

# Jay-Z

## "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  
AC  
Look if I shoot you I'm brainless  
But if you shoot me then you're famous what's a nigga  
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  
Nigga 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 fuck time  
Y'all nigga ain't worth my shells, all y'all niggaz  
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 bitches, in front of the drop?  
The streets is watching

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 niggas  
It's like a full time job not to kill niggas, can't chill  
The streets is watching you, when you froze your arms  
Niggas wanna test you and your gun goes warm  
Can't get caught with your feet up, gotta keep your  
heat up

Sweet niggas running 'round swearing shit 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 niggas wanna steal ya  
Broke niggas want no cash, they just wanna kill ya  
for the name, niggas 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

When the, streets is watching  
Blocks keep clocking  
Waiting for you to break, make your first mistake  
Can't ignore it

My street mentality flip bricks forever, know me and  
money  
We like armed co-defendants, niggas we stick together  
Shit 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, niggas 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, niggas 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, niggas 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 conscious 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 niggas 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, niggas slaughtered the block  
But you know the game is 'lluted, fucked up me and my  
dues  
One drop can wipe a nigga out, faster than the cops  
And this unstable way of living just, had to stop  
Half of my niggas got time, we done real things  
By ninety-four became the subject of half of y'all  
niggas 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, 'Shit 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 nigga 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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