

Raekwon

"Missing Watch"

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Oh shit, fuck is my watch at? Shit man, 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

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

Yo, yo, yo, yo, turn the fuckin' lights off
Pass the illumin' Lord, tell the DJ yo, turn the fuckin'
music off
We got announcements, we want y'all to listen clear
We just lost 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

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 chains
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

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Eh yo, 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, line 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

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

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