

# Watch Out

De La Soul

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Get up and do the biz, our style is the wild  
Hit you with a spell whether Jew or gen-tile  
When you enterin' the realm  
You find me at the helm  
Still standin' like abandoned buildings  
In the southern part of BX, can old school it like a T-Rex  
Ya well advanced connect dance with thoughts  
Deep like Barry White's throat box  
I bet you those cops mix  
Double high tower my power grants me the chicks  
The blows the cars and enemies that wanna spar  
You wanna see it no matter who you are  
Yeah I'm bound to ground you like that  
Put they ass on a mound and introduce em' to a baseball  
Face tall, brag about it like teenage sex  
Text book characters gettin' etched out to rough draft  
Rush Limbaugh autograph her left titty  
New Yor, New York yeah we bigger than the buildings  
Do it for the love of the art and the childrens  
And throw paper machet inside of ya models  
See we all throttles, we zip by in this drive  
Allergic to ya sperm broke hives  
Concerned about ya life when ya down eight lives  
Top of the night I'm up in queens like ah yeah

Introducun' introducun' to you Dave  
Batter on deck, carded every time I set foot in the joint  
Cabaret artist I'll two piece ya tray  
If she wanna get vamped, bring her to the tent  
Touch her till her back indents  
Wrap it extra strength  
Run a lap on her calculatin' the length  
Holdin' mics tighter than hymens  
Old school it like Holly-Hobby, Head-to-Head, Easy Bake Oven  
Strong Jerome lovin' man I hit the pack  
Panther power keep it all relative to the sixties  
Bill Bixby green, ATM money  
Got my pockets lookin' like I'm rockin' Popeye jeans  
Classic like Reuben and Rah  
One nigga under the groove we shootin' for that Parliament high  
Plus bigger than the fourth of July  
Take the back seat drive out  
Hey yo, hey yo ain't nothin' street about me more like a light post  
Sinin' above all who are y'all to boast  
Stayed calm and all came to me to host  
My vocab grabs many, long to cultivate raps  
It's gettin' filled moms jack penny  
It used to be unknown around the way  
Now my bix became a bouquet  
Every nose in it, fillin' up seats like a session in a Senate  
Been a minute since ya heard the souls  
So the soul gon' cost ya three  
All ya people wanna front like the soul don't hold control

But it don't mean shit to me  
Plain to see that a song like this been what ya all missed  
Come on, genuine adrenaline from off the wrists  
We run the interference throughout the game clout  
Can't be denied the bout for the title  
Throw up ya guns and hold the pose like an idol  
Bring it back to the draw  
Ghosts of grand wiz Theodore  
Played dirty with ever since played on the floor  
Stop verbal assaults just in case a war break out  
Steal vaults bigger than giraffes  
But they still got a lot for me  
Heard em' say alot of nigga with the underground  
They'd die for the underground but ain't makin' no money  
Stupid