

The Watcher 2 (featuring jay-z/rakim)

Dr. Dre

(Watcher)

Yeah, uhh, it's what I do for a livin' nigga

(Watcher)

Eat for a livin' nigga

(Watcher)

That's how I live for a livin' nigga

(Watcher)

Okay, let's do this

(The Watcher) Things just ain't the same for gangsters

But I'm a little too famous to shoot these pranksters

All of these rap singers claimin' they bangers

Doin' all sorts of twisted shit with they fingers

Disrespectin' the game, no home trainin' or manners

I was doin' this shit when you was shittin' Pampers

I was movin' them grams 'fore you, knew what a hand that hand was

Duckin' the vans, radars, the scanners Fore you knew what hard white to tame was

I was hittin' the turnpike, aight with the bammers

I was nice with my hands, cuss aight with them hammers

I was prickin' my finger 'fore you knew what a Fam was

I had it laid out 'fore you knew what a plan was

Three hundred mill' later, now you understand us

Y'all ain't see us comin' through Vegas

You ever seen so much cham' bust in one night

Grand fucked up one fight I was on the Peter Pan bus

You was puttin' Peter Pan up in your room, y'all fuckin' with whom?

Allowed me to be taught

You cowards is just now learnin' the shit that we talk

You niggaz ain't know about a Robb Report

'Bout a high speed Porsche, i.e.

You niggaz ain't know how to floss 'til I came through the door

Like 'Eric B. for Pres,' respect me in this bitch You can't disrespect us 'cause you got a little check cut

You was suckin' for so long, talkin' your little neck up

Now you too big for your britches, you got a few little bitches

You think you Hugh Hefner, you just ridiculous

I blew breath for you midgets, I gave life to the game

It's only right I got the right to be king

Niggaz that got life really like what I sing

'Cause they know is he really like, niggaz feel my pain Know the shit I don't write be the illest shit that's ever
been recited

In the game word to the hyphen in my name
J A why dash, Hoffa
The past present nigga the future, proper
The holy trinity of hip-hop is us
We give, Dre his props but that's where it stops, it's the Roc I know, you got your eyes on me, I feel you
watchin' me
But it ain't hard to see that you can't see me
You try, but what you think you saw
Ain't what you thought you saw, you bed-da off not lookin' at all Everywhere that I go, ain't the same as befo'
People I used to know, just don't know me no mo'
But everywhere that I go, I got people I know
Who got people they know, so I suggest you lay low I'm still on top of the game
Still droppin' flames, still cock and aim
Still at the top had the Roc for the fame
Over setbacks, there's been a lot since I came
You seen it all, how I got, how I gained
The momentum when it dropped, how I got through the pain
When I roll and shock, they watched me reclaim
The streets, they made a special spot for my name Dre, haters wanna stop to my reign
But the music lives in me, every drop in my vein
The pride and the pain all the way back from the rise of my name
See the world clear through the eyes of the mane
See the world cheer for the rhymes that I gave
When the beat bangs it'll drive them insane
The eyes that I played
The best to emerge in the game is The Watcher I know, you got your eyes on me, I feel you watchin' me
But it ain't hard to see that you can't see me
You try, but what you think you saw
Ain't what you thought you saw, you bed-da off not lookin' at all Everywhere that I go, ain't the same as befo'
People I used to know, just don't know me no mo'
But everywhere that I go, I got people I know
Who got people they know, so I suggest you lay low I'm 'Rated are,' my brain contains graphics thangs
It turn traumatic teens into addicts, and fiends
It's like, watchin' a movie through a panoramic screen
Which means, I can see the whole planet in the scene
Cash is the topic, the object, a fatter pocket
Some take the crack and chop it but those that haven't got it
Take away the added profit, it's catastrophic
I take the gat and cock it and I'll sit back and watch it These New York streets is ugly, I keep it gully
The world is mine and can't nobody keep it from me
Yo, my neighborhood is never sunny
In the place where the number one 'cause of death is money
You can try copin', I've seen enough shit
To leave your frame of mind broken, I'm still alive and scopin'
Be another hundred years 'til my skies close in

And I'ma die with my eyes open, The Watcher
I know, you got your eyes on me, I feel you watchin' me
But it ain't hard to see that you can't see me
You try, but what you think you saw
Ain't what you thought you saw, you bed-da off not lookin' at all
Everywhere that I go, ain't the same as befo'
People I used to know, just don't know me no mo'
But everywhere that I go, I got people I know
Who got people they know, so I suggest you lay low
Watcher
Watcher
The Watcher
The Watcher

Songwriters

Carter, Shawn C / Watson, Shari Anita / Mathers, Marshall B Iii / Young, Andre Romell / Griffin,
WilliamPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., WARNER CHAPPELL MUSIC
INC, RESERVOIR MEDIA MANAGEMENT INC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>