

Horton Jimmy

"Watching Me"

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[Punchline]

Yeah, we gonna hold it down forever
How long has it been since you been rhymin?

[Wordsworth]

Since I was five I was nice for my age
First grade I was writin raps on my page
Second, I was rollin dice gettin A's [head crack]
Third, gave teachers advice how to play
Fourth, I had a half-moon with a fade
Fifth, stepped in the classroom with some waves
Sixth, learned ways on how to stay paid [money]
Seventh, the basement is where I got laid [pussy]
Eighth, cut to the lunchroom and played spades

[Punchline]

[Nine] Thats when I enter the stage
From Lees to Iceberg we all had dreams
Spilt the bag when I first rolled weed
Seeds and all, suprised when I saw C-Note
Till my eyes popped out like that dude in Casino
Now I spit raps to reminisce on the fun
Or when I used to kick nigga's doors and run
Now I stack ones, and spit rhymes to the mass
Toast and raise glass to the rappers that passed
I drink liquor, and plan how I'm gonna hit ya
It'll always be them little young niggas that'll get ya

[Chorus]

Everybody in the world watchin me
But ain't nobody stoppin me
We got this shit on lock and key
Let's set this shit off properly, see
(repeat)

[Wordsworth]

Words, searchin and flirtin
I hate my women and drinks virgins [bitch]
Got your chick in the click, observin
Talkin about us, puttin their perms in
Learn when, I turn ten, thats certain

Chicks look good but hang with bird friends
Instigatin, puttin their words in
Probably just dikes and don't even prefer men
Court adjournin, your life you're servin
But the dough your wife will have, you turned in

[Punchline]

Punchline, now I twist hoes and spit ten at your squad
Back then I used to break on the box and pop hard
Floss hard, and lose cash to me
Wanna ball but can't make the team like Master P
We can kick rhymes on stage or you can fax me
King of the Punk Jam, battle cats to apache
It's all good, from suburbs to hoods
Where they drink Henny and hold iron like Tiger Woods
I close eyes and paint pictures, write scriptures
For street niggas, and try to grow six figures

Chorus(2x)

[Wordsworth]

True that, earned a few stacks through raps
Now my credit cards got a new max
Everything from my hat to shoes match [gear]
Cost a G, and that includes tax
Screw that, met this hood rat, with two brats [hoes]
Heres two packs of weed with two tracks
New Jack show me where her school's at [right there]
Hit it to two tracks, had to be glued back
We eat them two cats, provide what you lack
Who's that? Punch and Words y'all better move back

[Punchline]

We can pick up guns and just shoot the five
Until we die and lace all family ties
Spliff ties, I advise you don't play hero
Fans wanna analyze this like Dinero
Gun sounds pierce your earlobe until you bleed
If I die then tell Words to raise my seed
You copped my tape cuz my rap style's great
Define Punchline, Revelation 1:8
When I get cake, whole block playa hates
Any debates we can handle face to face

Chorus (2x)

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