

## Watch

Young M.A

Ah, this what we doin'

Man, you know my body  
I'm comin' harder than niggas in tight pussy  
I'm still a bully, I'm not friendly  
None of you rappers still can fuck wit' me  
I'm her, I'm him, I'm shim, not them  
And I put that on mommy  
I'm kinda weird, It's kinda hard to define me  
Men hate 'cause women never decline me  
Sex symbol, I got drip but I dress simple  
And my neck and my wrist on Dasani  
Or black shades all I see is Versace  
I'm from the biddy or the top ooters  
Them Glock and rugers  
Them [?]  
Nutcrackers and them box coolers  
Mix the henny wit' the wine coolers  
Gettin' benjie wit' the brodies  
Fronto wit' the sour  
Ol' heads [?] bogies  
See the oops  
Quick to spin a block in a stolie  
G check him if he claim he homie  
We ain't [?] phonies  
I'm grown now  
Had to go and plain jane a rollie  
Cut ties wit' a lot of guys and I'm ok wit' it  
Heard he did some foul shit and lied  
I'mma pray for him  
Put a watch on a nigga wrist  
He said they stole it  
Nah, I put a watch on that nigga wrist  
And he sold it  
I feel sorry for niggas that disrespect me  
Like I ain't got niggas here to protect me  
Still got them hittas on the right and the lefty  
My Glock is my bestie  
I'm back in my hefty  
The money like "come an collect me"  
And my bitch from Compton  
She hood and she sexy

The way to impress me  
No yes men around me  
'Cause if I'm wrong correct me  
Don't wanna talk about what you got  
'Cause if you got it connect me  
I'm the plug, I don't need a plug  
Just respect me I don't need [?]  
Been through a lot I probably need a hug  
So many scars  
Man, it's hard not to see the blood  
Came from the mud  
It's kinda hard not to be a thug  
Still puttin' belt to ass  
Still blue faces when I count the cash

Fresh hundreds, can't even count it fast  
This whole summer I'm about to have  
And all that bullshit they rappin' 'bout  
It ain't about to last  
Thought that I was dyin'  
When they see me wit' them yellow eyes  
Surprise motherfuckers, I'm alive  
God wasn't finished wit' me  
Got some more shit to do  
Had to tell my side  
Open scars was the interlude  
Listen to the music  
I ain't 'bout to do them interviews  
Don't worry 'bout what happened  
Just be worried what I'm finna do  
If they ain't talkin' money  
Cut 'em off like I'm [?]  
And if they want war  
We at their door like the rent is due  
It's 2024 and that's my mood, aw yeah  
Got a big appetite  
Y'all niggas food, aw yeah  
I'mma [?]  
Makin' moves, aw yeah  
Out the bank  
Sayin' I can never lose, aw yeah  
Man I was cool, aw yeah  
Hittin' snooze, aw yeah  
Like what, fuck that  
I'm breakin' rules, aw yeah  
This the shit I'm finna do, aw yeah  
Collectin' blues, aw yeah