

M**"Blackout"**

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[Intro]: Meth

All my people...!

[Redman]

It's Funk Doc

Where da weed at, bitch?!

I speed back wist, down to one-way from cops

See thas' shit?! Believe thas' shit!

Slaughter straight to camcorder, I'm too hot for t.v.

Backdraw water, my windpipes attached to Project-
ballers

You yell: "Turn the heat down!"

My voice, diggi-di-round-sound, some herb round town

And chances of ya'll leavin', round now

Wait later, will make Funk page paper

They rape up the Juveline Ave Graders

Hit the High School at 187 Caesar

When I bust ya'll need to back 4 achers

Doc ya'll and that's my man Jap-A-Jaw

The shitlist ready, who next to scratch off?

I'm from the underground, my soundlib

Platform shoes to bitches, 400 pounds!

[Chorus]: Meth & Red

GET UP, STAND UP, BACK UP, PUSH 'EM

JUMP UP, ACT UP TO MAKE YOU FEEL IT!

Brrrrr...STICK 'EM, HA-HAHA STICK 'EM

Brrrrr...STICK 'EM, HA-HAHA STICK 'EM

Yo' BLACKOUT, SHOOT OUT, SMOKED OUT

MOVE OUT, EVEN KNOCK THE TOOTH OUT, TO MAKE

YA'LL FEEL IT!

Brrrrr...STICK 'EM, HA-HAHA STICK 'EM

Brrrrr...STICK 'EM, HA-HAHA STICK 'EM

[Meth]

Now I'm the streettalkin', dogwalkin'

A pursuit with extreme caution, OH NOW YOU FORCIN'?

My hand that rock yo' cradle often
I'm hot-scorchin', but stome cold like Steve Austin
If you smell what Tical cookin', ain't try to see, send you
bookin'
So til ya gon' stop lookin', now what you did last
summer?
So I started hookin', you past shookin'
Over open can I ass-whoopin'?
Ain't no Tamara's in the Method's Little Shop Of Horrors
Go ask your father who the father from the Hilbill
harbour
You know tha saga, marihuana plushin' gold sluggaz
With deadly medley, ya'll ain't ready for Shakwon and
Reggie
Don't even bother, the radio for back-up
Alright then, ya man got slapped up extorted for his
icin'
Streetlife is triflin' *Body over here...!*Come meet me like Tyson and bite a nigga' ear
Precisin', slicin' juggerless the cut-crew
Ruggeded, Predator, Viking, Exatorer
People's champ, niggaz be takin' off competetors
Reachin' for the microphone, relax and light a bone
Straight from the Caticone
The Children Of The Corn, that don't got a clue
Prepare for desert storm!

[Chorus]

I scored 1.1 on my SAT
And still pushin' whip with a right and left AC
Gorilla, Big Dog, if my name get caught
I'm behind the brickwall with Aus and Nick Jaws
Spit poison, got a gun permit draw
Gundown at Sundown you keep score!
This training-course and ya'll ain't fit
On my crew-tombstone put 'We All Ain't Shit'

[Meth]

Yo', all you gonna be, wanna be
When will you learn? Wanna be Doc and Meth? Gotta
wait ya turn
I spit a .41 Revolver on New Year's Eve
With the mic in my hand I mutilate m.c.'s
The most slapped on ? and 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]

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