[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 chear 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]

[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]

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