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