Watch Out Now

Akon

featuring Yellaklaw

"Watch out now!"

Yea, yea.. uh-uh!

Mm-mmm!

Get money, get money!

(Get, get money, get money)

(Get, get money, get money) Uh-uh!

(Get) GET MONEY, GET MONEY (get that money)

(Get) GET MONEY, GET MONEY

Yeah, GET MONEY, GET MONEY .. "Listen to the first verse"

"Watch out now!"

[Psycho Les]

Aiyyo my song's on, I gotta get my grub on some to-to

(I love dough-oh) Order three buckets of Mo'-Mo'

We gettin more dough, off the books (you gettin gelly)

Pullin more hoes off the looks (you gettin gelly)

You wan' hate me? Cause your wifey, wants a autograph?

From the look in her eyes, I can see she wants more than that

When I see fat asses I make fat passes like quarterback

Beatnuts is ALLA THAT, your shit, ALL THE WACK

Open can-dela, if you foolin wit mah cheddah

Hardrock, ever since, junior high suela

Fly fella, takin my beats, to make your crowd get up

I'm fed up, niggaz want to bring it -- WHATEVER!

I'ma storm your pa-rade (pa-rade) blow your legs off

with a gre-nade, now you flappin, like a mermaid

Yappin off, bitch you cough at the lips

while I'm at the bar, baggin, the bartender tips

Then I bag this chick, with a, "Hi," and the eye

She did the butterfly, rubbin her ass, against my buttonfly

I could ALREADY imagine my shit stuck inside

Everytime I strike, haters be like, "Dat fucking guy!"

Chorus: Beatnuts + Yellaklaw

How's that yo? It's hard for you to swallow

It don't take much for us to let the metal holla

Lead's bustin out of a old black Impala

Thug nigga only fuck wit, muchacha malla

Big Ju, dime lo conllo, how we do?, how we do? (How we do)

(How the girl don't only love me, they love you!)

Whatchu gonna do? (What, what, what?)

Nigga whatchu gonna do? (What, yo)

[JuJu]

Here's to my pollyin niggaz who campaign

To the killers who be lovin the chicas and champagne

Thugs who get wild in the club and snatch chains

Players who be pimpin the hoes with no brains

Front watch a nigga get shot from close range

The most range, crazy motherfucker won't change

Beatnuts, forever diehard, you want pain?

Cause you walkin outta here breathin is insane

Flip a beat fast, you leave the club with a heat rash

You got a weak stash, came in the club with a free pass

I ain't even know they made a Roley for your cheap ass

Makin me laugh, you was in jail wearin kneepads

Now the beef has, gotten over your head

It's over you dead, Ranger Rover, both of your legs

til both of us said, platinum gettin took this year

Cause for real, there ain't nothin but crooks in here, nigga

Chorus -> Beatnuts last line "Whatcha gon' do when Beatnuts come through baby!"

[Beatnuts]

(Get money, get money) Psycho Les

(Get money, get money) Big Ju

(Get money, get money) Beatnuts

(Get money, get money)

(Get money, get money)

(Get money, get money) Throw your hands up, throw your hands up

(Get money, get money) Throw your hands up, throw your hands up..

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