

Redman

"Blackout With Method Man"

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Meth]

All my people!

[Red]

Yo yo yo yo

Its full dock where the weed at bitch?

I speed back wiz down a one way from cops see that
shit?

Believe that shit

Slaughter, straight to cam corder

Too hot for tv my rap trall water

My windpipes attached to project bawlers

You yell turn the heat down

My voice dvd round sound

Some heard round town

And chances are if your leaving, round now

Wait later, we'll make front page paper

Date rape her, with juvenile 8th graders

Hit the high school in 187 sezas

When I bus you need to back 4 acres

Doc y'all and that's my name jabber jaw

The shit list ready who next to scratch off

Im from the underground my sound lift

Platform shoes to bitches 400 pounds

[Chorus]

Get up stand up back up push up jump up

Act up to make y'all feel it!

Stick up, stick up, stick up, stick up

Blackout, shootout, smoke-out, move out

Even knock the tooth out

To make y'all feel it!

Stick up, stick up, stick up, stick up

[Meth]

number street talking, dog walking

approach me with extreme caution

oh now you forcing?

My hand'll rock you cradle offen

Im hot scorching But stone cold like steve austin

If you smell what the cow cookin try to

See situation so tell your goon stop lookin
know what you did last summer
So I started hookin, u pass shookin off a open can of
ass woopin
aint no tommorrows in the methaz little shopahorus
go ask for father who the father from the hill-da-harper
you know the sarbor maruwana plus and goats larger
with deadly medly y'all aint ready for chapawn and
reggie
don't even bother
the radio for back-up
alright then your man got slap up, extorted for his icing
street life is triffling (Buddy over here!)
take it like tyson and bite a niggas ear
percising, slicing juggulars the cuthroat ruckiger,
predator
viking exetera
peoples chant nigga we taking all competitors
reaching for the microphone, relax and light a bone
straight from the catacomb, the children of the corn
(don't got a clue)
we call the desert storm

[Chorus]

Get up stand up back up push up jump up
Act up to make y'all feel it!
Stick up, stick up, stick up, stick up
Blackout, shootout, smoke-out, move out
Even knock the tooth out
To make y'all feel it!
Stick up, stick up, stick up, stick up

[Red]

I scored one point one on my S A T and still
Push a whip with a right and left A C
Gorilla, big dog if my name get called behind a brick
wall
With arsenic jaws
Spit poison, got a gun permitt draw
Gundown at sundown you keep score
This training course and y'all aint fit on my crew
tombstone
But we all aint shit

[Meth]

all you gonna be, wanna be, when will ya learn?
wanna be doc and meth, gotta wait your turn.
I spit a 41 revolver on new years eve with the mike in
the hand,
I mutilate MC's
The most slept on since rick man way
My shit stink from every element from A to Zee

So what u think?
Im a black out on just one drink? You must be crazy
A little off the wall maybe - go get a shrink

[Chorus]

Get up stand up back up push up jump up
Act up to make y'all feel it!
Stick up, stick up, stick up, stick up
Blackout, shootout, smoke-out, move out
Even knock the tooth out
To make y'all feel it!
Stick up, stick up, stick up, stick up

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