

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