## Blackout

**Koffee Brown** 

One two I remember when we first met I fell in love with the sex hickeys on my tities Bite marks on my neck wifey like next But now you get vexed and in the last six months Seems you lost respect you dont call when you hang out Ball with the range out act all wild in the mall wanna bang out Shit nigga you dont know who I be Instead of flippin on me get a J.O.B.

Loud talkin pickin my clothes like a orphan And when ever im out you be stalkin 911 paging you be callin what so important Use the bathroom then you come back and say you want to talk With your hands not washed and the seat up Get a job and get your ass up and make the bed up yeah

What do you do when your man is a bum Cant keep a job for more than a month Your friends dont like him and his game is dead You blew it off with him cause hes good in bed Take your keys and throw them out Or just get mad and run your mouth You work all day hes on the couch Dont that make you want to blackout

Think im about to blackout blackout Grabin out wildin out Flippin on me im flippin on you Dont wanna make me act a fool Think im about to blackout blackout Grabin out wildin out Dont wanna lose my cool Im about to blackout on you

Talkin like you got room Dont even clean the house Never seen a broom Movin my shit dont know where its at I told you more than once I wasnt havin that Im about to blackout got to let it out Doin crazy things make me want to shout Blowin up my cell whats that all about Sayin you was home when I seen you out Im havin doubts

Now what do you do when your girls a bird Pack her shit kick to the curb Lose your cool catch your case Sleep wit her friends throw it back in her face Do ya take her back try again Cant leave home dont trust your friends Turn your back she'll play you out Dont that make you want to blackout

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Clothes smellin like perfume or makeup Call me somebody else when we make love You trickin my dough at the strip club You think its a game but im gettin fed up You talkin in codes on your cell phone You do it on the low like I aint gon know You movin too fast better slow down You playin me close gonna make me blackout

Yo pluck an independent woman like beyonce And I could give a damn what you and your boyz say No need to kick me out I dont wanna stay Pack the coach bags and be on my way I dont need you You need a broad that wake up in the morn clean cook and feed you And that aint luck nigga thats whats up Key up the truck and clear the bank account when I blackout

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