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 backEven if they don't fake jax
Fat Joe, bringin' forth the illest motherfuckers
In this whole rap game
Hey yo Armageddon, let these motherfuckers knowYou 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 dieUltimates 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 meltThere'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 businessOpposites, 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 grindNow 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 evilThe 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 rhymeYo, 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 lawsMy 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 gaugeThere'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 uppercutsThe 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 rhymeYo, 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 streetsLike 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 bandagesYou 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 NutArmageddon, the Reddin
My nigga Big Dog Punisher
Straight out the Full Eclipse Camp
All you motherfuckers know the times, yeahWatch your motherfuckin' back
Blow out the back of your domepiece
D.I.T.C. forever motherfucker