

# Open Your Eyes

Pusha T

Op open your open your eyes,  
Look up to the skies and see  
I'm just a poor boy!  
Open your eyes  
Look up to the skies and see  
I'm just a poor boy!  
open your eyes,  
Look up to the skies and see  
I'm just a poor boy!

Seeing is believing, believe when you see it  
They saying I'm the best, sh-t, I'm just trying to be it  
They tie me to a mountain of it, I just try to ski it  
Long distance wireless Kinect like I Wii it  
W, double I, spelled so you could see it  
Cause it's way over their heads when I Ray Allen 3 it  
I'm Rondo on the Bongos, when giving you my convo  
We ain't been home since you was snatched out The Congo  
Toast to progress as I'm staring out my condo  
Made it this far and I ain't never been a tonto  
EEUUGHKK!, as you compare me to a f-cking rookie  
You can't respect the new school when you played Hookie  
Cooked white turn to tan, so the world is snooky  
School of Hard Knocks, look at where the game took me!  
To the limit like Montana with better grammar  
Bigger homes, with bigger guns and better cameras.

Open your, open your eyes,  
Look up to the skies and see  
I'm just a poor boy!

I've never pitched a penny in a wishing well, never!  
I laid it all on a fishing scale! Yes!  
And in April it hung from a kitchen nail  
Straight from my memoirs as I kiss and tell  
Big faces like Rushmore, touch more  
Flash and trail blazer transcend us, look to us for  
The next mission when the tie dries up  
With no inner vision yet they eyes wide shut!  
Fifteen years of ducking spies like us  
Confidential informers disguise like us  
Jail doesn't resignate with guys like us  
Told Wesley at the Oscars to slide like us  
Didn't listen so prison is what they did to him  
I'm counting, unscathed millions is what they hear through him  
Same principles you must have heard  
Lohan's get the breaks, the T.I.'s, we just stare through them..

Open your, open your eyes,  
Look up to the skies and see  
I'm just a poor boy!