

Jay-Z

"Blackout"

Visit "[Blackout](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(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 y'all niggaz tryin to glance at the 'Kiss
Cause 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 writin the mean, lightin the green
I need to boogie, even though I look, right in the beam
Judge find out it's my team, he boost they bails
Niggaz throw us on they album, try to boost they sales
We put our pies on the table and our eyes on a label
Cause them rednecks up in the mountains'll try to slay
you
(They 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 skip
Usually a good nigga, even though I'm able to flip
You pay 30 for the 'Kiss (uh-huh) a 100 for The L.O.X.
(yeah)
And if we cool, then I write a hook for a drop
Whatever's in the bank is my bet, a z-bull's my pet
and you can bet he'll get the legs and the neck

[Sheik Luciano]

Uh-huh, yeah, aiyyo
Yo when my gun bust, send niggaz to the fish like
Swanson
New York's youngest Bumpy Johnson, I put fear in y'all
heads
Sheik Luc', type of nigga gasoline y'all beds
And that's warnin, if you all alive in the mornin, 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 pop's age that lifestyle ain't changed
It's like wake up, move a brick, half of it slow
Make car money, check with Sheik, go fuck with a hoe
I rock a waist length mink, do-rag under my fitted
And I don't even want waves, Timbs be halfway new
That's Sheik in the dress-up club cause I don't fuck with
shoes
And for my nigga's life, I swear to the Bible, let it be
told
I put thirty in your head, all in the same hole
Cause we got the same goal, and you try an' tamper
with mine?
Don't make me motherfuckin leave you with some shit
in yo' spine
Fuck with me you be a WAS nigga, nigga WAS dope
Nigga WAS gettin money 'fore I extorted your coke, 'ju
crazy?

[Styles]

Aiyyo, catch me with a thirty-eight, box and shells
In a ninety-eight Lincoln eatin pasta shells
Order to go, always got a box of L's
Blow, stay on the low, get a Heine' and swig
I'm Pinero, so I hate a snake, rat, or a pig
I pop shit cause I'm the second best, the first was B.I.G.
Y'all niggaz is son-ned out, let me speak to your father
Cause 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, Fed drama, you hit the Bahamas, get
bent
L.O.X. get respect like Sonny from "Bronx Tale"
Us and DMX, the Ruff Ryder cartel
Thirsty to live, are y'all niggaz eager to die?
I tell all my niggaz ride, you won't leave with a dime
Motherfucker

[Jay-Z]

Yeah, yeah
I'm a monster, I sleep whole winters; wake up and spit
summers
Ghetto nigga, puttin up Will Smith numbers
Surrounded by 6's and Hummers, bitches among us
Tryin not to let this bullshit become us
It started from hunger, til it all went insane
Now bitches notice the chains now that I hit my number
The chickens I twisted see the digits unlisted

The beeper done changed; 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 for pesos -- chase hoes NOT
I just circle 'round the block in a drop
Tell them jump through the top (uh-huh)
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 Dada, the gun butcher
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..
Y'all niggaz bout to witness a dynasty like no other

[DMX]

Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.. I'm headed nowhere fast
Run in the place, gat in my waist
Niggaz wanted a taste, but wouldn't come to my face
So what that mean? You cats is playin games again
So now what I do? Start namin names again (WHAT!)
All you motherfuckers know, that I speak from the heart
(UH!)
Play like you don't know, L.O.X. is gon' bark
We can take it there, but to make it fair, get some more
niggaz
Styles, Sheik, Jay, we comin with like four niggaz
(AIGHT!)
Y'all niggaz, best to stop playin, it'll be the ones you
forgotten about
that'll get you shot in your mouth (ARF! ARF!)
Got my dogs covered (UH!)
Plus it's all gravy like chicken when it's smothered
(WHAT!)
"It's Dark," and I LOVE IT! (UH!)
Get him boy - let him loose (C'MON!)
You want it with the dog? Get a gun, let him shoot
(C'MON!)

Visit [Jay-Z](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.