked on what I'm dipped inLike I'm the Highlander
and this is the quickeninSporty like the Thievz,
I got PigeonsLike Milk and Giz I'm Top-BillinWon[
CHORUS
]It's been a long time comin,
I seen a lotta evilFelt a lotta pain and I lost a lotta
peopleDid a couple things that I really didn't need
toHurt a couple people that I really didn't mean toI
could turn time back I would treat 'em regalMatter
of fact, I'd treat everybody equalThen my world might
just be so peacefulAnd I wouldn't view it through the
eye of a needle[VERSE 2: Pacewon]Chancellor and
Union
like Crenshaw and SlausonThere's more Bloods here
than
Red Sox in BostonOne came through with a semi-auto
flossinMy boys didn't
hesitate to let one run across himNow (?
) but look what it almost cost himHis moms,
grandma and his friends almost lost himWe had him
runnin
more fast than Steve AustinHe didn't wanna do it,
somebody prolly forced himI hope he told that
somebody
that I'm awesomeThe .380 stay in the whip as a
precautionA
nine-m stay in my grip for any horsinAround,
in a showdown, clown, I'm takin yours,

sonA little quote from Kane,
Big DaddyI walk up and down the block with six
baggiesLookin
for the customers headed to mel hope I won't have to
leave a brother dead in the streetYou know[CHORUS
][VERSE 3: Pacewon]My life is like a sitcom with
Mac-10s and Uzis gettin gripped onLittle teenage
bitches
gettin they strip onBy the day,
by night gettin they trick onLittle teenage niggas
gettin they flip onLong tee hidin which gat the hip
onWhich hip the gat on, each beat I rap onJust another
platform for me to yap onPeepee and crap on,
(?) and slap onFreak-leak and mack on,
sneak, peek and snack onSee me get back on beef,
speak and snap onMr. Green made 'em just for me to
crack onTo explain how I used to get my jack onAnd
how I've changed to where you hear it in my rap
songExtend
my hand and get my dap onDo like Martin Luther King
and get my black on[CHORUS]

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