

Black Out

Ghostface Killah

Yo, Ayo, These duffel bag niggas is lame hoes, I Flame those
Your papa should have left you as stain on clothes
I rock heavy metal, 18 carats or better
Blue Steel or Beretta, I'mma stack that Feta
Guacamole, My shit is fat, I call it Roly Poly
Niggas is screamin' like, Damn Ghost holy moly
The baddest bitch is walkin' two steps behind me
Cause the gods robes flaring out, Shit I don't care about
One false move on the kid, I'm airing out
Dumpin', bullets be hop skip an' a jumpin'
With the automatic shotgun, hand on the pumpin'
Dum, dum, watch your whole body flop
And wyle the fuck out, I'm like a bull in the china shop
Beasty, I can walk on cut glass, I bust ass
Niggas better cover they face or get slashed
Or see me an' ya Granny in the yard gettin' trashed
Ayo back out, Give em the whole thing, Black out
Squeeze until it spring break nigga, Black out
You run out of bullets then swing nigga, Black out
Don't give a fuck about a thing nigga, Black out
Black out, Give em the whole thing, Black out
Squeeze until it spring break nigga, Black out
You run out of bullets then swing nigga, Black out
Don't give a fuck about a thing nigga, Black out

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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