

# Blackout (feat. JAY Z & The Lox)

DMX

Jay! Fuck that, this is it right here baby!  
You know what it is Yo, 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' bandanna  
38-snob blue steel with no hammer And I see y'all niggaz tryin' to glance at the 'Kiss  
'Cause I walk around with your whole advance on my wrist  
Phonin' your women, drunk off Corona's and lemon  
And you know I'm still writin' the mean, lightin' the green I need to boogie, even though I look, right in the  
beam  
Judge find out it's my team, he boost they bails  
Niggaz 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, a 100 for The L.O.X.  
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 neck Aiiyyo, yo when my gun bust, send niggaz to the fish like  
Swanson  
New York's youngest Bumpy Johnson, I put fear in y'all heads  
Sheik 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 niggaz 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 Sheik, 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 Sheik 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 your spine  
Fuck with me you be a was nigga, nigga was dope  
Nigga was gettin' money 'fore I extorted your coke, 'ju crazy? Aiiyyo, 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 niggaz eager to die?  
I tell all my niggaz ride, you won't leave with a dime, motherfucker  
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, till 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  
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 butcher  
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 niggaz 'bout to witness a dynasty like no other  
I'm headed nowhere fast run in the place, gat in my waist  
Niggaz 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  
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 niggaz  
Styles, Sheik, 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  
Plus it's all gravy like chicken when it's smothered, what?  
'It's Dark,' and I love it, get him boy, let him loose, c'mon  
You want it with the dog? Get a gun, let him shoot, c'mon

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