

Streets is Watching Soundtrack

"Celebration"

Visit "[Celebration](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[hispanic voice same as ";Intro"; from _In My Lifetime, Vol. 1_]

What you think you like me? You ain't like me

motherfucker

You a punk

I been with MADE people.. CONNEC-TED people

Who you been wit? Chain snatchin, jive-ass, maricon

motherfuckers

Why don't you go get lost

Get out of here, go kick a freestyle or somethin

[Jay-Z]

You're now tuned into the greatest

Motherfuckers can't beat us, join us, can't fade us,
hate us

Can't touch it, *fuck it*, can't see em, try to be em

Both shows sold out your coliseum, 8th Wonder

Locked rap for trey summers, poker faces with the
aces under

Face one up, to take over, the break's over

Nigga I'm the God MC, me, Jay-hovah

Shit knockin, almost a crime, get Cochran

Bangin to the hearse where my doctors hand

hot land, FBI, DEA, I did crime, got away

They wanna see me pay, *motherfuckers* better ride
if they try to plant, under the seat of my car

even a half a gram, better flame those, plainclothes

Same goes for lame hoes, cocaine rapper

Rep ya game pros

[Wais]

We celebrate this, while you sittin back screamin you
hate this

Try to rape this, get caught in my crime matrix

Spittin sperm inside of latex

You get, no respect like a child rapist

Delegate this, men just givin facelifts

Leave your melon spacious, career felon, no hiatus

nor Ceasar's, the CIA flooded my block with diseases

Informants, heating the spot up like global warming

Who start *shit*? My style is laced with arsenic

Odorless tasteless, cause of death is traceless
I know you wanna see me wasted
You call the order, I'll be in Hell
Team Roc sweater and ice water
Righteous, dominate the global, my life's a novel
blazin in Barnes and Noble, idolize the vocals
Y'all niggaz is local but that's evident
I'm Resident Evil, movin like ?

[Memphis Bleek]

Millionaire that flow like water, rap *niggaz* runnin
I, oughta applaud ya, clap at ya
Point the Mac at ya, *niggaz* caught up
Brought up in the rapture, my flows torture
like a compound fracture, can't *fuck* widdit
For the love of sex money and drugs
Affiliated with the sets Tecs honies and thugs
Let the four power, rain on *niggaz* like a spring
shower
and bring flowers for the bodies that surround us
If you was lookin you found us
Movin with speed, tried to play Superman
ended up like Chris Reeves
Parapalegic, precise minds like the Pharoah's of Egypt
Shot through a barrel *niggaz* narrowly weaved it
Keepin my Team top seeded with the Sweet 16's
bulgin out of my jeans, on the ten-speed weeded
Holdin, ? shots with you like a secret
It's like a story never told, but believe it...

[Sauce Money]

Street anthem anchor, quick to trade shots just like a
banker
Lick a round, *niggaz* hit the ground like Sanka
I got ya screwface in forty-two ways, Aim better
than toothpaste, Jerry Maguire
";Show Me The Money"; like Clue tapes
Run up in your spot with a few eights, zonin
Known men, home in, all of my homies condone sin
Four shots spin ya like chrome rims
Put a part right through your dome like the Omen,
foamin
White sheets got ya wrapped like a Roman
Back in New York, honey wants it, just spit blood and
talk funny
Niggaz is cartoons, picture styles that's fully
developed
like dark rooms, hits fat, cub with a harpoon
Heat-seekin, grill huntin, still frontin?
Keep squeezin, *fuck it*, I leave the whole street
wheezing

No *motherfuckers* hope I fail, and gotta provoke the
frail
Got em scared to drop like soap in jail

[Jay-Z]

Geyeah, there you have it
Just think of ours as can't be touched, tested, whatever
Never disrespect this thing of ours
Roc-a-Fella family

Visit [Streets is Watching Soundtrack](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.