Watch Your Back

Blaq Poet

feat. ICP)
[Chorus:]Look out, cause I'm on the prowl,
Gonna find these motherfuckers,
Gonna take them out. (Huh!)
Before you know you find the hatchet attacks,
And if you ain't one of us, watch your back.
Fire up the grill,
It's time to sharpen up the steel.
Hold your nose like the shit's
about to get real.
I'm about to get a whole lotta
all kinda drastic.
Execute your ego,
Then throw it in the casket
I'm talkin to these freaks and geeks,
Who speak my feat
up in they beat.
Your reap, retreat
And fall asleep.
Would heed to lead
The fuckin' deed.
That red dot pointed at you,
Means that you've been chosen.
I'm bout to pull the trigger,
Pull it, leave you decomposin'
I'm giving you no sympathy,
And I feel no empathy,
When the evil enter me,
From my chosen prophecy,
And it was meant to be,
That you was my enemy,
And you see your destiny,
and you ain't likin' what you see.
[Chorus]I'm outta control,
and you out of a soul,
And you act like a hoe,
And you out in the cold.
With no clothes n frozen,
Looking like an Ice Pop.

Burn your ass with gas
But I'm gonna wait until the price drop
Wait until the price drop
you're comin' up hashed.
And I'm coming up behind you
with a baseball bat.
And a baseball hat,
And I'm swingin' for the fences.
Taking your defenses
And I'm charging you expenses.
Thinkin' you can hustle me,

And not end up a casualty?
fuckin' with the Scarecrow
Bitch, you're fucked with no Vaseline.
Comin up short's like a joke
Youze a wishin
Got caught slippin'
Now your whole crew missin'!
[Chorus x2]The Buzz Saw, they call me the Buzz Saw
More homicidal than a maniac on drugs, ya'll.
Spittin' slugs all day
Bodies in the hallway
Bodies outside
Bitches screamin
"It was all J!"
You come a long way,
Listen to what my song say.
Raised on a double dead-end,
Two wrong-ways.
I fuckin' showed up high,
Ninja kicked you in the face.
You got a blowed up eye,
I'll be that clown-y mental case.
That'll chase you, catch you,
Stu Hart stretch you, let you
Recognize...
This wicked shit in my eyes.
Watch your back,
or Imma have to crack it in half.
Tear your fuckin' head off,
Smack it and laugh...Violent J.
[Chorus X2]Shaggy Shaggs
From rags to riches
Toe-taggin' scally-wag

Relative bitches.
Watch your back,
If you're comin' our way.
I walk around big in tha Game.
See Andre.
Slice through your neck,
Meat cleaver to butter.
Dice your tongue off,
Mail it to your Mudder.
Cause we heard that shit,
And turn the whip,
Jumped out and plant a brick
smack dead in your lip
From BoonDox!
Watch your back bitch-boy!
[Chorus X2]

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