

## Streets Is Watchin'

Young Money

Yeah, uh huh  
David Banner on the beat bitch  
Hahaha  
Young Money, Streets  
I'm a east sider rider, whoa kemosabe  
Bitches get to stepping like Cole, Gina, Tommy  
Pussy is a weapon and my hoes think I'm Simon  
And Simon say go and get my motherfucking money  
Young Moolah bitch, tell them hoes, take their clothes off  
And I don't hunt birds but I'll shoot you in your mohawk  
Yeah, flow nasty like coleslaw  
Call me mister no flaw  
Yeah, I sip drank and pop pills til I dose off  
Wake up, grab the mic then I go's off  
Too G for office, boss of all bosses  
Crucify rappers, nail niggas to the crosses  
I'm fresh out the slaughterhouse, blood on my apron  
We Louisanimals, watch me let the gators in  
I'm going on my paper run, a week at the Days Inn  
Icing on my fingertips, I be getting cake in  
I be getting cake then  
Watching for the rats and trying not to get snakebit  
It's that punting at your face shit  
And if you scared, you better go and see Mase bitch  
David Banner on the beat hoe  
And I beat the beat up like Dee Bo  
I got the game on TiVo  
So I guess you can say The Streets Is Watchin'  
I don't promise much but I promise you that it'll flow boy  
Name Jake but you can call me Pillsbury Doughboy  
Silence on the nine but the chopper make mo' noise  
But if the bitch scream, I'ma pop her, no noise  
Bank account top solid, Truck nice and brolic  
The rims sticking out like the shoulders on Dwight Howard  
You niggas ain't G's you gents and quite coward  
But I'll put you higher than flight pilots  
I am petrifying, The metal turn to lightning  
Burn through your clothes like an ion  
I am no american idol, no Simon Cowell  
Wack niggas throw in the towel  
I'm getting money with the rap, pay me by the vowel  
I'm hungry like a pack of wolves so I just howl  
Holla, Cash rules everything around me  
So I'ma get the money, dolla dolla bills in them hundreds  
Ugh, yo, yo yo,  
I'm a bad what? bout to get a manipulated  
I'm the big bad wolf and your granny dead  
Eventhough I'm in Mexico  
I rep New York like Plexico  
Look, switch my name, now I'm celebrating Hannukah  
Lewinski bitches, young money Monica  
I been hot since hedgehog, Sonic the  
So could you pass me the keys to the Tonica  
I mean Tonka, That's the truck bitches  
Fuck you and fuck all of you fuck bitches  
Matter of fact, put some sprinkles on my cupcakes  
And get ready to put your dimples in this duct tape

[Chorus]