

Streets is Watching Soundtrack

"You're Only a Customer"

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Intro:

Ha ha, ha ha, Roc-a-Fella y'all

Futuristic shit beeotch

Uh, what the fuck? How we do. How we do. Uh ha

Verse 1:

Triple platinum nigga with the solid gold fade

All that nickle and dime shit, don't hold no weight

Fortune 5, top 5 in the Forbes (you'll see) as you

Thumb through the Source I read the Ride report

Class C, cold me down with the plastic

That's all I Ask Of You, like Raphael Saadiq

At the hotel, Nico, robbin' the val suite

My people's eyes through the peep hole

I'm lovin' you down freak as I

Shoot through the city like a rumor

Not soon enough, to stop 'em from spreadin' the news

Paper headin' read ";Jay-Z breaths, 80 degrees";

the only thing to cool them off is a Malibu day breeze

Can't sop for the feds, say cheese

You know they wanna take a nigga picture

Pray for the day to get ya, but I'm a parlay and stay

richer for now

Jigga hasn't done dirt in a while

YOu know my stomach getin' weak from livin' on the streets for real

Tryin' to oversee it from suites, orderin' eats

At the top where the criminal minds meet

That's where the cream is (right) , that's where your dream is (well ain't it?)

Hook:

You're only a customer (uh)

Walkin' in the presence of hustlers

You spend money all night long

";All night long"; - Mary J. Blige

Verse 2:

A-yo my youth had a nigga too aggressive

I use to speed excessive, both eyes closed

No thought infested
Hittin' pot holes, cop-o's will snatch your weight
But your game most precious
Had to rethink things, is pinky ring worth
Life on the run and time served in Sing Sing
I don't know to tell the truth
If I'm pressed for doe, I got to consoul Irv Gotti y'all

Irv Gotti:
Heads got to roll

Jay-Z:
I was raised to live, Lord I pray you forgive
If not, I just handle it like Jason Kidd
What you're facin' is official (it's official)
Most cases when I'm blazin' won't miss you (won't miss you)
Case and point mad bullshitted issue
I see it to the end, my writting is so personal
My heart bleedin' out my pen, make no mistake aobut me
It's only one nigga livin', I got a half a cake about me
I got love, to make a nigga die bleedin' is nothin'
You make a motherfucker die breathin' then you sayin'
somthing, beeotch

Hook (X3)

More flavor than y'all can image havin'
Graphic like Sega, Saturn, traffic like the Bodega
It just so happens, you caught me at the the tail end of
my dive
My brain ain't right from inhaling the work of my life
Fuck it, 3's in ya, had to hold
D.C. high pissy off Cristle
3 G's high seasoned Bacardy, UV's
Blesses my body, we be fresh at the party
Play yourself go head if you don't no the ledge
It's like spittin' to God
Get it in your face fuckin' with niggas over your head
Take your time with me, shiftee
Use to make Coke stretch like the samplin' a 950
Shit with that, while I'm o a Kawasoki bike
At the light, doin' a pike, with a bitch on the back
And take flight, my life like it was directed by Hype
In 35 slow-mo, with the Rockafella logo
Accapoco to Arruba, bay breezes and caviar baluga
Very little loot, a loser
In the grashish blueish, Les Coup it's the root of evil in
these people

Hook (X3)

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