

Funkoars

"Blackout"

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[Verse 1: Sesta]

Yo I'm suppose to be humble? Ya kidding
They still tryna come onto women I just finished coming
in 'em
Picturing 'em in their full flat
More rats enough goths, sluts coughed up what I
poured down
It's your round, never mine and it stays that way
Untill the day I fell in line like Jay Mc Clay ay
Take the bait and I take ya name instead of a couch
Tom Cruise the bit of ya mouth now
I think it's evident now the evidence out
Settling downs outta the question
And how many thousand crew throw towels in to
Show their click, fuck showmanship, I done showed
their shit
Show the dick till the girl gets to come out then
She get the fuck out! Till we run out of drinks I skull this
one
Thinking out the box with my finger stuck in one!
Come fuck around, fuck it I come around
Hit ya girl in the back hile your son around
She's busy, run to the liquour shop and get a bottle
Kiddies love it, he's a role model
No morals, beer goggles, thick as a brick
But I'm never double dipping the dick in the bitch
Fuck, I turn 'em vegeterian, the drunk pallbearer
Holding wood tryna bury ya
I give 'em clout, spread the rumour
Getting kicked outta clubs rocking second hand Pumas
Who got the illest sport the name OARS
Encores they feel it boy more than they feeling
chainsaws
We came we saw we fade 'em all, we did it
You prayed we'd fall we didn't, huh ya kidding?
Walking in and we killing the vibe
Ya better hide ya dinner knives 'cause I might..
BLACKOUT!

[Chorus]

Blackout, yeah, better clean the gutter 'cause I'm

gunna gunna

Blackout, blackout, try come fuck around with the OARS

That shit's lunacy, ay Trials take a shit on these G.I. Joe
mother fuckers

[Verse 2: Trials]

Yeah that's Sesta raise a fucking toast for my man
We on the prowl for a piece of pussy with pokey tan
I'm talking takeover, time's up
See they struggling for styles when they hardly rhyme
half the time
Real shit real hard to find
Oars play point-guard like Bali 9
They gotta stop it, another day at the office
And their name hold weightless that's why these
mother fuckers drop it under
I'm the prophet that turns wine to vomit from my wallet
with cob webs on it
If you sick of it, stop it
Listen to Common if you want some nice rap
If you like that you probably got my shit and took it right
back
Hilltop and Oars - That's the truth
Weapon X and Ken Hell - That's the booth
The shit's fake
Major-label budget away from a piss tap
Best take the piss away before I... BLACKOUT!

[Verse 3: Sesta]

You ain't fucking with Ses
Ask Pegz, you're harmless
The last pick a target
Gin start the bitch palming star in a bargain round
borrows lugz the answer
Body snatcher digging her out
A hundred motherfuckers is chillin' me out, what the
fuck
Raise the terror level with every sip
So I get a better devil every drink, everything
better than it's ever been
Pink shirts and pop collared cock suckers
Stop getting props without a top dollar
Rock bottom I've got 'em, I'm Lex in Gotham
You in the wrong city to stop him
Drop it, back in it raw
Packing the floor, stacking the door
That's what I rap for
I tag hoars with an S on they chest
Far from super, duper, fuckers in the stoop for saying...
BLACKOUT!

[Chorus] {with scratching variation 'til fade}

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