

# Redman, 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!  
Brrrr... STICK 'EM, HA-HA-HA STICK 'EM  
Brrrr... 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!  
Brrrr... STICK 'EM, HA-HA-HA STICK 'EM  
Brrrr... 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 shaken 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 triffin "Body over here!!"  
Don't make me pull a Tyson and bite a nigga ear  
Precise an', slicin jugulars, the cut-throat  
Ruggeded, 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, &quot;We all ain't shit!&quot;

(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