

Busta Rhymes

"Blackout"

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Serious now

Be serious

All my niggas, one two

Line up an', come through

I got shit for all of you to wild out and

(Dumb to)

Back and bust your gun too

Nowhere to run to

This shit is the jerk

So run your jewels and your ones too

Hey my bitches

(What? What?)

I like your whole strut

Bounce and hold your ass out

Make it open and close shut

Watch me bust a whole nut

Right over your whole butt

Slice you down with the dick

Just like you was a cold cut

(Oh fuck)

Now watch me dig all in your whole gut

Stuff it like a roast duck

Fuckin' packin' a toast

(What? What?)

What about you slapping the shit up out ya

Flipmode, we them niggas

And I'ma always shout ya

See how we high rollers

Smokin' till we high zonin'

Niggas on the corner

Clutter the streets in the nights roamin'

Now see how we got you open

My niggas hold your post

Bitches if your ridin' with me

Let's see who rocks the most

All my niggas

(What? What?)

We comin' through

(What? What?)

Reppin' for my niggas and my bitches too

(What? What?)

Back and bust your gun too

Nowhere to run to

Black out in the truck

Until there's no club to come to

All my bitches

(What? What?)

We comin' through

(What? What?)

Reppin' for my bitches and my niggas too

(What? What?)

Bounce and shake your ass out

Break fool and black out

Hit you with some shit

That will make all y'all just pass out

Know I keep that hot shit

Fuck up your block shit

Have y'all niggas stupid

On some straight cock your glock shit

Every time we drop shit

There's no way to stop shit

Bust y'all niggas ass

Then like to sit back and pop shit

Yo we bout to lace y'all

Deface the place y'all

With shit that feel just like

A fuckin' foot in your face y'all

Is you with me?

(Hell yeah)

Before I hit y'all

Flipmode be the niggas

That will be sure to split y'all

We will never quit y'all

We won't permit y'all

Whack niggas to come inside

Like they be the shit y'all

(Fuck that)

Yeah you know we blaze

And we wreck shop

Put it down for live niggas

While we watch the next fly

All my niggas pass through

Before we blast you

This shit so real

I don't have no need to gash you

We will never calm down

We won't put the bombs down

Rep for all my niggas

And we won't put the arms down

(Yeah you know we keep it comin')

Yo people is good for nothin', ay yo

Hot to death with shit that always keep you jumpin'

And rush the dance hall

Until all they ass fall

I make you other corny niggas

Get off the damn wall

And then we bless y'all

With the currently fresh y'all

And hit y'all niggas with flavor

Nothing less than the best y'all

Now we see how we got you open

My niggas hold your post

All my bitches wylin' with me

Let's see who rocks the most

All my niggas

(What? What?)

We comin' through

(What? What?)

Reppin' for my niggas and my bitches too

(What? What?)

Back and bust your gun too

Nowhere to run to

Black out in the truck

Until there's no club to come to

All my bitches

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