

## Watch Out Now

## The Beatnuts

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!"

Aiyyo my song's on, I gotta get my grub on some to-to  
(I love to-to) 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 wanna 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!"

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)

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

"Whatcha gon' do when Beatnuts come through baby!"

(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..