

# Sunz Of Man, Strange Eyes

\*\*\*Chorus: 60 Second Assassin\*\*\*

Strange eyes keep on watching me  
I see those strange eyes keep on watching me  
Strange eyes keep on watching me  
I see those strange eyes keep on watching me

[Blue Raspberry]  
(Strange eyes...)

If things don't go we can work it out  
When problems occur we can talk it out  
Niggas all round up for another fight  
They round up tight trying to get that money right  
I'll be happy when I see the stress is gone  
But the devils won't let 'em learn right from wrong  
When I wake up, get up and get it straight  
If I don't do it now, it might be too late

☐\*\*\*Chorus: Blue Raspberry\*\*\*

☐\*\*\*Chorus: 60 Second Assassin\*\*\*

[12 O'Clock]

You right, see?  
What's up, nigga? Let's go steal a coup  
and practice kung fu on the roof next to the pigeon coup  
and keep the stack like the big boy Cadillac  
Forty eight tracks, got my voice on the DAT  
Samurai style for them niggas actin wild  
and them jealous motherfuckers throwing boo's in my crowd  
Steve Rifkin feel 'em proud, Wu made it loud  
Now them nine can't relax, Killarm' throw swords on tracks  
Unite my Kingdom, Family Royal  
When Brooklyn Zu saw you, it's a Sunz of Man jam  
Allah, be the black man, '97 banned  
Prob'ly million fans, niggas own this land

☐\*\*\*Chorus: 60 Second Assassin & Blue Raspberry\*\*\*

[60 Second Assassin, (Blue Raspberry)]

My niggas if you're uptight, time to get this money right  
(My niggas if you're uptight, time to get this money right)  
We run the million dollar scams with this bird in our hands  
(We run the million dollar scams with the bird in our hands)  
Grab save your sword from self and I swings my for delf  
(Grab your sword from self and I swings my for delf)  
Grab save your sword from self and I swings my for delf  
(Grab your sword from self and I swing my for delf)

[Prodigal Sunn]

Yo, I'm never lonely in the battlefield  
The apple they kill, official blood spill  
&gt;From Bed-Stuy, East New York, the face of Brownsville  
This sound is real, I astound, reveal  
I peal a 7 mil', addicted to dope, coke and crills  
On the street corner, they sleep on us, we keep burners  
See them lame guys with strange eyes? It don't concern us  
Bloods and Crips, automatic slugs to whip  
We quit the drug shit, now we on some music and shit  
Living this ghetto dream, settle mellow out with CREAM  
My thousand man team, samurai king, keeping our thoughts clean  
Keeping our thoughts clean, turn off your high beams

☐\*\*\*Chorus: 62nd Assasin & Blue Raspberry (x4)\*\*\*