

# Blackout

## Cubanate

[Fat Joe - over Chorus]

Swizz Beatz!

Sing to me baby, uhh

Loretta I see you baby, yeah

Uh-huh, DFL

Stew, I see you too nigga

Yeah

[Fat Joe]

Sit back, relax, Joe Crack™s back

Joe Crack™s that nigga ya other niggaz love to hate on

Players keep showin love so players play on

What Crack™s preachin is CHUUCH, so niggaz pray on

Good heavens, had to wait for track seven

To adjust them fly dresses and high heel stilettos, yes

This vibe is perfect, I wonder

Maybe that™s why four™s the God™s perfect number

And you™re all my angels

Victoria™s Secret insatiable, that™s {?}

C™mon, get it together

My flight lands in a half an hour, we can do whatever

[Chorus]

[Fat Joe - over Chorus]

Woo! Uhh

Yeah, uh-huh, talk to me baby

Don™t catch feelings ma

You know what this is

Hahaha, bitch

Yeah, uhh, yo

[Fat Joe]

When you mad she™s happy when she™s sad she™s glad

She ecstatic to see me and she™s {?}

Too much of y™all for me to keep happy

Still and all y™all keep callin me daddy

I™m tryin to change it, similar to Alaskan skies

Midnight look like the sunrise

That means I, ain™t budgin, I™m still the same

Same kisser, same hugger, same Joe Crack you love him  
You do ma, admit it girl you trust him  
To be back at that hotel suite crushin  
And you just in time  
To break me off before my hotel checkout time

[Chorus]

[Fat Joe - over Chorus]  
Hahahahaha, woo  
We on tour right now  
Yeah, talk to me baby, talk to me  
Uhh, haha  
I mean my D.C. girl, she donâ€™t like my V.A. girl  
My A-T-L girl donâ€™t like my Cali baby

[Fat Joe]

Yo, I know ma, I see your vision  
Fuckin with me is like an all-inclusive private island vacation  
Woo â€“ room service from the A.M. to the P.M.  
All, night crushin this amazin human bein  
Got you love struck, topic controversial  
Cause when Iâ€™m gone youâ€™re lost like that Corona commercial  
I know time is money still I canâ€™t reimburse you girl  
For what you wear, thatâ€™s the day I reverse you girl  
You get your nails painted proper  
Pull out the black Amex, Iâ€™ll take you shoppin  
But when itâ€™s time to go I disappear like Hoffa  
I see you next time when I decide to pop up, Iâ€™m gone

[Chorus]

[Fat Joe - over Chorus]  
Itâ€™s like you donâ€™t know I got a wife  
HAHAHAHA, YEAH!!  
And another one, Khaled! Cool & Dre  
L.V., Swizz! {\*echoes\*}

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>