

Blackout (feat. JAY-Z & The Lox)

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 witcha whole advance on my wrist
Bonin' your women, drunk off coronas 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'na 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
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 hundred for The L.O.X.
And if we cool, then I write a for a dropWhatever's in the bank is my bet, a z-bull's my pet
And you can bet he'll get the legs and the neckUh-huh, yeah, aiyyo
Yo 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 Louch, 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 Sheik, go fuck with a ho
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 dressup 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? Aiiyyo, catch me with a thirty-eight, box a shells
 In the 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.GY'all niggas is son'd 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, while 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 niggas 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 Niggas 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 to 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 Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr. I'm headed nowhere fast
 Runnin' in 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, Sheik, Jay, we comin with like four niggas (AIGHT!)
 Y'all niggas, best to stop playin, it'll be the ones you forgotten about
 That'll get you shot in your mouth (ARF! ARF!)

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 or the gun, let him choose (C'MON!)

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>