

Be-Bop Deluxe

"Watch Out Now"

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Yea, yea.. uh-uh !
Mmmh-h-mmmh-h !
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 da first
verse"

"Watch out now!"

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 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 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 featuring 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 mala
Big Ju, d'Amelo co'±o, 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 (nigga)
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, Range 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!"

(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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