

## Jay-Z F/ Dr. Dre

### "Watch Me"

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{\*intro sound of flame: Dr. Dre's "Chronic" trademark\*}

[Dre] YEAH!

[Jay] Uh uhh uh-uhh, boom boom boom

[Dre] D-R-E!

[Jay] Say it with me niggaz, boom boom

[Dre] And Jay-Z!

[Jay] Boom boom boom boom

[Dre] What the fuck?!

[Jay] Boom boom boom boom

[Dre] Watch me!

[Jay] Jigga-Man, ya heard? Boom boom boom

Brooklyn, ya heard? Boom boom booom

[Dre] Compton!

[Jay] Gotti Gotti ya heard? Yo..

[Dre] C'mon!

[Jay-Z]

You gotta, pop that styles, rock that watch dial

See that Benz? Cop that now

Drop-that-top-down, they gon' kill us anyway

Them cops uptown hit holmes with forty-one rounds

Live yo' life, get yo' ice

She been with you since day one nigga, trick on yo' wife

Spend that dough, when in doubt, take that trip

She ain't livin for the moment homey shake that bitch

He that cool, he can't take you nowhere? Then leave that fool

Be that rude if he that cool

Save for what? Ball til your days is up

This place is fucked, all type of AIDS and such

How they make it where you afraid to fuck

They gave us drugs then turned around and investigated us

Life is short, then you on life support

so in between it all I'ma say I seen it all, watch me

Chorus: Dr. Dre

Place yourself in the shoes of true felons (uh-huh)  
and tell me you won't ball every chance you get (uhh,  
watch me)  
At any, chance you hit (that's right) we live for the  
moment  
(yo, watch, watch) Makes sense don't it? Now make  
dollars  
(Watch me) You see me around some cheese  
(Watch me) See me with hustlers around them G's  
(Watch me) Blowin 'dro runnin through pounds of weed  
(Watch me) At the bar baby, round's on me  
(Watch me)

[Jay-Z]

Watch me turn somethin out of nothin, turn platinum  
from gold  
Watch me light the coal, heat blow off the Viking stove  
I take an empty bank account, fill it with oh's  
I take an empty building then I fill it with hoes  
Watch me, cop that Coupe, shine for the ladies  
have em sayin, "Damn I never seen a watch that blue"  
And while they still mesmerized I pop that cooch'  
Shit, law enforcement couldn't stop that dude  
Guess who? Fresh off of "Volume 2"  
Back at you, peep the numbers my album do  
They call me Cham-pagne-hovah, wake up with a  
hangover  
When y'all think the game's over, do the same thing  
over  
Still with the same soldiers  
Still gettin brain and it's plain ain't a thang gon' change  
over  
Hop out the truck, hand on my cock and nuts  
Who got the bank, I'm stoppin it up, watch me

Chorus: Dr. Dre

Place yourself in the shoes of true felons (uh-huh)  
and tell me you won't ball every chance you get (watch  
me)  
At any, chance you hit, we live for the moment  
Makes sense don't it? Now make dollars  
(Watch me) You see me around some cheese  
(Watch me) See me with hustlers around them G's  
(Watch me) Blowin 'dro runnin through pounds of weed  
(Watch me) At the bar bitch, round's on me  
(Watch me)

[Jay-Z]

Yo the watch too rocky, need shades  
Continental sittin on blades, spinnin like waves

Gun too Brock-y, behave  
Big shot, plus I'm feelin like Rocky these days  
Ice don't melt I could ski through a heatwave  
Nights won't help you see Jay, it'll be day  
My shit too bright, I rip through mics  
plus I push more powder than Crystal Light  
Chick mad, said I hold my pistol too tight  
Get a grip bitch, this how I get through life  
I buy out the bar, spit Crist' through the mic  
See Jigga in the 6 and all the shit you like  
See Jigga givin dick to every bitch you like  
I told her, "It's Jay-Day and Hit-You-Night"  
You wanna, see me again you gotta get two dice  
I got rules I can't hit you twice, you heard me?  
Watch me

Chorus: Dr. Dre

Place yourself in the shoes of true felons (uh-huh)  
and tell me you won't ball every chance you get (that's  
right)  
At any, chance you hit, we live for the moment  
Makes sense don't it? Now make dollars  
(Watch me) You see me around some cheese  
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[Jay-Z]  
Uh-huh-uh uh-uhh uh-uhh.. uh  
Uh-huh-uh uh-uhh uh-uhh..  
Uh-huh-uh, Jigga Jigga shit huh?  
Uh-huh, uh-huh-uh, Brooklyn-Brooklyn shit huh?  
(Compton) Uh-huh-uh, Gotti Gotti shit huh?  
(C'mon) Uh-huh, uh-huh-uh, Lil' Rob shit huh?  
(C'mon) Uh-huh-uh-UHH, Roc-a-Fella shit y'all  
(C'mon) Uh-huh, uh-huh, murder murder shit y'all  
(Watch me!)

Visit [Jay-Z F/ Dr. Dre](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.