

## Watch Out

Vinnie Paz

"General"

Magnetic what up, what up Steele? Astro on this one fam. Niggas hate to learn (yep), and learn to hate though (haha). Please educate all comrads everyday (yessir).

"Listen to me."

I pump death to the death, let the blind lead the dumb  
I'm a mess when I'm stressed, use a mic like a gun  
Shoot a verse through your vest verb shatter your chest  
Every word I project manifests in the flesh  
I'm destined to rep on deck where the weapon is kept  
Fully loaded Smith and Wesson how I earned my respect  
Steele the vet, I'm still I'll, still with TEC  
Still will kill that real with the King Magnetic

Check it, it's highly unlikely you cannot out-write me  
You might need a bodyguard like Letterman I injure men  
I'm vintage when I blast bayonets, jacket made of ninja skin  
So interesting I reenact the son of Sam murders  
Don't kid a Kinison no sin is innocent  
I dress British, think Yiddish, my verse makes you all skiddish  
Like De La's first iddish  
It's Esoteric, fuck you cop outs, we knock cops out  
You should watch out

Cause we watch and ain't scared of the cops  
And when I die my lawyer in Heaven is Johnny Cochran  
So I spread my wings let freedom ring  
Instead of shine I used to stay on the stoop and move this loot with my Jedi mind

Dred will find his essence, along with a weapon  
Organize, rhyme my lines, or I deal with my [?]  
[?] no second guessing, triple my stakes  
Violate, fist to the face, inspire my apes

I recite grace, flashlight under my face  
To some it's the past life come jumped in my place  
Asunder my taste punish the mistakes come from my hate  
Erase the look of wonder from her face, hunger awaits  
Wear gloves, there will be blood  
Not to get warmer hence two strips of crud for my lip corners  
Supreme killing machine, I'm a busybody  
A little hard work never killed anybody

My mind a hologram cousin I've been nice since '86  
Right around the time they started moving that grey shit  
I ain't overcomplicated, give me the basics  
Glock 45 Lord give you a facelift  
I'm drunk all the time, every day May 5  
Rhyming ain't for you God, stay on your dayshift  
Negative motherfucker, I hate shit  
Y'all are on that gay shit so you could make hits

Yo Mag, what up cousin?  
What up baby

A.O.T.P.

Yeah. Let's go

Fuck if you did and he suffered his tyranny  
Harder than finding MCs that fuck with me lyrically  
Every big touching me spiritually, knuckle invariably  
Punk your security, sand dunes, nothing is near to me  
[?] and a mask like door math teacher  
Not a killer but King Mag chalk out features  
Have the coroner exploring you like Dora does? caught a buzz  
War with us you can't afford, get courted by more of us