

Redman, Blackout (With Method Man)

[Meth]

All my people!

[Red]

Yo yo yo yo

Its funk dock where the weed at bitch?

I speed back wiz down a one way from cops see that shit?

Believe that shit

Slaughter, straight to cam corder

Too hot for tv my rap trall water

My windpipes attached to project bawlers

You yell turn the heat down

My voice dvd round sound

Some heard round town

And chances are if your leaving, round now

Wait later, well make front page paper

Date rape her, with juvenile 8th graders

Hit the high school in 187 sezas

When I bus you need to back 4 acres

Doc yall and thats my name jabber jaw

The shit list ready who next to scratch off

Im from the underground my sound lift

Platform shoes to bitches 400 pounds

[Chorus]

Get up stand up back up push up jump up

Act up to make yall feel it!

Stick up, stick up, stick up, stick up

Blackout, shootout, smoke-out, move out

Even knock the tooth out

To make yall feel it!

Stick up, stick up, stick up, stick up

[Meth]

number street talking, dog walking

approach me with extreme caution

oh now you forcing?

My handll rock you cradle offen

Im hot scorching But stone cold like steve austin

If you smell what the cow cookin try to

See situation so tell your goon stop lookin

know what you did last summer

So I started hookin, u pass shookin off a open can of ass woopin

aint no tommorrows in the methaz little shopahorus

go ask for father who the father from the hill-da-harper

you know the sarbor maruwana plus and goats larger

with deadly medly yall aint ready for chapawn and reggie

dont even bother

the radio for back-up

alright then your man got slap up, extorted for his icing

street life is triffling (Buddy over here!)

take it like tyson and bite a niggas ear

percising, slicing juggulars the cuthroat ruckiger, predator

viking exetera

peoples chant nigga we taking all competitors

reaching for the microphone, relax and light a bone

straight from the catacomb, the children of the corn

(dont got a clue)

we call the desert storm

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[Red]

I scored one point one on my S A T and still
Push a whip with a right and left A C
Gorilla, big dog if my name get called behind a brick wall
With arsenic jaws
Spit poison, got a gun permitt draw
Gundown at sundown you keep score
This training course and yall aint fit on my crew tombstone
But we all aint shit

[Meth]

all you gonna be, wanna be, when will ya learn?
wanna be doc and meth, gotta wait your turn.
I spit a 41 revolver on new years eve with the mike in the hand,
I mutilate MCs
The most slept on since rick man way
My shit stink from every element from A to Zee
So what u think?
Im a black out on just one drink? You must be crazy
A little off the wall maybe go get a shrink

[Chorus]

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