

DJ Clue F/ Boot Camp Clik

"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
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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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