

## Vixen

### "The Streets is Watching"

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Uh-huh uh huh uh  
Gee-gee-geyeah  
Baby, watchin, streets  
Uh-huh uh huh uh  
You don't have to look  
Uh-huh uh  
The streets is watching  
Check it, check  
Uh-huh uh, check

Look, if I shoot you, I'm brainless  
But if you shoot me, then you're famous -- what's a  
n\*gga to do?  
When the, streets is watching, blocks keep clocking  
Waiting for you to break, make your first mistake  
Can't ignore it, that's the fastest way to get extorted  
But my time is money, at twenty-five, I can't afford it  
Beef is sorted like Godiva, chocolates  
N\*ggaz you bought it, I pull the slide back and cock it  
Plan aborted, you and your mans get a pass  
This rhyme, you're operating on f\*ck time  
Y'all n\*ggaz ain't worth my shells, all y'all n\*ggaz  
tryin to do is hurt my sales, and stop trips to John  
McNale  
The type to start a beef then, run to the cops  
When I see you in the street got, one in the drop  
Would I rather be on tour getting a, hundred a pop  
Taking pictures with some b\*tches, in front of the drop  
The streets is watching

\*chorus\*

When the, streets is watching  
Blocks keep clocking  
Waiting for you to break, make your first mistake  
Can't ignore it

Now it's hard not to kill n\*ggaz  
It's like a full time job not to kill n\*ggaz, can't chill  
the streets is watching you, when you froze your arms  
N\*ggaz wanna test you and your gun goes warm  
Can't get caught with your feet up, gotta keep your

heat up  
Sweet n\*ggaz running 'round swearing sh\*t is sweeter  
Once you're tagged lame the game is follow the leader  
Everybody want a piece of your scrilla, so you gotta  
keep it realer  
Kidnap n\*ggaz wanna steal ya  
Broke n\*ggaz want no cash, they just wanna kill ya  
for the name, n\*ggaz don't know the rules  
Disrespectin the game, want you to blow your cool  
Force your hand, of course that man's plottin  
Smarten up, the streets is watching, it's on

\*chorus\*

My street mentality flip bricks forever, know me and  
money  
we like armed co-defendants, n\*ggaz we stick together  
Sh\*t whatever for this cheddar ran my game into the  
ground  
Hustle harder to see if indictment time came around  
Now you can look up and down the streets and I can't  
be found  
Put in twenty-four hour shifts but, that ain't me now  
Got a face too easy to trace, n\*ggaz mouths got slow  
leaks  
Had to hide between my workers, couldn't play those  
streets  
She got his face like Mercury you jerkin me? Hectic  
Had to call upon my wolves to send, n\*ggaz the  
message  
I said this: 'Let's play fair and we can stay here  
I'm trying to transform you Boyz II Men like daycare'  
Hey there's money to be made and, n\*ggaz got the  
picture  
Stopped playing with my paper and, we got richer  
Then hard times fell upon us, half of my staff  
had warrants, the other half, in the casket lay dormant  
I felt like life was cheating me, for the first time  
in my life I was getting money but it was like my  
conscience was eating me  
Was this a lesson God teaching me? Was he saying  
that?  
I'm playing the game straight from Hell from which few  
came back  
like bad coke, pimp or die, was my mindframe bad  
Was n\*ggaz thinkin simplify was turning cocaine  
crack?  
Ain't a whole lot of brain to that, just trying to maintain  
a stack  
and knock a lot like two trains that's on the same track  
'Fore I get my life together like the oars I bring back

In the bottom of the pot where no, water gets hot  
Got my transporter take it 'cross the border then stop  
Set up shop with a quarter of rock, here's the plan  
For three straight weeks, n\*ggaz slaughtered the block  
But you know the game is 'lluted, f\*cked up me and my  
dues

One drop can wipe a n\*gga out, faster than the cops  
and this unstable way of living just, had to stop  
Half of my n\*ggaz got time, we done real things  
By ninety-four became the subject of half of y'all  
n\*ggaz rhymes

Public apologies to the families of those caught up in  
my street

But that's the life for us lost souls brought up in the  
streets

The life and times of a demonic mind, excited with  
crime

And the lavish luxuries that just excited my mind  
I figured, 'Sh\*t why risk myself I just write it in rhymes  
And let you feel me, and if you don't like it then fine'  
The mindstate, of a n\*gga who boosted the crime rate  
so high in one city they send National Guards to get me  
Ya dig?

The streets

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