

MC Lyte, Eyes Are The Soul

He knows he's leaving, not much time left
Holding on to his very last breath
I saw him last week, nervous and uptight
Losing sleep, stays up all night
Wishin he woulda used his mind and not rushed
to push in the bush but took his time
to get to know the girl he slapped skins with
shared needles with
Wish he could go back, change the direction
But now he's got the infection
I spoke to him, gave him inspired words
I'm sure he's heard
live by the sword, die by the sword
What's left, pray to the oh Lord
You can deny but the truth will unfold
because the eyes are the soul