

# Jay-Z, Streets Is Watching

Yeah

I mean like

I gotta be like the pioneer to this shit, you know

I was popping that Cristal

when all y'all niggaz thought it was beer and shit, you know

Wearing that platinum shit

when all y'all chicks thought it was silver and shit

I got to be the pioneer of this shit

Bottom line

I'm going to show you how to do it

Check it

Verse One:

I spit that other shit

That's the nice motherfucker shit

Fed time follow me around, deep cover shit nigga

You beer money, I'm all year money

I'm popping, you ain't got to count it, it's all there money

I never change money 'cause niggas got strange money

Knocked up, marked up, fucked up in the game money

I got bail money, XXL money

You got flash now, one time we'll reveal money

I spit the hottest shit, you need it I got it shit

That down South Master P, Bout It Bout It shit

I got blood money, straight up thug money

That brown paper bag under your mattress drug money

You got show dough, little to no dough

Sell a bunch of records and you still owe dough

I got 900 and 96 plus 4 more dough

You crazy, you full gazy, and loco with dough papo

Chorus: (4x)

Imaginary Players

Verse Two:

And now you got these young cats acting like they slung cats

All in they dumb rap, talking about how they funds stack

When I see them in the street, I don't see none of that

Bad playboy, where the fuck is the hummer at?

Where is all the ice with all the platinum under that?

Those ain't rolex diamonds, what the fuck you done to that?

Y'all rapping-ass niggas, y'all funny to me

Selling records, being you but still you want to be me

I guess for every buck you make it's like a hundred for me

And still you running around thinking you got something on me

But I done did it

And y'all want to take my flow, and run with it

That's cool, I was the first one with it

Original, jiggas the future flow digital

Still busting a gat when she gets critical

Sit it down, I don't want y'all to get it confused

I rip it down, like I ain't got nothing to lose

Chorus

Verse Three:

Groupies I leave them all fucked

Niggas - all struck

Your single was 99 cents, mines was 4 bucks

Last year, when niggas thought it was all up

But this year I've done it again, jigga!  
What the fuck  
Nigga stop whining, jigga, still shining  
Niggas kept complaining so I copped more diamonds  
Rock more Versace, ain't nothing sweet  
I still throw t'ree in your body, fleeing the party  
Y'all can't go with me, nope, flow with me  
Bet 50, not dollars either I brought some dough with me  
I flow like the 5 series, in various areas  
And blow holes in your weak niggas theories  
It's funny how one verse can fuck up the game  
You bought a 4.0 you better get your change  
Ain't no platinum in those Cartiers, switch your frame  
Ain't no manicures on board, then switch your plane

Chorus