

Blackout

Method Man & Redman

Intro: Method Man:

*All my people...!*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, D.V.D. round-sound, some herb round town

And chances of ya'll leavin', round now

Wait later, will make Funk page paper

Date Raper wit' Juvenile 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 'EM

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 THE TOOTH OUT, TO MAKE YA'LL FEEL

IT!

Brrrrr... STICK 'EM, HA-HAHA STICK 'EM

Brrrrr... STICK 'EM, HA-HAHA STICK 'EM

Method Man:

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 try to see

central bookin'

So til ya gon' stop lookin', now what you did last

summer?

So I started hookin', you past shookin'

Over open can I ass-whoopin'?

Ain't no tomorrows 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 bustin' Goldschlaager
With deadly medley, ya'll ain't ready for Shakwon and
Reggie
Don't even bother, the radio for back-up
Alright then, ya man got slapped up extorted for his
icin'
Streetlife is triflin' *Body over here...!*Col' make me pull a Tyson and bite a nigga' ear
Precisin', slicin' jugulars the cut-crew
Ruggeder, Predator, Viking, etc.
People's champ, niggaz be takin' all competetors
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!ChorusI 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 jaws
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'ma blackout on just one drink?
You must be crazy! A little off the wall maybe
Go get a shrink...Chorus

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>