

# Blackout

DMX

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Jay! Fuck that

This is it right here baby!

You know what it is

Yo, I used to have bad luck

Now you might see me in a Jag truck

Mad stuck either with a dime or a bad duck

Double R T with the matchin bandana

38-snub blue steel with no hammer

And I see all ya niggaz tryin to glance at the Kiss

Cuz I walk around with your whole advance on my wrist

Phonin your women, drunk off Corona's and lemon

And you know I'm still right in the main

Light in the green

I need to bug it even though I look right in the beam

Judge find out it's my team, he boost they bails

Niggaz floss on their album, try to boost their sales

We put our pies on the table when our eyes on a label

Cuz them rednecks up in the mountains will try to slay you

Call me raspy tell you what I want you to know

Fuck what you ask me you probably don't want me to blow

I got a lot of horsepower so I'm able to stick

Usually a good nigga even though I'm able to flip

You pay 30 for the 'Kiss, 100 for The L.O.X

And if we coo', then I write a hook for a drop

Whatever's in the bank is my bet

A zebu's my pet

And get in the bed and with the legs then that

Aiyyo, when my gun bust send niggaz to the fish like swamps and

New York's youngest Bumpy Johnson

I put fear in y'all heads

Sheek looks type a nigga that gasoline yall beds

And that's warning

If you all alive in the morning, that's fine

Now I suggest you hit the block and get what's rightfully mine

I want PC, see me tuck in your chains

I got niggaz my pops say that lifestyle ain't changed

It's like wake up move a brick half-of-a-slow

Make car money check with Sheek go fuck with a hoe

I rock a waste slim mink do-rag under my fittish

And I don't need rework waves, Timbs be halfway new

That Sheek in the dresser club cuz I don't fuck with shoes

And from a nigga's life, I swear to the Bible, let it be told

I put 30 in your head, all in the same hole

Cuz we all got the same goal and you tryin to tamper with mine

Don't make me mothafuckin leave you with some shit in your spine

Fuck with me, you be a was nigga

Nigga was dope

Nigga was gettin money before I extorted your coke

What, you crazy?

Aiyyo, catch me with a 38, box and shells

In a 98 Lincoln eatin pasta shells

Order to go, always got a box of L's

Blow, stay on the low

Get a Henney and swig  
I Penuro so I hate a snake, rat, or a pig  
I pop shit cuz I'm the second best, the first was B.I.G.  
Y'all niggaz is shunned out, let me speak to your father  
Cuz I like to play chess and I swing the revolver  
If I don't like a nigga, I don't even be bothered  
I spit, I'm just a crooked nigga goin legit  
You hold your nine if you holdin a brick  
Common sense, that drama, you hit the Bahamas, get bent  
L.O.X. get respect like Sunny from Bronx Tale  
Us and DMX, the Ruff Ryder cartel  
Thirsty to live all y'all niggaz eager to die  
I tell all my niggaz ride  
You won't leave with a dime, motherfuckers

Yeah, yeah, I'm a monster  
Sleep whole winters, wake up and spit summers  
Ghetto nigga puttin up Will Smith numbers  
Surrounded by 6's and Hummers  
Bitches among us  
Try not to let this bullshit become us  
This started from hunger, tell it all when they sane  
Now bitches notice the chains now that I've hit my number  
The chickens I twisted see the digits unlisted  
The beeper done change  
You dead bitch, the Reaper done came  
I suggest niggaz stop speakin my name  
Cause trust me, y'all can still feel the heat in the rain  
I keep creepin, streets keep watchin I keep poppin  
Niggaz is hot heads and the bullets is heat-seekin  
Jay flow pesos chase hoes NOT  
I just circle around the block in a drop  
Tell them to jump through the top  
Where the sun roof used to be  
I could see y'all not used to me  
Nigga flows like none other  
I'm the meanest, toughest Don Dutta, the gun butcha  
You the type that bust a lot of shots and none touch ya  
I'm the type that get excited when the gun touch ya  
Motherfuckers

I'm headed nowhere fast run in the place gun in my waste  
Niggaz wanted to taste but wouldn't come to my face  
So what that mean you cats is playin games again  
So what I do start namin names again (what!)  
All you motherfuckers know that I speak from the heart (uh!)  
Play like you dunno and L.O.X. is gonna bark  
We can take it there but to make it fair, get some mo niggaz  
Styles, Sheek, Jay we comin with like 4 niggaz (aight!)  
Y'all niggaz besta stop playin  
It'd be the ones you forgotten about  
That'll get you shot in your mouth  
\*ARF! ARF!\* Got my dogs covered  
Plus it's all gravy like chicken when it's smothered  
It's dark and I LOVE IT! get him, boy let him loose  
You want it with the dogg, let the gun, let him shoot