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 sombraro

[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, "heard about the other day, trouble stay"
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]