

Watch Me

G-Unit

[Intro: 50 Cent]

G-Unit in the house, what, nigga, what?
G-Unit in the house, what, what, what, what?
G-Unit in the house, what, nigga, what?

[Chorus: Young Buck]

I got them watching me, look how I'm moving
I got them watching me, look what I'm doing
Hold up now, they watching me, I keep it moving
And since they watching me, this how I'm doing
Rock and rolling on them

[Verse 1: Young Buck]

Hundred bottles, give me every bottle in this bitch
Where she at? I want every model in this bitch
Blow the check, these hoes wanna know just who I am
Taking pictures, tryna do it for the Instagram
Presidential Rollie, bezel got them big boogers
Fuck the home, shout out to the real cooks
Gold chains, couple Audemars and Cartiers
We charter Lears, these hoes know the party here

[Verse 2: Kidd Kidd]

Blowin on that killa kill, neck on chilly-chill
Baby, let me get a feel; show me that it's really real
Bad bitch from Cashville, met her up in Club Liv
Don't care who you man is, long as he ain't up in here
Ain't nothin' changed, still the same ol' two-step
I don't had some A-1 hoes, and a few Fs
I done order bottles, 100 bottles and got two left
Somebody got bust upside the head, G-Unit there

[Chorus: Young Buck]

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[Verse 3: 50 Cent]

Hol' up, I think I love these hoes, a nigga tryna fuck 'em all
I'm lit up in this bitch, ballin', I would blow it boy
No suckers in my section, oh, no, no, no, my shit legit
You niggas get to flexin', bitch and I will get ya hit
I got a paper route, a nigga gettin' plenty bread
Oyster perpetual, you niggas know what time it is
Stance like a b-boy, just like a d-boy
Yeah, I'm a G, boy, you know it's me, boy

[Verse 4: Lloyd Banks]

Uh, I think I'm gon' remain reclined and count
So many girls, it take a hour for me to shout 'em out
Been coopin' foreigners, the shit I hear been super borin'
Dog, I'm sharp as hundreds with the blue tint on 'em
Shit a phenomenon, I kept my promise
Respect and honest, the grind bought off a neck of diamonds
Shinin', plenty tried, don't got the timing
Bet he out there island hopping
And your lost still in the thousands

[Verse 5: Tony Yayo]

Bottles of Clicquot
Smokin' hookah with eight hoes
Five angel heads on my neck, all froze
Enter visions, interpretations
Watch with your ears
I bought the last watch in the lear
Ask Jacob, ask David, ask Eric the Jeweller
Ask 'Beth in Jersey when I bought my first Muller
I got 'em watchin' me
With the Yacht Master Rollie on
In that new Rolls Royce with the top gone

[Chorus: Young Buck]

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