

Close Your Eyes

Tech N9ne

All the wicked ways that people showed us
When evil came away, it made it so rough
Whenever I was down and try'na go nuts
'Cause with other people there was no trust
You was right beside me ready to load up

I'll be your faith when there's no one left to trust
I'll keep you safe when the wolves are at your door
Even half alive, in your paradise
Keep your faith in me and just close your eyes

When they tried me, you was always right beside me
We go back like super receded hair lines even before Auntie Ivy's
Whenever they was stepping slyly and pretend they solid, hella smiley
You were the one that came and helped me highly
That one that really had my back entirely
When they tried to run afoul on me
And all the evil tried to pile on me
I never had to face a trial only
Back in the day and all the way up to now homie
If any hating mental seek us
They are greeted with the missile we bust
In the street, homie never miss a beat
When it's deep like a triple D-cup
Whenever the people are coming to brawl Tech
You are the one I'ma get up and call next
Never no faking, they better be ready for taking incredible aching
I'm taking the sake in for y'all death
Nothing for N9na to dread truly
I can lay down in the bed smoothly
I'm so comfortable with you beside me, and I remember the words you always said to me

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When they violated, you made sure they were annihilated
Never was a time that I awaited your arrival when the demons migrated
Remember when they tried to jump me, I wasn't worried, I was hella comfy
I knew that you would be the thing that could back 'em up and make 'em do the humpty
You a soldier, hold ya right next to me with ogres
Try me, knocking something off my shoulders
You yelling, wake 'em all up like some Foldgers
Such a friend standing with the poor kid
With you here to see the short lived
Really believing that the Lord gives when the heat is hella hot and scorches
This one goes out to the friend needing no clout
Make 'em all wanna roll out when the heat is coming out of your mouth
They really gonna need a surgeon, a doctor, but not Julius Erving
When I'm emerging, I'ma be purging with my Glock .50 cal conversion
Then I'm swerving

I'll be your faith when there's no one left to trust
I'll keep you safe when the wolves are at your door

Even half alive, in your paradise
Keep your faith in me and just close your eyes

With you next to me I can close my eyes

Eyes

And have 'em nice sleep in, quite deep, for the intruders I load a surprise

Eyes, eyes, eyes