

# TQ, Somebody's Watching Me

(feat. Big Lurch, CPO, Yukmouth)

[Hook: TQ]

I got this feelin that somebody's watchin me  
And I just can't seem to get over it  
The game done fucked up my mind  
So I'm clutchin my nine and don't even know why  
When I get that feelin, there ain't no stoppin me  
You can't take a man from his money  
But somebody always tryin, so niggas keep dyin  
And I'm 'bout to lose my mind

[Yuk]

Nigga, my momma was a dopefiend, so by the age of fourteen  
I'm slangin more fiend by the liquor store, poppin codiene's  
Nigga, by no means, what they hittin for  
Gettin more green, nigga for gold rings  
Money gettin low, makin broke cream  
Nigga my whole team be boss hoggin  
It cost when a nigga be lost in the midst a boss ballin  
Shot callin, all of my niggas be in floss mode  
Bitch suckin ya dick under the table  
while you eatin waffles at Roscoe's, nigga

[Lurch]

There's somethin about this gangsta rhythm, it don't get 'em  
Feed you a prizm of hypnotism  
My mental is unstable, can I get 'em, givin shots to ya dome  
Put you in caskets if you think that you could stop the  
Cat that's havin more static than Cindy Laufer  
Two year old's runnin the game, nobody gettin softer  
[????] [????] my shoulder by the next corrupted flosser  
If you lose a battle then ya life it's gon' cost ya, uh

[Hook]

[Lurch]

Watchin [??] [??] means in this game  
Them triflin, itchy trigger finger, bright-eyed snipin 'em  
Enhanced in my hype and in tums  
That is ya kite, flight and wind [??]  
You in Atlanta with no one to strap up but ???

(Yuk)

Uh, I'm tite, huh  
I lay this game down, jump back and kiss myself like I was James Brown  
Spin around, hit the splits on the ground then split your muthafuckin crown  
Turnin zips into pounds like Phoenix Mitchell, or little Darryl  
Shadey as fuck like a big ass sombrero

[CPO]

All these niggas tryna' hog my fame (what)  
Tryna' salt my game, ain't nothin changed, please maintain  
You may claim game but fame claims to be whats happenin now  
I'm tacklin crowds with mackin styles, see how now niggas actin now  
I'm packin miles to capacity, who's taxin me  
Nobody but the government, even you haters dubbin it  
Lovin it (E, when your shit gon' drop?)  
All the while you got your chrome cocked tryna' get my phone blocked

[Hook]

[CPO]

Momma tellin me to gon' scream

Done lost anotha nigga from the hometeam  
Gold dreams make a nigga moan  
Seems like every other day The Lord mad at me  
Sad to see your loves fall, even worse when the scrubs call  
Talkin bout, &quot;heard about the other day, trouble stay&quot;  
We try to bubble, play low-key so nobody know me  
Stay high like some [??], so cold, En Vogue bitches couldn't hold me  
What, bitch

[Hook]