

# The Watch (feat. Raekwon)

## Ghostface Killah

Tony for mayor. Catch me in a crisp blue six, deep dish  
Jaws is Cris', valor stopped at the wrist  
Watches involved, talk to me Trick Daddy  
I liked the way you tilt ya hat up in that Caddy  
Son, can't believe you the most slept on  
Took a break since the Cuban, niggas lookin' like you just repped wrong  
You done slipped down a bid, got caught with the hammer  
Steal banners, medical examiners, clocked live hammers  
For real, you a live nigga, rock the five in ya slippers  
like them other five guys in ya picture  
Come on, watch, I'm the star of the show, so blow dem  
Mothafucka, you ain't blew in three years  
Son of a bitch, that's why I rock the big shit  
Don't forget who you is, nigga, you my little shit  
I will crush you to pieces, stop ya heart from tickin'  
And you mad cuz you a older clock, couple rocks missin'  
And my writin', the band, you can say it's ice flight-nin'  
You don't like him, do you? You wanna fight him  
In fact, I should've put you back, relaxed on the stones  
And copped ya two-thousand leather shit, snow cones  
A bowl of milk almost killed you, ah, you almost drowned in pops  
I brought another box, I'ma keep it real with you  
And I'ma murder you if ya bitch-ass get on my nerves again  
Yo, Ghost, you'se a funny nigga  
Turn on the radio, all you hear is X and Jigga  
Haha, you vexed, nigga?  
No airplay (bet my gat spray) Yeah, that's hearsay  
You spray hairspray and up North, nigga, you ain't gettin' jailplay  
(How you know?) Yo, it's obvious, Clan's day Hold on, let me park my shit, let me find out this  
nigga barkin' and shit  
I'm a Don of this shit, and you know that shit I wrote  
with Golden Arms is a hit  
My Wallos show off, go off like an alarm in the six  
Drank the yellow and I'm still poppin'  
My movie life in the hood is like an ill doctrine  
Beat trial with illegal edge, fuck Cochrane  
And if it's on I might blow you if I'm boxed in. [echoes]  
Yo, yo, yo, what you doin', man?  
Yo, man, chill out, man  
(Don't even worry)  
I'm just fuckin' with you, man  
Why you. (OK) Come on, son

We can't. don't regard us like that, son  
Come on (I'll destroy you)  
Come on, man (You pop too much shit)  
Come on, man, I'm just tellin' you time  
(I ain't a-like that, you know who brought you)  
Nigga, I'm just fuckin' with you  
(Bye!)Tony for mayor. [repeats to fade]Yo, let me tell y'all mothafuckas somethin'  
(Shoot one of those niggas, Lord)  
We could battle for belts, ice (Type shit)  
Whatever the fuck you want to do  
Let me tell y'all somethin'  
This the Theodore Unit, mothafucka  
We takin' the bait of this shit  
That's word to my momma, man  
(Staten Island, nigga, what, nigga?)  
Coke, spoon throwers (Get ya money right)  
(Gotta know how real do this)  
Slew-footed mothafuckas, I pop all y'all niggas  
Y'all niggas is fucked, straight up  
We back in here now, mothafuckas  
It's the fuckin' Unit, you heard  
That's the Theodore Unit  
Y'all mothafuckas better recognize  
Aight? That's my word  
(Yeah, nigga, yeah)

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