

The Watcher

360

Yeah
Watcher
Monster
Ayy, yeah

I've been watching from afar (Far)
Notice that I'm doing what you obviously can't (Can't)
Been a battle rapper, was a warrior to start
Killing in these pubs, I was bodying their bars
Missing cocaine, I should take more drugs
But this natural high has been way more fun
If you see me hanging round with a rope around my neck
I ain't tryna die, I'm tryna make my face all numb
Be a psycho with it, I'm so livid
Seeing eyes in the wall like hieroglyphics
Looking at the towel like I might throw in it (Uh)
Knowing how I roll, baby, I won't finish
Oi, nasty motherfucker, and he still is (Yep)
Formulated choruses the only way you kill this (Uh)
It's like you fightin' in the middle of a dream
'Cause you throw a lot of hits out, but people don't feel shit (Nope)
Looking at my cars and they all foreign
You get a eight in half, man, I'm all for (Four) it
Any time I see a challenge, I'ma walk toward it
If they doubted me, you 'bout to see me 'for sure' 'em
No off switch, only ever on, bitch
Better make room 'cause you seated where the boss sit
Chilling with a ten, I can guarantee they want this
Looking at your girl, getting angry that it's not his (Not)
Fuck 'em all, I don't give a fuck (Nah)
They get jelly when they seein' they never doin' what his has done
Heard the shit was done, thinking I was finished, but
Now they get to see me back flipping like a ninja does
New body but it's not been [?]
Make their confidence start droppin' if you're cocky at all
You been watchin' their jaw droppin' as it stops at the floor
When they finding out the amount that I got from a tour, yeah

Ayy, I'm on Instagram, buzzing, where the honeys at?
Told my dealer that the rack was shit, I want my money back
I try to score a bit of raw 'cause they lovin' that
Get up in the kitchen, more chopping than a lumberjack
I'll use these rappers' ribcage as a punching bag
Know that when I hit stage, make a couple stacks
Shows up in your bitch state, said she loves my raps
Blowing up your phone, watch me kill it, send a couple snaps
Yeah, deliver packs in these Uber cars
I'm hanging out the sunroof like a movie star (Slow it down)
In the beamer [?] when we cruising past
Curious at how I'm switching rides like amusement parks
Any pussy wanna test me, it's hakuna matata
Swim in a deep with the sharks if you want drama
Still blowing trees in the dark, dope marijuana
Coming up, now, I eat with the stars, no Obama
I'm a beast on this [?] mate
They say drill music's increasing the crime rate
So it's on repeat up in my place

Schizophrenic person, please give me my space
Molly got him [?] with a tight face
Molly also got a burning body and a tight waist
On a Fridays wearing white lace
Gobby's in the car, now, I'm struggling to drive straight (Goddamn)
Skrrt, man, I hope I don't crash this
No, we ain't cheating, but my homie brought ratchets
357, call that Mr Boombastic
These rappers shoulda just stayed a stain on the mattress ([?])

This a missionary position love (Uh-huh)
Any person on the to screaming out, "Fuck this"
You really think you super hot? Wanna come run shit
I'm on the treadmill as we speak looking sun-kissed
Ain't nothing above this, the alpha male show you how to break it down
In a different pedigree, my enemies are shaking now
Feel a different energy especially if I'm in town
Major ringmaster, [?] motherfuckers just some clowns (Hahaha)
Undertake it like I'm Mark Calaway (Yeah)
Sippin' on Alizé, watchin' all the anime
Got a shawty with me, looking naughty in the lingerie
Begging me to hit it, when I did it, I said, "Ándale"
I'm gon' have some fun today, some will lose their job today (Yeah)
Some will be so salty that [?] that I ain't great (Haha)
But I know that I intimidate 'em, fuck a rating
What I'm generating is an indication that I'm skating
Way over their head, put your sleepy ass to bed
Like a baby, matter fact, take a dirt nap instead
Most these industry plants, they the ones with the bread
But they don't write the lyrics, man, this shit is backwards
Undeserving actors taking money out my pocket
I right every bar but they still take the profit
'Cause everything is changin', the way you gotta market (Uh-huh)
It ain't 'bout what you spit, it's about what's in your closet (Yeah)
[?] Balenciaga, got a Prada, got a lot of dollars
And a hoochi mama [?] Fendi lookin' like Madonna
Everything designer, even got a Louis V recliner
That ain't nuttin' I desire, fuck your items and attire
I'm the one to bring the fire, that's a gun for hire, pressure applier
Pleasure to find ya, put the fear of death comfy beside ya
Here's a reminder, why I came back to fuck y'all
Got a big dick with some equally big tucked balls
Bitch, haha, you better watch this
I'm a prime investment like Logan Paul with the thirst quench (Yeah)
I'm a rhyme contestant who takin' y'all where the hearse went (Uh-huh)
Let my hip-hop underground be where we first met