

Blakkout

"Closer"

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[sample from "Give the Drummer Some More"] Could the drummer have some y'all? Could the drummer have some more? Said the drummer ain't had none, in a long time C'MON DRUMMER~! [Chorus: Blakkout] {sample from Hathaway & Flack's "The Closer I Get to You"} {The closer I get to yooooooooou...} I realize all the things that I gotta do {The more you make me seeeeee...} Had the niggaz smokin dro and Kools', sippin brews - DAMN! {By giving me all you gooooot...} Sorry I ain't around, but I got you! {Your love has captured me...} 'til amends, these are enough to spot you [Blakkout - Verse 1ne] Listen, don't think of dissin 'cause I'm dippin, always on the mission Ain't bitchin, I'm just pissed when I'm witnessin your position You insisted me, admittin that things should be different Readin it through your eyes and don't read mine, there's no more siblings I feel your pain when you're wishin I'm all that wasn't missin Workin the finger to the bone to keep food in the kitchen You are one of the few that got mistaken to my vision Off the chains how you were livin, foreign better hold ya head up My older brother too, look what the struggle done to you Hoppin out a Hummer through sand 'cause Sam wanted you?! Ain't poor, ain't rich, but look at the bullshit that you gotta handle just to receive a full check Seein brothas with plans that got you with them sniperheads Screamin "Fuck you" to France, in war with them diaperheads So for your sake, I'm gonna do more than make moves Have you eatin grape without no more Kuwait moves Slide to home base -- he's SAFE!! [Chorus] [Blakkout - Verse 2wo] Yeah, I keep a list of the thangs I wanna change around ya Your workaholic habits, and all the lames that hound ya Wanna surprise ya with somethin to help ya change ya lifestyle I plan to do it, why will I say it? 'Cause trust me I gotcha But I'm sorry, I gotta go, conversations with you is so important But this is what change and the mortgage's costin Switchin from you sheddin tears sat at your Navi' dear Interferein with Jr. go to ya Sr. gets a beer Damn! Takin a look at my right hand Man, keep me awake, writin all night like Sandman And got the shit off of me, and

time to be asleep You sold many good deeds, time for
you to reap Now I grind, all the time, ain't no time for
bein weak Or takin breaks from makin cake, 'cause It
get a lot deeper than my song broadcast But how
would I look puttin the life on full blast to my main
doormaaat... [Chorus] [Blakkout - Verse 3hree] Uh-huh,
a beautiful mind is what most say You don't say
pointless shit, schoolin me ever since I was six STABLE
{?} to make money, but I take money So I be in the
booth all day, don't wait on me 'Cause if I was to grab
shoes, see if yours fit I woulda BEEN forfeit, snapped
and lost it Stresses let the gat pop, I feel ya pain, fat
rocks So I'ma keep, heat on every beat, 'til the track
stop I'm a rap cash crop, before then Mami for me you
let ya ass drop, even when I had not Ever since you was
known as Cinnamon, the world'll bring ya Everything
you deserve, double X rocks on ya finger Dime
potential, but when you don't have Makes me so mad,
motivates fire on my notepad Oh shit~! Yo Rick, I
couldn't keep a straight face That big tank shit, I just
needed to take space That say peoples, right?
Hahaha..HEHEHEHAHAHEHAHHEHAHAHA~! {The
closer I get to yooooooooou...} {The more you make me
seeeee...} {By giving me all you gooooot...} {Your love
has captured me...} {...The closer I get to yooooooooou...}
{The feeling come over meeeee...} {(Me too) Pulling
closer, sweet as the gravityyyyyy...} *fades*

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