

Don't Watch That

Big Brovaz

I came in the game
Displaying amazing things
Drop top whips
Ice chains and rings

The flows I flip straight
Blow your brains
I get with chicks
Don't know their names

I don't give a fuck
I ain't got no shame
I got my cash up
So I'm not the same

I'm more thugged out
But I'm not to blame
I need this one
To protect my frame

Niggers that get bread
Gotta have toasters
Or have a thug friend
Whatchin' over their shoulders

Everywhere I go, man
I roll with my soldiers
Big-Bro fool
We takin over

Don't watch were we hang,
don't watch were we bang
Don't watch were we
slang them things
Got that whip with amazing rims just for ladies not gentle men
Hear my song don't get me wrong you can admire but don't
look too long
My thing must look extra
cris cuz all eyes on me when
I'm on the strip
Looking at me like I ain't shit
Looking at my car like
it ain't my whip
But I'm fucking your
chicks like it ain't my dick
So when they're asking for their
baby daddy I ain't it - shit

So what if I twist a chick
one time then make a switch
Don't watch that
So what if I get my doe on
the road slanging bo
Don't watch that
So what if I go on the rowdy only bitches and thugs around me
Don't watch that
So what if I mac this way rap

this way and I'm from the UK

Here we come again,
things are not the same,
We now run the game
Don't watch our flow, our
dough and how it grows
and grows and grows...
You know you can't complain
we are not to blame,
Snatching all the fame
We got the rhymes the
beats to thrill
You know the deal

You don't want no trouble
You just want a bubble
Up in the club
Getta Drink, getta a double
Pull up a girl make sure
she don't snob you
You can get that if you
don't crumble
Now you feeling good
True your brocking out and that
And the base don't
fuck about and that
When you bounce you'll
be leaving out with that
Up in the draws you'll
be skinnin out the cat
If that ass ain't fat don't watch that.
Titties ain't all that,
don't watch that
Matter of fact, you should
be happy with that
Cos if it wasn't for her, then you wouldn't have tapped trick

So what if my chain iced out
bling in the club when
the lights out
Don't watch that
So what if I scoop a chick
regardless of who she with
Don't watch that
So what if my car on dubs
drop top when I pull up
at the club
Don't watch that
So what if I hang with the
G's and only thug niggas
ride with me

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Them manz Ain't ruff enough
Gimme the mic
Let me bust it up
I got da lyrical midaz touch

To shizzel my nizzel
My rhymes is tough
Plus its orginal
Every rhyme I bust I must

Come with the shit
To make the dance floor rip
Gun on my hip
But here to spit lyrics

Strictly for the Bitches
And my thug niggaz
And now we're getting riches
And I love figures

Spitting them lyrical, syllables
Thug individuals
The persona is criminal
All I need is a minute to
come up with a miracle
Big Brovaz ain't typical ripping you, stageshows are unmissable
Hitting you, with some shit
you can get into, flip a few
Bars of rap that'll get at
you man, I'm telling you

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