

Black Out

I Metal Machine

[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! Raa3fffff

[Cappadonna]Toma, toma, mira pene que!

Papi Wardrobe, Papi Wardrobe, go ahead Papi Wardrobe!

Maricon! Yeah... rrrrrrrrrrkii kii kii kii kii kaaaah

La Costra Nostra La Familia, what!

Violate my family ties and I'm a kill y'all

Mi amor dame un beso

"D" Capitan ghettio 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 guzzii

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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