

# Black Out

John Askew

[Ghostface Killah]Where's my horse? {shouts} de Andre! {makes horse sounds}

Andre?

Yo!

Throw me in a mosh pit I'm liable to start shit  
Melt the place then break out like an arsonist  
Classified to get it in for a classic killing  
If I turn my back and walk that means I'm chilling  
Got bitches in mi casa boiling fresh lobsters  
But I don't do the shellfish I'm a just eat pasta  
Turkey italian sausage chopped up kielbasa  
Doing hits from home like an elite mobster  
Love my onions diced up real little, wifed up!  
Gotti trench men is real brittle  
Poke your nose {Poconos} is where I go with the capos  
11 Sammy the Bulls, ready to wack those  
I'm half black yo, half oregano  
That's half italian yo, who he?  
I'm from that Island yo, Staten  
Crushing niggas like aspirins  
Commissioner Kelly I'll kill your captian  
That's word to my bitch that's laid off  
That little patch in the pussy, word! I ate it off!  
Team move with hands in the air like Adolf  
Handing me a big joint that I sprayed off! Raa3ffff  
[Cappadonna]Toma, toma, mira pene que!  
Papi Wardrobe, Papi Wardrobe, go ahead Papi Wardrobe!  
Maricon! Yeah... rrrrrrrrrkii kii kii kii kii kaaaaah  
La Costra Nostra La Familia, what!  
Violate my family ties and I'm a kill y'all  
Mi amor dame un beso

"D" Capitan ghetio hot sauce on my Spaghetti-O's  
Papi Wardrobe mexican handle with ho's  
All my gutter gang crew got border patrol  
Like Zorro when I come through black sombrero, what!  
2 in the holster my code name Darryl  
Ride off in the sunset starved in the barrel  
Long boots on my horse named White Boy John  
Rock the side of that bitch straight mexican song

Ass hanging off the brunt don't ever look at me wrong  
And my heart beats strong like Julio on guzziii  
Up in the Arizona desert where the shit get ugly  
All my Staten Island riders ride or die honchos  
Get cream all day leave our ponchos  
We bull fighting niggas wrestle with broncos  
And my team stay tight like Silver & Tonto  
Carry a long whip yo I'll whip your ass  
Hard head mexican dope mixed with hash  
Machete behind door where the rip and the slash  
Desperado kids me and Ghost back at last  
Toma, Toma, Mericon!  
Papi Wardrobe, Papi Wardrobe, bring it to them!  
[Trife]Cinco De Mayo imported guns from Cairo  
Got back with the toast and beat the charge like rhino  
This bitch who's albino  
I met her out in Chi-Town while I was out in Greek town ordering Gyros  
The Bad bitch keep the tool in her bible  
Quick to murder her rivals and her pops was a gangsta Disciple  
He Killed about a thousand Vice Lords guns and knife wars  
The feds came for him so he slid to the 9th ward  
Down in the N.O.  
And right before he left he wrote his daughter a memo left stacks in a Benz-o  
It got hot niggas selling giving out the info  
He paranoid every 20 seconds out the window  
Blow it into limbo he spazzed on Lorenzo  
He smashed him in the head with his own son's Nintendo  
About a week later the boys came and rushed him  
Kicked down his door while he was sleep they cuffed him

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