

## Jay

### "Streets Is Watching"

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Uh-huh uh huh uh

Gee-gee-geyeah

Baby, watchin, streets

Uh-huh uh huh uh

You don't have to look

Uh-huh uh

The streets is watching

Check it, check

Uh-huh uh, check

Look, if I shoot you, I'm brainless

But if you shoot me, then you're famous -- what's a n\*gga to do?

When the, streets is watching, blocks keep clocking

Waiting for you to break, make your first mistake

Can't ignore it, that's the fastest way to get extorted

But my time is money, at twenty-five, I can't afford it

Beef is sorted like Godiva, chocolates

N\*ggaz you bought it, I pull the slide back and cock it

Plan aborted, you and your mans get a pass

This rhyme, you're operating on f\*ck time

Y'all n\*ggaz ain't worth my shells, all y'all n\*ggaz

tryin to do is hurt my sales, and stop trips to John  
McNale

The type to start a beef then, run to the cops

When I see you in the street got, one in the drop

Would I rather be on tour getting a, hundred a pop

Taking pictures with some b\*tches, in front of the drop

The streets is watching

\*chorus\*

When the, streets is watching

Blocks keep clocking

Waiting for you to break, make your first mistake

Can't ignore it

Now it's hard not to kill n\*ggaz

It's like a full time job not to kill n\*ggaz, can't chill

the streets is watching you, when you froze your arms

N\*ggaz wanna test you and your gun goes warm

Can't get caught with your feet up, gotta keep your  
heat up

Sweet n\*ggaz running 'round swearing sh\*t is sweeter

Once you're tagged lame the game is follow the leader

Everybody want a piece of your scrilla, so you gotta  
keep it realer

Kidnap n\*ggaz wanna steal ya

Broke n\*ggaz want no cash, they just wanna kill ya

for the name, n\*ggaz don't know the rules

Disrespectin the game, want you to blow your cool

Force your hand, of course that man's plottin

Smarten up, the streets is watching, it's on

\*chorus\*

My street mentality flip bricks forever, know me and money

we like armed co-defendants, n\*gga we stick together

Sh\*t whatever for this cheddar ran my game into the ground

Hustle harder to see if indictment time came around

Now you can look up and down the streets and I can't be found

Put in twenty-four hour shifts but, that ain't me now

Got a face too easy to trace, n\*ggaz mouths got slow leaks

Had to hide between my workers, couldn't play those streets

She got his face like Mercury you jerkin me? Hectic

Had to call upon my wolves to send, n\*ggaz the message

I said this: 'Let's play fair and we can stay here

I'm trying to transform you Boyz II Men like daycare'

Hey there's money to be made and, n\*ggaz got the picture

Stopped playing with my paper and, we got richer

Then hard times fell upon us, half of my staff

had warrants, the other half, in the casket lay dormant

I felt like life was cheating me, for the first time

in my life I was getting money but it was like my concious was eating me

Was this a lesson God teaching me? Was he saying that?

I'm playing the game straight from Hell from which few  
came back

like bad coke, pimp or die, was my mindframe bad

Was n\*ggaz thinkin simplify was turning cocaine  
crack?

Ain't a whole lot of brain to that, just trying to maintain  
a stack

and knock a lot like two trains that's on the same track

'Fore I get my life together like the oars I bring back

In the bottom of the pot where no, water gets hot

Got my transporter take it 'cross the border then stop

Set up shop with a quarter of rock, here's the plan

For three straight weeks, n\*ggaz slaughtered the block

But you know the game is 'lluted, f\*cked up me and my  
dues

One drop can wipe a n\*ggga out, faster than the cops

and this unstable way of living just, had to stop

Half of my n\*ggaz got time, we done real things

By ninety-four became the subject of half of y'all  
n\*ggaz rhymes

Public apologies to the families of those caught up in  
my street

But that's the life for us lost souls brought up in the  
streets

The life and times of a demonic mind, excited with  
crime

And the lavish luxuries that just excited my mind

I figured, 'Sh\*t why risk myself I just write it in rhymes

And let you feel me, and if you don't like it then fine'

The mindstate, of a n\*ggga who boosted the crime rate

so high in one city they send National Guards to get me

Ya dig?

The streets

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