

Watch Out

Fat Joe

Yeah!!

Straight out the heroin infested streets of the Bronx
Home of corrupt cops
Where niggaz get they motherfuckin wigs pushed back
even if they don't fake jax
Fat Joe, bringin forth the illest motherfuckers
in this whole rap game
Hey yo Armageddon, let these motherfuckers know

You look, I look, you invite it, I took
I forever wearin it, you know stone cold crook
What's truth, what's lie? Who's people, who spy?
It's life and death, choose live or die
Ultimates who made em why do we even exist?
When we die is there heaven or is it total blackness?
For any touch there's a feeling
Touch and y'all felt
We can exchange shots, until our chambers melt
There's mad tension in the air (mad tension in the air)
over one man's stare, you wanna dare, yo Crack
Eject the Czech from the glove compartment
Lay out the lead spray, and flame him up like arson
It's dangerous business
Opposites, these strangers be bendin opposites
So put your face in mine, best brace your spine
Cause opposites may attract, but they don't combine
My impact so fat, you feel your vertabrates grind
Now delayed second thoughts run through your mind
When my slugs connect, and strike your major arteries
When my fists connect, they causin major injuries
What you know Junior? You not evil

Uhh, the South Bronx is the wrong place to visit
I don't know an MC who has enough balls to diss it
Whether rain or shine, we be bustin out nines
Hey yo Punisher, hit em with that ill type rhyme

Yo, I cause a bloody bath to make my buddies laugh and gig'
My nutty wrath'll live as long as I'm a nasty kid
I blast a pig and slit his throat just for ? L
My skills {undecipherable} puffin boom in Hell
I doom the world like I was God and throw my gun away
Then snatch the moon out the sky, and blow the sun away
Me and my brothers play hardball
Strictly hardcore, lyrics til I'm finished breakin God's laws
My job's raw but I gotta do it - I'm feelin high then buddhaed
so you might get shot and lose a lot of fluid
The spot I blew it at an early age, ever since the curly braids
I would earn a wage with the thirty gauge
There's dirty ways to get paid if you got the balls
Just load the glock and cause the hardest cop to drop his drawers
Don't stop or pause, let the shotty go up his butt
to finish up, punchin body blows and uppercuts

The South Bronx is the wrong place to visit
I don't know an MC who has enough balls to diss it
Whether rain or shine, we be bustin out nines

Hey yo Keith Nut, hit em with that ill type rhyme

Yo, I cause damage, rap's redhanded bandit
Well I'll be god damnit, I kick ass like I'm yo' parents
Prepare for the slaughter when my brain is out of order
Got kicked out my church cause I got caught fuckin my preacher's daughter
Menace like Dennis on the M.I.C.
You best run son, I'm sendin emcees up shit's creek
So don't sleep, cause I creep, on New York streets
like I'm a big fat dick, wack emcees is ass-cheeks
Yo, I'm that nigga that'll kidnap yo' kids
Take em home, fuck em good, then send em back to you in bandages
You lose, cause I got, the ill street, and still keep
the toast close, and rep-a, resent-a, the East coast
So watch your back black, Bronx niggaz don't play
If you ever fake jax, I'll slit yo' throat like O.J.

Yeah, that's my motherfuckin crew
Straight out the South Bronx
The livest motherfuckin corners of the Bronx
Keepin in realer, my motherfuckin nigga Keith Nut
Armageddon the Reddin
My nigga Big Dog Punisher
Straight out the Full Eclipse Camp
All you motherfuckers know the times, yeah
Watch your motherfuckin back
Blow out the back of your domepiece
D.I.T.C. forever motherfucker..