

Blackout "Hoody"

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[Verse 1: Dona]

The clock is tickin, niggaz lookin for a bitch they can

drop and strip

Or cock back and dick em

I ain't out here clubbin cousin just to fuck with a nigga

Who straight thuggin and show no lovin

Five seconds on the war, I ain't wit a nigga, say no

more

Keep it real pays to be the boss

Everyday I'm at war with these ma'fuckers

One day I'ma be on top, let me explain somethin

Niggaz ain't givin you shit, but hard dick

Last call for drinks at the bar, we gon' get bent

Anybody got a problem with me they got a problem

with he, and Montana

Ain't gon' be that sweet, niggaz die for me

[Verse 2: Cormega]

Uh...Uh..

I had to step it up a notch the all metal Benny watch

'Meg for real I'm in the ghetto a lot

Yo fuck all that don and king shit

I'm tryin to be a convict who got rich like Don King did

Ya smallminded, I'm a behemoth

Ya stature is like half of what I spent on sneakers

Niggaz gossip like women, but wanna be the man

Who bought a Hummer six months after the BM

You dream of me failin, talkin in ya sleep

People so careless

Either, you don't care or you think I don't hear it

Here's a quote from the late great Christopher Wallace

"I sold more powder than, Johnson and Johnson"

Hitman like Bronson, vigilante

You want to get on son, you need to ask me

I ain't livin on the strength of no man

I'm livin on an acre, don't worry about me

Get ya weight up

Like Brooklyn and J.J. Building

My AK feeling more kids then Bebe, get it?

I twist ya wig back like ShaNayNay did it

You a son like K.J. nigga

I'm the one like Rod Strickland
I quit thuggin my art ???
Wishin I could be like Law Diggas
Who chilled off summer and ?pushed RV's? in harsh winters
Now most of them all ?rhyme p? a hard sentence
Uh!

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