Nas Featuring Foxy Brown "Watch Dem Niggas"

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Nas]

They never realized, how real Nas, is so decisive

It's just the likeness, of Isrealites mist, that made me write this

A slight twist, of lime rhyme, be chasin down your prime time

Food for thought or rather mind wine

The Don Juan, features the freak shit, my thesis

on how we creep quick, fuckin your wife that ain't so secret

It's mandatory - see that pussy, they hand it to me

I got no game, it's just some bitches understand my story

There ain't no drama that my niggaz never handle for me

My gator brand is Maurry, walkin through rough land before me

where the snakes put a smile on they face, hopin and prayin I'm stuck

Scopin they lay in the cut, weighin my luck

Player haters play this in cell blocks and rock stages

Winkin at some females cops with cocked gauges

Really it's papers I'm addicted to, wasn't for rap then I'll be stickin you

The mag inside the triple goose

Face down on the floors, the routine

Don't want hear nobody blow steam, just cream or it's a smoke screen

Imagine that - that's why I hardly kick the braggin raps

I zone, to each his own and this ghetto inhabitant

Chorus: Nas and Foxy Brown (repeat 2X)

Watch dem niggas that be close to you

And make sure they do what they supposed to do

Cause you know they be thinkin about smokin you

Never personal, nowadays, it's the ways

[Nas]

Now how can I perfect this (uhh, what)

livin reckless, die for my necklace

Crime infected, drivin a Lexus with a death wish

Jettin, checkin my message on the speaker

Boppin to Mona Lisa brown reefer, ten G's, gun and my Visa

CD crankin, doin ninety on the Franklin-D-Roosevelt

No seat belt, drinkin and thinkin

My man caught a bad one son, niggaz is frightened

Secret indictments, adds on to one seekin enlightment

My Movado says seven, the God hour, that's if you follow

traditions started by the school not far from the Apollo

My "Fuck Tommorrow" motto through the eyes of Pablo

Escobar the desperado - word to Custom Auto

Chorus: Nas and Foxy Brown

Got to watch dem niggas that's close to you

And make sure they do what they supposed to do

Cause you know they be thinkin about smokin you

Never personal, nowadays, it's the ways

Watch dem niggas that's close to you

And make sure they do what they supposed to do

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[Nas]

Some niggaz watch you (uh) see you when you think on the low

Ain't hard to spot you, you swore to keep it real after you blow

Three ki's, new V's, went to Anguilla with your hoe

Stayed around the hood, smoothest cat, gettin the dough

Them old timers, advise you to them problems that's ahead

Drama with the Feds, not listenin just bobbin your head

Your Roley shinin, thinkin to yourself nobody's takin mine

At the same time, your hoe is gettin snatched from behind

Put in the van, where's the hundred grand, script in her hand

From all the ice, wouldn't you know -

- you knew these niggaz all your life

What made them mark you victim, you fucked up somehwere down the line

now they had to target your Wisdom

She took em to your place, straight to your safe

You doubted it could happen sick of yappin

Dump in your ride, headed to your side

Puffin ganja get to your crib, can't find her

Just a reminder shit and have your stash house where you crash out

Coulda passed out, your coke was gone, now you assed out

Dead bitches tell no lies, you should use your eyes

Chorus: Nas and Foxy Brown

Got to watch dem niggas that's close to you (uhh)

And make sure they do what they supposed to do (what, hah)

Cause you know they be thinkin about smokin you (mmm)

Never personal, nowadays, it's the ways

Watch dem niggas that's close to you (uhh)

And make sure they do what they supposed to do

Cause you know they be thinkin about smokin you (uhhuh)

Never personal, nowadays, it's the ways

(uhh

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