

## Horse

### "Watching Me"

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[Punchline]

Yeah, we gonna hold it down forever  
How long has it been since you been rhymin'?

[Wordsworth]

Since I was five I was nice for my age  
First grade I was writin raps on my page  
Second, I was rollin dice gettin A's [head crack]  
Third, gave teachers advice how to play  
Fourth, I had a half-moon with a fade  
Fifth, stepped in the classroom with some waves  
Sixth, learned ways on how to stay paid [money]  
Seventh, the basement is where I got laid [pussy]  
Eighth, cut to the lunchroom and played spades

[Punchline]

[Nine] That's when I enter the stage  
From Lees to Iceberg we all had dreams  
Spilt the bag when I first rolled weed  
Seeds and all, surprised when I saw C-Note  
Till my eyes popped out like that dude in Casino  
Now I spit raps to reminisce on the fun  
Or when I used to kick nigga's doors and run  
Now I stack ones, and spit rhymes to the mass  
Toast and raise glass to the rappers that passed  
I drink liquor, and plan how I'm gonna hit ya  
It'll always be them little young niggas that'll get ya

[Chorus]

Everybody in the world watchin me  
But ain't nobody stoppin me  
We got this shit on lock and key  
Let's set this shit off properly, see  
(repeat)

[Wordsworth]

Words, searchin and flirtin  
I hate my women and drinks virgins [bitch]  
Got your chick in the click, observin  
Talkin about us, puttin their perms in  
Learn when, I turn ten, that's certain

Chicks look good but hang with bird friends  
Instigatin, puttin their words in  
Probably just dikes and don't even prefer men  
Court adjournin, your life you're servin  
But the dough your wife will have, you turned in

[Punchline]

Punchline, now I twist hoes and spit ten at your squad  
Back then I used to break on the box and pop hard  
Floss hard, and lose cash to me  
Wanna ball but can't make the team like Master P  
We can kick rhymes on stage or you can fax me  
King of the Punk Jam, battle cats to apache  
It's all good, from suburbs to hoods  
Where they drink Henny and hold iron like Tiger Woods  
I close eyes and paint pictures, write scriptures  
For street niggas, and try to grow six figures

Chorus(2x)

[Wordsworth]

True that, earned a few stacks through raps  
Now my credit cards got a new max  
Everything from my hat to shoes match [gear]  
Cost a G, and that includes tax  
Screw that, met this hood rat, with two brats [hoes]  
Heres two packs of weed with two tracks  
New Jack show me where her school's at [right there]  
Hit it to two tracks, had to be glued back  
We eat them two cats, provide what you lack  
Who's that? Punch and Words y'all better move back

[Punchline]

We can pick up guns and just shoot the five  
Until we die and lace all family ties  
Spliff ties, I advise you don't play hero  
Fans wanna analyze this like Dinero  
Gun sounds pierce your earlobe until you bleed  
If I die then tell Words to raise my seed  
You copped my tape cuz my rap style's great  
Define Punchline, Revelation 1:8  
When I get cake, whole block playa hates  
Any debates we can handle face to face

Chorus (2x)

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