

Method Man

"Blackout(feat. Redman)"

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[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, divi-di-round-sound,

some heard round town

And chances are ya'll leavin', round now

Wait later, will make Funk page paper

Date Raper with juveline 8th Graders

Hit the High School at 187 Caesar

When I bust ya'll need to back 4 acres

Doc ya'll and that's my man JabberJaw

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 UP

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 YA 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'

Approach me with extreme caution, OH NOW YOU

FORCIN'?

My hand that 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 til ya gon' stop lookin', know what you did last
summer?

So I started hookin', you past shookin'

Offer 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 (Park)Hill
to (Mariners)Harbor
You know tha saga, marijuana blunts and Goldschlager
With deadly medley, ya'll ain't ready for Shakwon and
Reggie
Don't even bother, to radio for back-up
Alright then, ya man got slapped up extorted for his
icin'
Streetlife is triflin' *Body over here...!
Nigga pull a Tyson and bite a nigga' ear
Precisin', slicin' juggerless the cut-crew
Ruggeder, Predator, Viking, excetera
People's champ, niggaz be takin' off competetors
Reachin' for the microphone, relax and light a bone
Straight from the Catacombs
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 push a whip with a right and left AC
Gorilla, Big Dog, if my name get called
I'm behind the brickwall with arsenic Jars
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 slept on since Rip Van Wink
My shit stink with every element from A to Zinc
So what you think? I'm a blackout on just one drink?
You must be crazy! A little off the wall maybe
Go get a shrink...
[Chorus]

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