

Blackout (feat. the Lox & Jay-Z)

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

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STYLES

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