

## Vents

### "Watch Out"

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[Chorus] WATCH OUT! We run the floor Vents One in this motherfucker Like WATCH OUT! We back for more Sound boy better chill and let the speaker suffer WATCH OUT! We run the floor Trigger Trials in this motherfucker Like WATCH OUT! WATCH OUT! WATCH OUT! ... [Vents] It's like Vents on the creep, something to rock you to sleep You seek and you shall find the mind run deep I speak vicious, reminisce about warriors in the Murray Rivers, God forgive us They know not what they do Rendezvous to make sure that the horns shake you Take two then pass, putting out dope that last beyond smoke that travel in the glass Unravelling the past on a path of despair Barking, starving to bear ... teeth Swallowing grief, lost in the bottomless deep Praying that tomorrow I'll breathe Roll deep cover, each brother connect my fam, one hand watch the other Direct assault on your senses This the relentless, closing mics before breakfast [Chorus] [Vents] Sickened by the stench of the ringtone, the cancer in your bone Feeling alone, we keep fearing the unknown Fully grown, stone cold, do what the fuck you're told Keep the city in a chokehold Cold as ice, days of our lives like Camp Crystal Lake after Jason arrives Turn people into fearful creatures Locking them refugees up and that's mere procedures Follow leaders to darkness, roaches, apartments Deal with piece-of-shit fathers Single mothers, God don't love us Government ensure the rich stay above us Wear them rubbers, no populating till every last senator sent back to Satan Vents breaking 'em down Shells from the mind of the maniac, crab emcees better ... [Chorus] [Vents] The kick drum toe tagger, no fatter Competition like Cold War, sneak with a cloak and a dagger Energy, matter, move at a slow vibration Lost in the forest time wasting Throw a temper tantrum Smacking police in the face with their own fucking handgun Fuck you, you better WATCH OUT! I take chumps apart and transform brains to art Now one less gun is a plan But I prefer one more gun in the hands of the right man I smell a Taipan snake Emcees is acting kind of weird like cops on the take Making 'em shake, drum and the bass 2006 is

nothing but another summer to waste Another day  
another dead, another born Another military turning  
the country the colour red Now WATCH OUT! Like  
WATCH OUT! WATCH OUT! Like WATCH OUT! Like  
WATCH OUT! Like WATCH OUT!

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