

# 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