

# 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 vertebrates 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  
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 [unverified] L  
My skills, puffin' boom in Hell  
(Undecipherable)

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 red-handed bandit  
Well I'll be goddamn it, 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, whack 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

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