

Watch Out

Urban Mystic

OHHHHHHHHH

Yo say there mama

Now won't you say how do you do

I got some business and it's dealing with you

So won't you come and give a nigga yo number

So I can hit you up later, don't you worry bout coming

Now listen tell yo friend and yo sista too

So we can get down with this groove

Stacks and Urban yeah we stay off the chain

Leaning we be up in the club b*tches screaming our names

We tell them watch out

Cuz a lot of them girls, they willing and worried

Bout whe we enter into the club yeah we be by the bar

We them superstars when we pull into the lot

B*tches sweating our cars

You know Stacks in a Benz and Urban's- i'm in a Hummer

We got the ice that makes it feel

Cold up in the summer

And if you're feeling this then put yo hands up

And if you're feeling this then put yo hands up

Say there mama you got a thang goin on

Better watch out i been watching all night long

It ain't a problem til we ride til the break of dawn

And I ain't talking bout the cellular phone

I be, I be talking bout the after party now

Everybody steady sipping Bacardi now

Find the girls that be acting naughty

And bring them home with me

You better watch out when you see these pimps

Ya'll be strung out oh girl I know that you can hold out

Me and Stacks floating with ends let's get it poppin no lie

Hold on

You know who's back with some hoes

Cuz we go roll out where you coming from homey

You ever seen a thug walk you know how we do

Don't need no bodyguards nigga Urban's my crew

I see you shacking that ma you need to hitch a ride home

Check out my wrists and baby and wig

It's every color on that rainbow

Don't you understand straight we be

Pimpin like this we just some men in here sipping

And niggas spitting to get a b*tch

Ain't no missing- the hits are just coming so don't be running from kid

Who wants to kick it with you

G's ya'll know the game in and out like a veteren

Hold up, you ain't heard this Stacks and Mystic

Ask them b*tches when we just turn them into statistics

Hey there mama

Bring them home to me

Nigga watch that

When I step up into the club

Niggas see that I got a bottle of Bub

Cuz i'm a soldier thought I told ya

Cuz when I come on this mic i'm taking over
They call me Urban cuz i'm serving on the strip
In my excrusion
Steadily pullin them girls with short skirts
And never mind them haters
Snitches & b*tches all they want to do is get my riches
Ain't having that I be damned if i'm let a let a nigga touch that
All I gotta do is hit my boy Stacks and we gone
Bring it to the table let them know that they're able
To buy the sony table

Hey there mama you got a thing
Bring them home to me
Bounce wit me