

Method Man "Blackout"

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Yo yo yo yo, it's Funk Doc, where the weed at, bitch?
I speed backwards down a one-way from cops, see that
shit?
Believe that shit, slaughter, straight to camcorder
I'm 'Too Hot for TV', rap draw water

My windpipe's attached to project ballers
You yell, "Turn the heat down"
My voice, DVD 'round sound so I'm heard round town
And chances of y'all leavin'? 'Round now

Wait later, will make front page paper
Date raper with juvenile eighth graders
Hit the high school and 187 Caesar
When I bust, y'all need to back fo' acres

Doc y'all and that's my man Jabberjaw
The shit list ready, who next to scratch off?
I'm from the underground, my sound lift
Platform shoes to bitches, fo'-hundred pounds

Get up, stand up, back up, push up
Jump up, act up to make y'all feel it
Stick 'em, stick 'em, stick 'em, stick 'em

Yo, blackout, shoot out, smoked out, move out
Even knocked your tooth out to make y'all feel it
Stick 'em, stick 'em, stick 'em, stick 'em

And I'm the street-talkin', dog-walkin'
Approach me with extreme caution, oh, now you forcin'
My hand to 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 tell ya goon stop
lookin'
'Know What You Did Last Summer', so I started hookin'
You past shaken off an 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 hill to
harbor
You know tha saga, marijuana blunts and Goldschlager
With deadly medley, y'all ain't ready for Shakwon and
Reggie

Don't even bother, the radio for back-up, alright then
Your man got slapped up, extorted for his ice an'
Street life is triflin', body over here
Don't make me pull a Tyson and bite a nigga ear

Precise an', slicin' jugulars, the 'Cutthroat'
Ruggeded, 'Predator', Viking, etcetera
People's Champ, niggaz be takin' on competitors

Reachin' for the microphone, relax and light a bone
Straight from the catacomb, the 'Children of the Corn'
That don't got a 'CLUE', prepare for 'Desert Storm'

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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 brick wall with arsenic jaws

Spit poison, got a gun permit draw
Gun down at sundown, you keep score
This trainin' course and y'all ain't fit
On my crew tombstone put, we all ain't shit

Yo, all you gonnabe, wannabe, when will you learn?
Wanna be Doc and Meth? Gotta wait your turn
I spit a .41 revolver on New Year's Eve
With the mic in my hand I mutilate MC's

The most slept on since Rip Van 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

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