

# Missing Watch

Raekwon

Oh shit, fuck is my watch at? Shit man, fuck  
Nah man, nah man, hell nah  
These bitches is frontin'  
The fuck the shit go?

Them drug gangstas  
Yo son, you got my shit?  
Nah, son, I ain't got ya shit  
Son, you ain't got my shit?

Nah, nigga, I ain't got ya shit  
Yo, son, my shit is gone  
Pah listen, I ain't got ya shit  
Lex you sure you ain't leave it in the

I started buggin' out, fell in the zone, half the bone lit  
Passed off, rubbin' on my ski hat, oh shit  
My blunt fell, my watch, you seen it?  
Gleamin' little young fella, he just had the stupidest look, weeded

Yo, I'm tired and stressed, hungry and I'm vexed  
And I'm flippin' 'cause these niggaz wanna play me for test  
Shit fell off ya hand Lord? Stop it, I'm eyein niggaz in they faces  
After that I'm goin' at niggaz pockets

The watch, faggot yeah, y'all niggaz got my shit  
Yo Lex we family, I helped you cop yo' shit  
Then help me find my shit  
Eye-ballin' every fake Frankie Lymon in the joint

Break out, find my shit  
Yeah, yo now I got robbed, I smell it  
Mad bitches walkin' by the fella tryin' to crochet  
Bitch spell it, listen trick, be out, bounce

Blew an ounce off of weed in the bitch face  
She pulled out two white owls  
Everybody back the fuck up, move  
Chef, you actin' like a loose cannon

Pah, with you and your dudes  
If my shit come up, cool  
Matter of fact, clack, clack, clack, clack  
Niggas pulled out tools

Yo, yo, yo, yo, turn the fuckin' lights off  
Pass the illumin' Lord, tell the DJ yo, turn the fuckin' music off  
We got announcements, we want y'all to listen clear  
We just lost about mansion in here

And yo, eh yo, if we don't get it back it's gon' be a problem  
Then my niggas gon' react and that'll be a problem  
Eighty-five thou' gone we got a fuckin' problem  
Ain't nobody leavin' alive until we find 'em

Excuse me, miss, no I ain't havin' it  
I smacked him with the four pound, bitch hit the ground

Then I stepped off, dropped out the shit  
Equipped with the dipped Courdouroy Bailey's with the cream stitch

Powerhouse biscuits that blow roofs off  
Rae watch is missin', you take ya boots off and take off those chains  
The fat fuck thought I was playin' so I started sprayin'  
Chicks hit the floor, bottles broke

The owner slid through beefin', Duke threw the toast to his throat  
We brought the noise like we here to promote  
My man don't get his shit in four or five minutes  
Yo we're leavin' with the vote

A gangsta's lotto, thirteen bodies and still climbin'  
Big shotties, bodied when they sniff body  
We did our thing too we got to the envy lobby  
Our last four or five shots we see nobody

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Eh yo, eh yo, shit got real that night  
Power grabbed him, Vine smacked him dead in his head  
(Oh shit, nigga he got a Magnum)  
Yo we all holdin', rollin'

Grab a nigga, search him if he front, fuck it, blow him  
Watchin' niggas foldin'  
The bartender got a shotgun in his hand  
Let off the wheelchair nigga got him and ran

Surround the don, full body armor automatically on  
The faggots passed off the watch and gone  
(Yo y'all niggas ain't searchin' shit)  
Yo where the big mouth at? Niggas step up

Matter of fact nigga, line the fuck up  
Nigga tried to swing on G's but he a gentleman  
Son, he dropped the dead arm but failed to see it  
Two shot G's peeled his meat

Let's see, niggas tried to front like my niggas is weak  
Corey pulled the truck up, C-4ed this bitch, blew it the fuck up  
Niggas'll use and niggas'll die in this mothafucka