

DMX, Blackout

(feat. Lox & Jay-Z)

Blackout
Jay! Fuck that
This is it right here baby!
You know what it is

[Jadakiss]

Yo, 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 all ya niggaz tryin to glance at the Kiss
Cuz I walk around with your whole advance on my wrist
Phonin your women, drunk off Corona's and lemon
And you know I'm still right in the main
Light in the green
I need to bug it even though I look right in the beam
Judge find out it's my team, he boost they bails
Niggaz floss on their album, try to boost their sales
We put our pies on the table when our eyes on a label
Cuz them rednecks up in the mountains will 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 stick
Usually a good nigga even though I'm able to flip
You pay 30 for the 'Kiss, 100 for The L.O.X
And if we coo', then I write a hook for a drop
Whatever's in the bank is my bet
A zebu's my pet
And get in the bed and with the legs then that

[Sheek]

Aiyyo, when my gun bust send niggaz to the fish like swamps and
New York's youngest Bumpy Johnson
I put fear in y'all heads
Sheek looks type a nigga that gasoline yall beds
And that's warning
If you all alive in the morning, 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 niggaz my pops say that lifestyle ain't changed
It's like wake up move a brick half-of-a-slow
Make car money check with Sheek go fuck with a hoe
I rock a waste slim mink do-rag under my fitted
And I don't need rework waves, Timbs be halfway new
That Sheek in the dresser club cuz I don't fuck with shoes
And from a nigga's life, I swear to the Bible, let it be told
I put 30 in your head, all in the same hole
Cuz we all got the same goal and you tryin to tamper with mine
Don't make me mothafuckin leave you with some shit in your spine
Fuck with me, you be a was nigga
Nigga was dope
Nigga was gettin money before I extorted your coke
What, you crazy?

[Styles]

Aiyyo, catch me with a 38, box and shells
In a 98 Lincoln eatin pasta shells
Order to go, always got a box of L's
Blow, stay on the low
Get a Henney and swig
I Penuro so I hate a snake, rat, or a pig

I pop shit cuz I'm the second best, the first was B.I.G.
Y'all niggaz is shunned out, let me speak to your father
Cuz 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, that drama, you hit the Bahamas, get bent
L.O.X. get respect like Sunny from Bronx Tale
Us and DMX, the Ruff Ryder cartel
Thirsty to live all y'all niggaz eager to die
I tell all my niggaz ride
You won't leave with a dime, motherfuckers

[Jay-Z]

Yeah, yeah, I'm a monster
Sleep whole winters, wake up and spit summers
Ghetto nigga puttin up Will Smith numbers
Surrounded by 6's and Hummers
Bitches among us
Try not to let this bullshit become us
This started from hunger, tell it all when they sane
Now bitches notice the chains now that I've hit my number
The chickens I twisted see the digits unlisted
The beeper done change
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 pesos chase hoes NOT
I just circle around the block in a drop
Tell them to jump through the top
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 Dutta, the gun butcha
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

[DMX]

I'm headed nowhere fast run in the place gun in my waste
Niggaz wanted to taste but wouldn't come to my face
So what that mean you cats is playin games again
So what I do start namin names again (what!)
All you motherfuckers know that I speak from the heart(uh!)
Play like you dunno and L.O.X. is gonna bark
We can take it there but to make it fair, get some mo niggaz
Styles, Sheek, Jay we comin with like 4 niggaz (aight!)
Y'all niggaz besta stop playin
It'd be the ones you forgotten about
That'll get you shot in your mouth
ARF! ARF! Got my dogs covered
Plus it's all gravy like chicken when it's smothered
It's dark and I LOVE IT! get him, boy let him loose
You want it with the dogg, let the gun, let him shoot