

# The Watcher 2 (feat. 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'  
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