

Beatnuts "Watch Out Now"

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"Watch out now"

Yea, yeah, uh, uh

Mm, mm

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"

Aiyo 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 candela, 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 parade blow your legs off

(Parade)

With a grenade, 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 die hard, 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

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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)
Beatnuts last line
"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

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