

## Watch Ya Self

Mobb Deep

Yeah, uh huh, horror flick  
Teach those niggas  
Yea, gotta teach those niggas

Yo, y'all don't know how to ball  
Guess the game wasn't made for y'all  
It was designed for niggas like us who  
Only put trust in guns and nothin' else  
f\*ck it I'm smellin' myself  
You cowards can't touch me  
f\*ck around get close hit him with the pound dummy  
A pound if you're lucky  
With the dead ass reel  
Burnin' heavy every hour  
Some paranoid still  
Clock me, f\*ck it, I got time to kill  
Niggas amped liked they just finished sniffin' out of bills  
He'll die high, somebody will cry  
First one, hold them tears till you out the range of the gun  
Then tell like usual what's in the blood  
Whatever happened to the cold niggas got it f\*cked up  
And twisted out the frame beyond my belief  
All the windows in the hood them shit's like box seats

You better, watch yourself  
Your life'll end up like a horror flick  
And it'll be over just that quick  
When that thing go click  
Niggas better bounce  
Before you be that nigga that we all readin' about  
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Y'all niggas all charge, thinking too hard  
Don't you know that your evil can't work against the god  
Go ahead, quit your day job step in my world  
Bring the guns with you  
Plus, put a lock on your girl  
It won't help, cause you know I got those keys and  
Slugs for days we don't play with the heat  
In the dark of the day, you get caught in the way  
Smoke steamin' from the pistol the color of char' grey

You tryna scare me? You niggas is dead wrong  
Flash a gun on me, that's how you get clapped on  
And clapped off  
The face of the Earth

You're damn right it ain't a movie, this shit gon' hurt  
Lease for a second, at the most you're f\*cked  
The pain is a mo'f\*cka though, ain't it done  
The street team holding sticks with our posters up

Got more thug than you immediate thugs

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Yo, the bare horror show and we using real blood  
These are not props nigga these are real guns  
Call me shit, the more we click  
This is not for those that are weak in the stomach  
The black murder mob you can start being scared  
We hair baby girl, get your coat, we 'bout to air it  
Alright now on the count of three imma air it (1..2..3)  
Everybody get the f\*ck back, push niggas' haircuts back  
Cops get shot from tryna stop niggas from jayin'  
Throw pills back and one swallowed  
Smoke the whole dutch with three poles and keep me from stretchin'  
Push V's to their red line, while you're broke staring  
Get a job, get a car with some power steering  
Get a girl, she can wash you up  
Dirty ass niggas standing next to us they bums

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