## **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 respectYou don't call when you hang out, ball with the range out

Act all wild in the mall wanna bang out

Shit nigga you don't know who I be

Instead of flippin' on me get a J O BLoud talkin', pickin' my clothes like a orphan

And when ever I'm out you be stalkin'

911 paging you be callin', what so importantUse 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 yeahWhat do you do when your man is a bum

Can't keep a job for more than a month

Your friends don't like him and his game is dead

You blew it off with him 'cause he's good in bedTake your keys and throw them out

Or just get mad and run your mouth

You work all day, he's on the couch

Don't that make you want to blackout Think I'm about to blackout, blackout

Grabin' out wildin' out

Flippin' on me, I'm flippin' on you

You don't wanna make me act a foolThink I'm about to blackout, blackout

Grabin' out wildin' out

Don't wanna lose my cool

I'm about to blackout on youTalkin' like you got room

Don't even clean the house, never seen a broom

Movin' my shit don't know where it's at

I told you more than once I wasn't havin' thatI'm about to blackout got to let it out

Doin' crazy things make me want to shout

Blowin' up my cell what's that all about

Sayin' you was home when I seen you out, I'm havin' doubtsNow 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 faceDo ya take her back try again

Can't leave home don't trust your friends

Turn your back she'll play you out

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## Grabin' out wildin' out

I don't wanna lose my cool

I'm about to blackout on youClothes smellin' like perfume or makeup

Call me somebody else when we make love

You trickin' my dough at the strip club

You think it's a game but I'm gettin' fed upYou talkin' in codes on your cell phone

You do it on the low like I ain't gon' know

You movin' too fast better slow down

You playin' me close gonna make me blackoutYo 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 don't wanna stay

Pack the coach bags and be on my wayI don't need you, you need a broad that wake up in the morn

Clean cook and feed you

And that ain't luck nigga that's what's up

Key up the truck and clear the bank account when I blackout Think I'm about to blackout, blackout

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