

## Watch Out

## KNOC-TURN'AL

All my Cali motherfuckers wave your hands like so  
And all you bitches getting pimped give your man that dough  
Yeah I walk with a limp cause my dick's in the way  
They say I talk like a pimp but I'm a M.A.C.K  
What's the difference?  
Both of you exploit women for cash  
Exactly, but a poor pimp would sell his own ass  
I never learnt to sip, man I dropped out that class  
You better smoke your hemp through an oxygen mask  
Before you come over here fucking my high up  
Interrupting your bitch while she licking up my nuts  
I used three condoms but she let me get five fucks  
Knoc-Turn'al got her stuck with her hands and feet tied up, huh

When dusk kicks and I reach the club it gets exquisite  
Not even giving a fuck about your bitch  
Or which bitch she rolling with  
It's nothing here  
Four or five dicks gon' spit  
And both of us gon' rub on her ass and tits  
She mixing up my nut in her mouth with spit  
It's obvious she's in love with a mack with a big dick  
I'm involved with a big clit  
My music's the deal-o, nympho  
And she's in love with it

Watch out  
All these scandalous hoes in L.A  
Got me rolling with my glock out  
Swing by pick up my dough and then clock out  
I'm out  
To fuck hoes every day

I fuck 'em in thier house, man  
I fuck 'em in thier jeep  
I fuck 'em when they woke, man  
I fuck 'em when they sleep  
I fuck 'em in the throat  
Hey man that's fucking deep  
Like bitches that want to smoke and bitches that like to joke  
Come into my house broke looking for something to eat  
Beat it  
From my wizard you get deleted  
No more visits you bitch, I mean it  
No hoe, no cry, oh, here's a Kleenex  
Here's a penis  
Kiss it French or English  
They say Hit's conceited, nah, Hit's connected  
Caramel complected  
College bitches get necked  
Jailed niggaz respected  
Big Hit be keeping it West-ing

Watch out  
All these scandalous hoes in L.A  
Got me rolling with my glock out  
Swing by pick up my dough and then clock out

Then I'm out  
To fuck hoes every day

I'm down  
For thugs and prissy bitches  
Got love  
For anybody getting riches  
I feel  
Like me and Knoc the next niggaz  
At shows  
We make about eight figures

Why not clown, get down, spit rounds  
Lounge with bad bitches blazing an ounce  
We out on the town with a whole crew passing, dick out (dick out)  
We go up to you, him and you  
Fuck your whole crew, we mash regardless  
Hittman heard me and you, that's it man  
On a late night rendezvous dance  
I'm about to blow out my pants  
Matter of fact we're up under the club's heat lamp  
Drink that and we about to be out  
We 2 or 3 minutes from my house  
Which means I'm 5 or 6 minutes from dicking you out  
Single hoes look at your bitch and your spouse  
L.A. criminal

In and out with a smile before I spout

For the meanwhile Knoc and Hit's dick is all in your mouth