

## Atlas Sound

### "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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