

# Blackout (feat. Jay-Z & The L.O.X.)

DMX

(Jay) Fuck that  
(This is it right here baby)  
You know what it isYo, 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-snob blue steel with no hammer  
And I see y'all niggas tryin' to glance at the 'Kiss  
'Cause I walk around with your whole advance on my wrist  
Phoning your women, drunk off Corona's and lemon  
And you know I'm still writin' the mean, lightin' the green  
I need the buggy, even though I look, right in the beam  
Judge find out it's my team, he boost they bails  
Niggas throw us on they album, try to boost they sales  
We put our pies on the table and our eyes on a label  
'Cause them rednecks up in the mountains'll try to slay you  
(They 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 skip  
Usually a good nigga, even though I'm able to flip  
You pay 30 for the 'Kiss (uh-huh) a 100 for The L.O.X. (Yeah)  
And if we cool, then I write a hook for a drop  
Whatever's in the bank is my bet, a z-bull's my pet  
And you can bet he'll get the legs and the neckYo when my gun bust, send niggas to the fish like Swanson  
New York's youngest Bumpy Johnson, I put fear in y'all heads  
Sheek Luc', type of nigga gasoline y'all beds  
And that's warnin', if you all alive in the mornin', 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 niggas my pop's age that lifestyle ain't changed  
It's like wake up, move a brick, half of it slow  
Make car money, check with Sheek, go fuck with a hoe  
I rock a waist length mink, do-rag under my fitted  
And I don't even want waves, Timbs be halfway new  
That's Sheek in the dress-up club 'cause I don't fuck with shoes  
And for my nigga's life, I swear to the Bible, let it be told  
I put thirty in your head, all in the same hole  
'Cause we got the same goal, and you try an' tamper with mine?  
Don't make me motherfuckin' leave you with some shit in yo' spine

Fuck with me you be a was nigga, nigga was dope  
Nigga was gettin' money 'fore I extorted your coke, 'ju crazy? Ayo, catch me with a thirty-eight, box and shells  
In a ninety-eight Lincoln eatin' pasta shells  
Order to go, always got a box of L's  
Blow, stay on the low, get a Heine' and swig  
I'm Pinero, so I hate a snake, rat, or a pig  
I pop shit 'cause I'm the second best, the first was B.I.G.  
Y'all niggaz is son-ned out, let me speak to your father  
'Cause 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, Fed drama, you hit the Bahamas, get bent  
L.O.X. get respect like Sonny from "Bronx Tale"  
Us and DMX, the Ruff Ryder cartel  
Thirsty to live, are y'all niggas eager to die?  
I tell all my niggas ride, you won't leave with a dime  
Motherfucker Yeah, yeah  
I'm a monster, I sleep whole winters, wake up and spit summers  
Ghetto nigga, puttin' up Will Smith numbers  
Surrounded by 6's and Hummers, bitches among us  
Tryin' not to let this bullshit become us  
It started from hunger, til it all went insane  
Now bitches notice the chains now that I hit my number  
The chickens I twisted see the digits unlisted  
The beeper done changed, 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 for pesos, chase hoes, not  
I just circle 'round the block in a drop  
Tell them jump through the top (Uh-huh)  
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 Dada, the gun butt ya  
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  
Y'all niggas 'bout to witness a dynasty like no other Grr. I'm headed nowhere fast  
Run in the place, gat in my waist  
Niggas wanted a taste, but wouldn't come to my face  
So what that mean? You cats is playin' games again  
So now what I do? Start namin' names again (What)  
All you motherfuckers know, that I speak from the heart (Uh)

Play like you don't know, L.O.X. is gon' bark  
We can take it there, but to make it fair, get some more niggas  
Styles, Sheek, Jay, we comin' with like four niggaz (Aight)  
Y'all niggaz, best to stop playin', it'll be the ones you forgotten about  
That'll get you shot in your mouth  
Got my dogs covered (Uh)  
Plus it's all gravy like chicken when it's smothered (What)  
"It's Dark," and I love it! (Uh)  
Get him boy, let him loose (C'mon)  
You want it with the dog? Get a gun, let him shoot (C'mon)

Songwriters

SHAWN CARTER, KASSEEM DEAN, SEAN JACOBS, JASON PHILLIPS, EARL SIMMONS, DAVID  
STYLES

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