

## Santa Sabina

### "Watch Dem Niggas"

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[Nas]

They never realized, how real Nas, is so decisive  
It's just the likeness, of Isrealites mist, that made me  
write this  
A slight twist, of lime rhyme, be chasin down your  
prime time  
Food for thought or rather mind wine  
The Don Juan, features the freak shit, my thesis  
on how we creep quick, fuckin your wife that ain't so  
secret  
It's mandatory - see that pussy, they hand it to me  
I got no game, it's just some bitches understand my  
story  
There ain't no drama that my niggaz never handle for  
me  
My gator brand is Maurry, walkin through rough land  
before me  
where the snakes put a smile on they face, hopin and  
prayin I'm stuck  
Scopin they lay in the cut, weighin my luck  
Player haters play this in cell blocks and rock stages  
Winkin at some females cops with cocked gauges  
Really it's papers I'm addicted to, wasn't for rap then I'll  
be stickin you  
The mag inside the triple goose  
Face down on the floors, the routine  
Don't want hear nobody blow steam, just cream or it's a  
smoke screen  
Imagine that - that's why I hardly kick the braggin raps  
I zone, to each his own and this ghetto inhabitant

Chorus: Nas and Foxy Brown (repeat 2X)

Watch dem niggas that be close to you  
And make sure they do what they supposed to do  
Cause you know they be thinkin about smokin you  
Never personal, nowadays, it's the ways

[Nas]

Now how can I perfect this (uhh, what)  
livin reckless, die for my necklace

Crime infected, drivin a Lexus with a death wish  
Jettin, checkin my message on the speaker  
Boppin to Mona Lisa brown reefer, ten G's, gun and my  
Visa  
CD crankin, doin ninety on the Franklin-D-Roosevelt  
No seat belt, drinkin and thinkin  
My man caught a bad one son, niggaz is frightened  
Secret indictments, adds on to one seekin enlightenment  
My Movado says seven, the God hour, that's if you  
follow  
traditions started by the school not far from the Apollo  
My "Fuck Tommorrow" motto through the eyes of Pablo  
Escobar the desperado - word to Cus D'Amato

Chorus: Nas and Foxy Brown

Got to watch dem niggas that's close to you  
And make sure they do what they supposed to do  
Cause you know they be thinkin about smokin you  
Never personal, nowadays, it's the ways  
Watch dem niggas that's close to you  
And make sure they do what they supposed to do  
Cause you know they be thinkin about smokin you  
Never personal, nowadays, it's the ways

[Nas]

Some niggaz watch you (uh) see you when you think on  
the low  
Ain't hard to spot you, you swore to keep it real after  
you blow  
Three ki's, new V's, went to Anguilla with your hoe  
Stayed around the hood, smoothest cat, gettin the  
dough  
Them old timers, advise you to them problems that's  
ahead  
Drama with the Feds, not listenin just bobbin your head  
Your Roley shinin, thinkin to yourself nobody's takin  
mine  
At the same time, your hoe is gettin snatched from  
behind  
Put in the van, where's the hundred grand, script in her  
hand  
From all the ice, wouldn't you know -  
- you knew these niggaz all your life  
What made them mark you victim, you fucked up  
somewhere down the line  
now they had to target your Wisdom  
She took em to your place, straight to your safe  
You doubted it could happen sick of yappin  
Dump in your ride, headed to your side  
Puffin ganja get to your crib, can't find her

Just a reminder shit and have your stash house where  
you crash out  
Coulda passed out, your coke was gone, now you  
assed out  
Dead bitches tell no lies, you should use your eyes

Chorus: Nas and Foxy Brown

Got to watch dem niggas that's close to you (uhh)  
And make sure they do what they supposed to do  
(what, hah)  
Cause you know they be thinkin about smokin you  
(mmm)  
Never personal, nowadays, it's the ways  
Watch dem niggas that's close to you (uhh)  
And make sure they do what they supposed to do  
Cause you know they be thinkin about smokin you (uh-  
huh)  
Never personal, nowadays, it's the ways  
(uhh)

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