

## Radney Foster

### "Missing Watch"

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F/ Ghostface Killah, Polite

[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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