

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

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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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