

Watcher

Ghetts

Yeah
G-H-E double T-O
Niggas better know what time it is
Okay (Okay, okay)
What's good? (Good)
2000 & Life, how you living? (How you living? I'm living, living, living, still alive? Still alive?) Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Fuck what you think
You can't fuck with my unit
Think [?] are a unique link?
I'm king and you won't even soon be pricks
Came in the game 2-3 and I've been moving since
Before this, it was two seats, no roof in tents
Listening to Blueprint with [?] and Jiggs
Now who would've thought it?
Me spitting, you wouldn't think
But this mixtape, you still went and bought it
Why? Because I'm real and it's realness I'm talking
It's supposed to be food, straps, I know
But guess what? See these snitches?
They keep getting cautioned
And if it ain't that, it's a weekend in Portland
Me, I'm on the road
Dreaming I get a call from 679 [?]
Or any label that want it raw
But in the meantime, between time
I'm doing more than posing for rewind
Magazine, might see me in a magazine
With a bag of man that's old school like baggy jeans
And after the photo shoot
It's back to the roads where the popo shoot
Some of these MCs, they claim to be shotters
But I know they ain't sold no food
I heard what they gotta say
Then I done research
And so far, they ain't talked no truth
They could never say "Ghetto's a fake"
Because with the metal, we can settle debates
You know I never refrain to hold the [?] in spray
Because at the end of the day, it's my life or his
And I ain't ready to lie inside of a ditch
So I roll with a nine in the side of my hip
And slyly, I wish I could find me a bitch
That's down for me even if I'm riding the [?]
Riding the 6, that's more than likely
What do you know about sticking up stores over nice P?
Kicking off doors with your Nike?
And switching on horse that are feisty
Licking off jaws, come and try me
Furthermore, come and find me
I know you've heard that I'm raw when I like beef
I'm old school like Pac-man and [?]
When you was in school, playing Batman and Robin
I was on road, playing stab man and rob him
Bump in a cab, man will bop it
Those were the days when phones were the [?]

And a face-off could get you a blow to your face
Now, things just ain't the same for gangsters
But I'm far from too famous to shoot these pranksters
I ain't trying to end up in a suit with handcuffs
But niggas wanna move to my loot till I'm bankrupt
Fuck, I'ma buss back
Who told you I gotta buss, stack and that? I don't just rap
Ain't no way on God's Earth am I letting you
Run up on me with nothing but a friend or two
Use your brain, I'm sure you're a clever dude
I'm always around heat like say it's forever June
And all year around, I'm in the 6 date minor
To tell the truth, I'm far from getting better soon
You might see me smile but I'm never in a merry mood
Not till I got cheddar and a blue berry coupe
Fuck you niggas that wanna see me buried soon
I bet you never knew I'm here for a purpose
So when I go, I'm leaving my area versus
Plaistow, Plaistow, that's where I rep
You don't rep your ends because your area's worthless
Real niggas pay real pride in the hoods
I'm a bad boy, I've tried to be good
But honestly, it wasn't me, I ride with the crooks
Could you imagine my life in the books?
[?], you won't see, silence and shook