

Urban Mystic "Watch Out"

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*Featuring Stacks

[Urban Mystic]

OHHHHHHHH

Yo say there mama

Now won't you say how do you do

I got some business and it's dealing with you

So won't you come and give a nigga yo number

So I can hit you up later, don't you worry bout coming

Now listen tell yo friend and yo sista too

So we can get down with this groove

Stacks and Urban yeah we stay off the chain

Leaning we be up in the club b*tches screaming our names

We tell them watch out

Cuz a lot of them girls, they willing and worried

Bout whe we enter into the club yeah we be by the bar

We them superstars when we pull into the lot

B*tches sweating our cars

You know Stacks in a Benz and Urban's- i'm in a Hummer

We got the ice that makes it feel

Cold up in the summer

And if you're feeling this then put yo hands up

And if you're feeling this then put yo hands up

[Pre-Chorus]

Say there mama you got a thang goin on

Better watch out i been watching all night long

It ain't a problem til we ride til the break of dawn

And I ain't talking bout the cellular phone

I be, I be talking bout the after party now

Everybody steady sipping Bacardi now

Find the girls that be acting naughty

And bring them home with me

You better watch out when you see these pimps

Ya'll be strung out oh girl I know that you can hold out

Me and Stacks floating with ends let's get it poppin no lie

Hold on

[Stacks]

You know who's back with some hoes

Cuz we go roll out where you coming from homey

You ever seen a thug walk you know how we do

Don't need no bodyguards nigga Urban's my crew
I see you shacking that ma you need to hitch a ride
home
Check out my wrists and baby and wig
It's every color on that rainbow
Don't you understand straight we be
Pimpin like this we just some men in here sipping
And niggas spitting to get a b*tch
Ain't no missing- the hits are just coming so don't be
running from kid
Who wants to kick it with you
G's ya'll know the game in and out like a veteran
Hold up, you ain't heard this Stacks and Mystic
Ask them b*tches when we just turn them into statistics
[Pre-Chorus]
Hey there mama
Bring them home to me
[Urban Mystic]
Nigga watch that
When I step up into the club
Niggas see that I got a bottle of Bub
Cuz i'm a soldier thought I told ya
Cuz when I come on this mic i'm taking over
They call me Urban cuz i'm serving on the strip
In my excrusion
Steadily pullin them girls with short skirts
And never mind them haters
Snitches & b*tches all they want to do is get my riches
Ain't having that I be damned if i'm let a let a nigga
touch that
All I gotta do is hit my boy Stacks and we gone
Bring it to the table let them know that they're able
To buy the sony table
[Pre-Chorus]
Hey there mama you got a thing
Bring them home to me
Bounce wit me

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