

B Rich

"Missing Watch"

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[Intro: Raekwon (Polite)]

Oh shit! Fuck is my watch at?
Shit... what the fuck?
Nah man, nah man, hell nah
These bitches is frontin
The fuck the shit go?
Them drug gangstas.
Yo son, you got my shit?
(Nah, son, I ain't got ya shit)
Son you ain't got my shit?
(Nah, nigga, I ain't got ya shit)
Yo, son, my shit is gone
(Pah listen, I ain't got ya shit
Lex you sure you ain't leave it in the..)

[Raekwon]

I started buggin out, fell in the zone, half the bone lit
Passed off, rubbin on my ski hat - oh shit!
My blunt fell, my watch, you seen it?
Gleamin little young fella, he just had the stupidest
look, weeded
Yo, I'm tired and stressed, hungry and I'm vexed
And I'm flippin cause these niggaz wanna play me for
test
Shit fell off ya hand Lord? Stop it, I'm eyein niggaz in
they faces
After that I'm goin at niggaz pockets
The watch, faggot yeah, y'all niggaz got my shit
"Yo Lex we family, I helped you cop yo' shit"
Then help me find my shit!
Eye-ballin every fake Frankie Lymon in the joint
Break out, find my shit!
Yeah, yo now I got robbed, I smell it
Mad bitches walkin' by the fella tryin' to crochet, bitch
spell it!
Listen trick, be out, bounce
Blew an ounce off of weed in the bitch face, she pulled
out two white owls
"Everybody back the fuck up, move!
Chef, you actin' like a loose cannon, Pah, with you and
your dudes"

If my shit come up, cool
Matter of fact, clack-clack-clack-clack, niggas pulled
out tools

[Chorus: Polite]

Yo yo yo yo turn the fuckin' lights off
Pass the illumin' Lord, tell the DJ turn the fuckin' music
off
We got announcements, we want y'all to listen clear
We just lose about mansion in here
And yo eh yo if we don't get it back it's gon' be a
problem
Then my niggas gon' react and that'll be a problem
Eighty-five thou' gone we got a fuckin' problem
Ain't nobody leavin' alive until we find 'em

[Ghostface Killah]

Excuse me, Miss, no I ain't havin' it
I smacked him with the four pound, bitch hit the ground
Then I stepped off, dropped out the shit
Equipped with the dipped courdouroy Bailey's with the
cream stitch
Powerhouse biscuits that blow roofs off
Rae watch is missin', you take ya boots off
And take off those chaaaaaiiiiiinnns
The fat fuck thought I was playin' so I started sprayin
Chicks hit the floor, bottles broke
The owner slid through beefin', duke threw the toast to
his throat
We brought the noise like we here to promote
My man don't get his shit in four or five minutes yo
we're leavin' with the
vote
A gangsta's lotto, thirteen bodies and still climbin
Big shotties, bodied when they sniff body
We did our thing too we got to the Envy lobby
Our last four or five shots we see nobody

[Chorus]

[Polite]

Eh yo shit got real that night
Power grabbed him, 'Vine smacked him dead in his
head
(Oh shit, nigga he got a magnum!)
Yo we all holdin', rollin
Grab a nigga, search him if he front, fuck it, blow him!
Watchin' niggas foldin
The bartender got a shotgun in his hand
Let off, the wheelchair nigga got him and ran
Surround the Don, full body armor automatically on

The faggots passed off the watch and gone
(yo y'all niggas ain't searchin' shit!)
Yo where the big mouth at? Niggas step up
Matter of fact nigga, lie the fuck up
Nigga tried to swing on G's but he a gentleman
Son, he dropped the dead arm but failed to see it
Two shot G's peeled his meat {*starts to fade out*}
Let's see, niggas tried to front like my niggas is weak
Corey pulled the truck up, C-4ed this bitch, blew it the
fuck up!
Niggas'll use and niggas'll die in this mothafucka!
{*explosion*}

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