Watch Dem Niggas

They never realized, how real Nas, is so decisive It's just the likeness, of Isrealites mist, that made me write this A slight twist, of lime rhyme, be chasin down your prime time Food for thought or rather mind wine The Don Juan, features the freak shit, my thesis on how we creep quick, fuckin your wife that ain't so secret It's mandatory - see that pussy, they hand it to me I got no game, it's just some bitches understand my story There ain't no drama that my niggaz never handle for me My gator brand is Maurry, walkin through rough land before me where the snakes put a smile on they face, hopin and prayin I'm stuck Scopin they lay in the cut, weighin my luck Player haters play this in cell blocks and rock stages Winkin at some females cops with cocked gauges Really it's papers I'm addicted to, wasn't for rap then I'll be stickin you The mag inside the triple goose Face down on the floors, the routine Don't want hear nobody blow steam, just cream or it's a smoke screen Imagine that - that's why I hardly kick the braggin raps I zone, to each his own and this ghetto inhabitant

Watch dem niggas that be close to you And make sure they do what they supposed to do Cause you know they be thinkin about smokin you Never personal, nowadays, it's the ways (2x)

Now how can I perfect this (uhh, what) livin reckless, die for my necklace Crime infected, drivin a Lexus with a death wish Jettin, checkin my message on the speaker Boppin to Mona Lisa brown reefer, ten G's, gun and my Visa CD crankin, doin ninety on the Franklin-D-Roosevelt No seat belt, drinkin and thinkin My man caught a bad one son, niggaz is frightened Secret indictments, adds on to one seekin enlightment My Movado says seven, the God hour, that's if you follow traditions started by the school not far from the Apollo My "Fuck Tommorrow" motto through the eyes of Pablo Escobar the desperado - word to Cus D'Amato

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Some niggaz watch you (uh) see you when you think on the low Ain't hard to spot you, you swore to keep it real after you blow Three ki's, new V's, went to Anguilla with your hoe Stayed around the hood, smoothest cat, gettin the dough Them old timers, advise you to them problems that's ahead Drama with the Feds, not listenin just bobbin your head Your Roley shinin, thinkin to yourself nobody's takin mine At the same time, your hoe is gettin snatched from behind Put in the van, where's the hundred grand, script in her hand From all the ice, wouldn't you know -- you knew these niggaz all your life What made them mark you victim, you fucked up somehwere down the line now they had to target your Wisdom She took em to your place, straight to your safe You doubted it could happen sick of yappin Dump in your ride, headed to your side Puffin ganja get to your crib, can't find her Just a reminder shit and have your stash house where you crash out Coulda passed out, your coke was gone, now you assed out Dead bitches tell no lies, you should use your eyes

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Got to watch dem niggas that's close to you (uhh) And make sure they do what they supposed to do (what, hah) Cause you know they be thinkin about smokin you (mmm) Never personal, nowadays, it's the ways Watch dem niggas that's close to you (uhh) And make sure they do what they supposed to do Cause you know they be thinkin about smokin you (uh-huh) Never personal, nowadays, it's the ways (uhh)