

Agerman f/ Keak Da Sneak

"Watch Me Win"

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[Chorus: Agerman]

Ridin in a big body benz, Countin my ends, Hollerin
revenge
They wanna see me lose but watch me win
I'm surrounded by the f.e.d.'s, They know about every
block I been
Oh shit, They tryin to do me in
Reppin and rattin me out, Gon get it to the neck wit the
syringe
Nina ross my girlfriend, She's my only friend
I pop my clip off in her as soon as I got out the pen

[Verse 1: Agerman]

First of all, Ain't got no time for these bustas, Smilin all
in my face
Niggaz like bitches be fake, From head to toe laced up
wit hate
Nigga, I'm a playa, Rydas, Fake niggaz be scary lies
Runnin tired, Got me strapped up, And it's on to open
fire
You got killas, We got killas, Playin the game of cash
Too many softee's tryin to cross me, But now I'm up in
yo ass
See, Mama raised me to be a leader, So motherfucker
follow me
What if all go down, We ridin deep, Whether I get you
or you get me
Fear no man but God, So if it's on it's on
Cowards could come and get ya, But we gon get ya
later on
I'm about me and mine, Fuck the snitches, Fuck the
bitches
Keepin .9 when we ride, Cause we on a mission for
riches
Nigga field is laced up by realist killas and deala's
Give a fuck about ya feelings cause nigga, It's strictly
business
Nigga what? Back up off me you softee
I'm a cold piece of work like Khadafi when you bitch
niggaz try to cross me

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Keak Da Sneak]

You runnin, Now you see that I'm comin before you
blasted
When shit drastic, I want more than just ya ass kicked
I'm waitin, Under ya car, Because ya crossed me
When ya come out flossy, I hope ya next ain't loss me
Boom boom, Put em in the car and drove up
Boom boom, Left em in the trunk wit his clothes off
It's that quick, When ya pahtna outta licks, I move fast
Get to dumpin the cash, And leave no evidence, Who
ask?
But I make ya bleed when I'm bustin
Run up, Ya think I'm bluffin?
Thinkin you gon get somethin in the 97 I'm bumpin
Biatch, I'm throat cuttin it, Junkin it, Draggin it
Thinkin my shit ain't havin it strapped wit d.e. auto
magnets
I ain't done taggin it, Not off in a ragnet
Still click cluck baggin it
Ain't stuckin my cash on a bitch, My future, Gotta be
havin it
This is my opportunity, I'm snatchin erythang when I
grab this shit

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Agerman]

Uh, Relax yo mind, Look up at the barrel of my fuckin .9
Caught one to the face, Caught one to the back,
Carried out in a lac for fuckin wit mine
You droppin dimes, Hey, Ain't no snitches around my
way
Just niggaz on the block wit a bundle of rocks
Wit glocks, That's cocked and ready to pop, The block
is hot
Ring on the spot, Cops on my block, They tryin to fade
me out
Feds surrounded the house, 5 seconds to come out
Now tell me what the fuck I'm 'sposed to do
Plus my d, Down my brew, Hit the cig, Take a ooh
Fuck a boy in blue, Ooh, Thinkin of now, Headed for the
back, Inside of the back do'
Through the backyard, Full of pits, Fuckin wit the mind
of a lunatic
[I had to do her] Smooth get away from the boys in
blue
And you'se a fool, They gon let them boys get you
Nigga, We ridin

[Chorus] 2x

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