Method Man, Blackout!

[Redman]
Yo yo yo yo.. it's Funk Doc, where the weed at, bitch?
I speed backwards down a one-way from cops - see that shit?
Believe that shit - slaughter, straight to camcorder
I'm "Too Hot for TV," rap draw water
My windpipe's attached to project ballers
You yell: "Turn the heat down!"
My voice, DVD 'round sound, so I'm heard round town
And chances of y'all leavin? 'round now!
Wait later, will make front page paper
Date raper; with juvenile eighth graders
Hit the high school and 187 Caesar
When I bust y'all need to back fo' acres
Doc y'all, and that's my man Jabberjaw
The shitlist ready, who next to scratch off?
I'm from the underground, my sound lift
platform shoes to bitches, fo'-hundred pounds!

Chorus: Method Man + Redman

GET UP, STAND UP, BACK UP, PUSH UP
JUMP UP, ACT UP - TO MAKE Y'ALL FEEL IT!
Brrrrr... STICK 'EM, HA-HA-HA STICK 'EM
Brrrrr... STICK 'EM, HA-HA-HA STICK 'EM
Yo' BLACKOUT, SHOOT OUT, SMOKED OUT, MOVE OUT
EVEN KNOCK YOUR TOOTH OUT, TO MAKE Y'ALL FEEL IT!
Brrrrr... STICK 'EM, HA-HA-HA STICK 'EM
Brrrrr... STICK 'EM, HA-HA-HA STICK 'EM

[Method Man]
And I'm the street-talkin.. dog-walkin..
Approach me with extreme caution -- oh now you forcin
my +Hand+ to +Rock Yo' Cradle+ often, I'm hot-scorchin
but 'Stone Cold' like Steve Austin
If you smell what Tical cookin
Ain't tryin to see central bookin
So tell ya goon stop lookin
"Know What You Did Last Summer," so I started hookin
You past shooken off an open can of ass-whoopin
Ain't no tomorrow's in the Method's "Little Shop of Horrors"
Go ask your father who the father from the hill to harbor
You know tha saga, marijuana blunts and Goldschlager
with deadly medley, y'all ain't ready for Shakwon and Reggie
Don't even bother, the radio for back-up - alright then
Your man got slapped up, extorted for his ice an'
street life is triflin "Body over here!!"
Don't make me pull a Tyson and bite a nigga ear
Precise an', slicin jugulars, the cut-throat
Ruggeder, predator, Viking, et cetera
People's Champ, niggaz be takin on competitors
Reachin for the microphone, relax and light a bone
Straight from the catacomb, the +Children of the Corn+
that don't got a +CLUE+.. prepare for "Desert Storm"

Chorus

[Redman]
I scored 1.1 on my SAT
And still push a whip with a right and left AC
Gorilla, Big Dog, if my name get called
I'm behind the brick wall with arsenic jaws
Spit poison, got a gun permit draw
Gun down at sundown - you keep score!
This trainin course and y'all ain't fit

On my crew tombstone put, "We all ain't shit!"

[Method Man]
Yo, all you gonnabe, wannabe, when will you learn?
Wanna be Doc and Meth? Gotta wait your turn
I spit a .41 revolver on New Year's Eve
With the mic in my hand I mutilate MC's
The most slept on since Rip Van Wink'
My shit stink with every element from A to Z, so what you think?
I'ma blackout on just one drink? You must be crazy!
A little off the wall maybe - go get a shrink!

Chorus