

Bic Runga "Watch Me"

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{*intro sound of flame: Dr. Dre's "Chronic"
trademark*}

[Dre] YEAH!
[Jay] Uh uhh uh-uhh, boom boom boom
[Dre] D-R-E!
[Jay] Say it with me niggaz, boom boom
[Dre] And Jay-Z!
[Jay] Boom boom boom boom
[Dre] What the fuck?!
[Jay] Boom boom boom boom
[Dre] Watch me!
[Jay] Jigga-Man, ya heard? Boom boom boom
Brooklyn, ya heard? Boom boom boom
[Dre] Compton!
[Jay] Gotti Gotti ya heard? Yo..
[Dre] C'mon!

[Jay-Z]
You gotta, pop that styles, rock that watch dial
See that Benz? Cop that now
Drop-that-top-down, they gon' kill us anyway
Them cops uptown hit holmes with forty-one rounds
Live yo' life, get yo' ice
She been with you since day one nigga, trick on yo'
wife
Spend that dough, when in doubt, take that trip
She ain't livin for the moment homey shake that bitch
He that cool, he can't take you nowhere? Then leave
that fool
Be that rude if he that cool
Save for what? Ball til your days is up
This place is fucked, all type of AIDS and such
How they make it where you afraid to fuck
They gave us drugs then turned around and
investigated us
Life is short, then you on life support
so in between it all I'ma say I seen it all, watch me

Chorus: Dr. Dre

Place yourself in the shoes of true felons (uh-huh)
and tell me you won't ball every chance you get (uhh,
watch me)

At any, chance you hit (that's right) we live for the
moment

(yo, watch, watch) Makes sense don't it? Now make
dollars

(Watch me) You see me around some cheese

(Watch me) See me with hustlers around them G's

(Watch me) Blowin 'dro runnin through pounds of weed

(Watch me) At the bar baby, round's on me

(Watch me)

[Jay-Z]

Watch me turn somethin out of nothin, turn platinum
from gold

Watch me light the Cohiba off the Viking stove

I take an empty bank account, fill it with oh's

I take an empty building then I fill it with hoes

Watch me, cop that Coupe, shine for the ladies

have em sayin, "Damn I never seen a watch that blue"

And while they still mesmerized I pop that cooch'

Shit, law enforcement couldn't stop that dude

Guess who? Fresh off of "Volume 2"

Back at you, peep the numbers my album do

They call me Cham-pagne-hovah, wake up with a
hangover

When y'all think the game's over, do the same thing
over

Still with the same soldiers

Still gettin brain and it's plain ain't a thang gon' change
over

Hop out the truck, hand on my cock and nuts

Who got the bank, I'm stoppin it up, watch me

Chorus: Dr. Dre

Place yourself in the shoes of true felons (uh-huh)
and tell me you won't ball every chance you get (watch
me)

At any, chance you hit, we live for the moment

Makes sense don't it? Now make dollars

(Watch me) You see me around some cheese

(Watch me) Hangin with hustlers around them G's

(Watch me) Blowin 'dro runnin through pounds of weed

(Watch me) At the bar bitch, round's on me

(Watch me)

[Jay-Z]

Yo the watch too rocky, need shades

Continental sittin on blades, spinnin like waves

Gun too Brock-y, behave
Big shot, plus I'm feelin like Rocky these days
Ice don't melt I could ski through a heatwave
Nights won't help you see Jay, it'll be day
My shit too bright, I rip through mics
plus I push more powder than Crystal Light
Chick mad, said I hold my pistol too tight
Get a grip bitch, this how I get through life
I buy out the bar, spit Crist' through the mic
See Jigga in the 6 and all the shit you like
See Jigga givin dick to every bitch you like
I told her, "It's Jay-Day and Hit-You-Night"
You wanna, see me again you gotta get two dice
I got rules I can't hit you twice, you heard me?
Watch me

Chorus: Dr. Dre

Place yourself in the shoes of true felons (uh-huh)
and tell me you won't ball every chance you get (that's
right)
At any, chance you hit, we live for the moment
Makes sense don't it? Now make dollars
(Watch me) You see me around some cheese
(Watch me) See me with hustlers around them G's
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(Watch me)
(Watch me) You see me around some cheese
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(Watch me) At the bar bitch, round's on me
(Watch me)

[Jay-Z]

Uh-huh-uh uh-uhh uh-uhh.. uh
Uh-huh-uh uh-uhh uh-uhh..
Uh-huh-uh, Jigga Jigga shit huh?
Uh-huh, uh-huh-uh, Brooklyn-Brooklyn shit huh?
(Compton) Uh-huh-uh, Gotti Gotti shit huh?
(C'mon) Uh-huh, uh-huh-uh, Lil' Rob shit huh?
(C'mon) Uh-huh-uh-UHH, Roc-a-Fella shit y'all
(C'mon) Uh-huh, uh-huh, murder murder shit y'all
(Watch me!)

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