

Atmosphere "Watch Out"

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One little, two little, three little indie rap
Headphones, backpack, watch 'em all...
It goes watch out!

Jack the Ripper, Jack Jack the Ripper
Peace to Jack tripper and those Wellstone bumper
stickers
My name is Sean and I never had dreadlocks
Instead I got an army full of women screaming
Headshots!
I guess that explains it, don't it
She started to make a mark but it came apart
That's what you get for tryin' to make your little sister
eat the kitty litter
Let's watch a rapper get bitter like the city winter
What the fuck you thinkin'!?
You frustrated or something? Did you have a bad
week?
Man, you got issues, I feel sorry for you
Yo, shitting on me is so 2002 (Bitch!)
Turn your mic off, and turn the lights off
Whoever put your record out must have needed write-
offs
Who they play when the game's in a tight spot?
Slug, you can find me in the A's of your iPod

[Chorus]

Watch out!
When the crowd gets loud
It could burn up the roof or make the walls all fall down
Watch out!
When you open up your mouth
I can smell that you don't know what you're talking
about
(It goes) Watch out!
We all love a clown
But we don't wanna see you climb up out the
underground
Watch out!
If you don't like the sound
Fuck you! I'm just tryin' to put it down for my home town

Cars drive by with the booming system
I must be getting old cause the bass sounds ridiculous

And nowadays, every body's biting Tupac
So fuck it, I'ma stand over here and do the moonwalk
Besides police, I've got no beef
Just me, my beliefs and my bad teeth
A cargo van and some Ant beets
Enough rap to slap you to last week
Caught between the vice and the advice
Drunk, walking out in traffic just to fly kites
Time out, the free-style rhyme out, my last rights
Fuck a classic album, give my life 5 mics
And when the smoke clears, you won't be able to suck
dick
Like you did as a teenage slut trick
And with a mat on his grill, he asks "Who the fuck are
you?"
Don't worry man, someday I'ma be nobody too

[Chorus]

Look, I understand your hate
When I was younger, I wanted to be LL Cool J
Then he started making records for the girls and shit
So I ripped up the Kangol and threw it away
I stole moves from KRS-One
A little Big Daddy Cane and some DJ Run
And then we took our life and made it a song
And look, nowadays Rhymesayers is on
It's the B-I-G D-A double D-Y S-E-A-N
He hasn't hit the rooftop to jump, guess he waitin'?
For what? I don't know, but who wanna come with me?
I got at least one more tool with me
So criticize me, or idolize me
Study from a distance or stand right beside me
It don't matter, just act like I know
And watch your back on the beat
Or get sacked at the free-throw

[Chorus]

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