

**Jay-Z F/ Dr. Dre****"Z F/ Dr. Dre, Rakim, Truth Hurts - The Watcher 2"**

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{\*whispered\*} Watcher!

[Jay-Z]

Jeah.. uhh.. it's what I do for a livin nigga  
Eat for a livin nigga {\*watcher\*}  
That's how I live for a livin nigga.. {\*watcher\*}  
Okay, let's do this {\*the watcher\*}

[Verse One: Jay-Z]

Things just ain't the same for gangsters  
But I'm a little too famous to shoot these pranksters  
All of these rap singers claimin they bangers  
Doin all sorts of twisted shit with they fingers  
Disrespectin the game, no home trainin or manners  
I was doin this shit when you was shittin Pampers  
I was movin them grams 'fore you, knew what a hand  
that hand was  
Duckin the vans, radars, the scanners  
'Fore you knew what hard white to tame was  
I was hittin the turnpike, aight with the bammers  
I was nice with my hands, cuss aight with them  
hammers  
I was prickin my finger 'fore you knew what a Fam was  
I had it laid out 'fore you knew what a plan was  
Three hundred mill' later, now you understand us  
Y'all ain't see us comin through Vegas  
You ever seen so much cham' bust in one night  
Grand fucked up one fight  
I was on the Peter Pan bus  
You was Peter Pan up in your room, y'all fuckin with  
whom?  
Allowed me to be taught  
You cowards is just now learnin the shit that we talk  
You niggaz ain't know about a Robb Report  
Bout a high speed Porsche, i.e.  
You niggaz ain't know how to floss 'til I came through  
the door  
like "Eric B. for Pres," respect me in this BITCH!  
You can't disrespect us cause you got a little check cut  
You was suckin for so long, fuckin your little neck up  
Now you too big for your britches, you got a few little

bitches

You think you Hugh Hefner, you just ridiculous  
I blew breath for you midgets, I gave life to the game  
It's only right I got the right to be king  
Niggaz that got life really like what I sing  
Cause they know is he really like, niggaz feel my pain  
Know the shit I DON'T write be the illest shit that's ever  
been recited  
in the game word to the hyphen in my NAME!  
J, A, Y, DASH, Hoffa  
The past present nigga the future, proper  
The holy trinity of hip-hop is us  
We give, Dre his props BUT that's where it stops  
It's the Roc

[Chorus: Truth Hurts]

I know, you got your eyes on me  
I feel you watchin me  
But it ain't hard to see that you can't see me  
You try, but what you think you saw  
Ain't what you thought you saw  
You bed-da off not lookin at all  
(Everywhere that I go, ain't the same as befo')  
(People I used to know, just don't know me no mo')  
(But everywhere that I go, I got people I know)  
(Who got people they know, so I suggest you lay low)

[Verse Two: Dr. Dre]

I'm still on top of the game  
Still droppin flames, still cock and aim  
Still at the top had the Roc for the fame  
over setbacks, there's been a lot since I came  
You seen it all, how I got, how I gained  
The momentum when it dropped, how I got through the  
pain  
When I roll and shock, they watched me reclaim  
the streets, they made a special spot for my name  
Dre, haters wanna stop to my reign  
But the music lives in me, every drop in my veins  
The pride and the pain  
All the way back from the rise of my name  
See the world clear through the eyes of the mane  
See the world clear for the rhymes that I gave  
When the beat bangs it'll drive them insane  
The eyes that I played  
The best to emerge in the game is The Watcher

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Rakim]

I'm "Rated R," my brain contains graphics thangs

It turn traumatic teens into addicts, and fiends  
It's like, watchin a movie through a panoramic screen  
Which means, I can see the whole planet in the scene  
Cash is the topic, the object, a fatter pocket  
Some take the crack and chop it, but those that haven't  
got it  
take away the added profit, it's catastrophic  
I take the gat and cock it, and I'll sit back and watch it  
These New York streets is ugly, I keep it gully  
The world is mine and can't nobody keep it from me  
Yo, my neighborhood is never sunny  
In the place where the number one cause of death is  
money  
You can try copin  
I've seen enough shit to leave your frame of mind  
broken  
I'm still alive and scopin  
Be another hundred years 'til my skies close in  
And I'ma die with my eyes open, the watcher  
{\*echoes\*}

[Chorus]

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