

# Black Out (feat. Young Thug)

## French Montana

Fuck the baddest bitch, make 'em tap out  
Woke up in the spot, two hundred racks out  
Still got millions in the trap house (stash house)  
Mix the pills and liquor 'til we black out  
My driveway cost a couple million just in cars  
That loud weight, I just drop some chickens in that hole  
Fly by you in that brand new Tesla like a shark  
Ménagin', I just had a threesome with your broad  
I got to the show, ayy and I know they want me to rock out  
I was tryna listen to your problem, marijuana  
I'ma wash my jewelry, all my rocks are ready to pop y'all, ayy  
Shout out to the trill niggas, millions in the crack house  
Shout out to my niggas keeping millions in the stash house  
Know we fucking all the baddest bitches, make 'em tap out  
Mixing all the pills with the liquor 'til we black out  
Livin' so marvelous, we ready to smoke  
I think I'm a gangsta, I'm Jeffrey, I'm Sosa  
I came out the 'Nolia, huh  
I ride with my brodie, huh  
We leavin' 'em cozy, huh  
'Cause they thinking they know me, huh  
Man that donkey made me black out  
All the millions, man, we black out  
All the cars, man, black out  
All that work, made we black out  
Brand new old lady sittin' beside me  
I was 11 years old, then I turned 13, mothafuck 12, nigga  
My driveway cost a couple million just in cars  
That loud weight, I just drop some chickens in that hole  
Fly by you in that brand new Tesla like a shark  
Ménagin', I just had a threesome with your broad  
I got to the show, ayy and I know they want me to rock out  
I was tryna listen to your problem, marijuana  
I'ma wash my jewelry, all my rocks are ready to pop y'all, ayy  
Fuck the baddest bitches, make 'em tap out  
Woke up in the spot, two hundred racks out  
Still got millions in the trap house (stash house)  
Mix the pills and liquor 'til we black out  
Okay, get it  
Hop up out the mothafuckin' Bentley with a big ol' pistol on my side  
I don't want nathan with none of y'all, bro, y'all all gon' die  
All these niggas think I'm gay 'cause the way I wear my trousers  
Man, we scrambled to the third, money and the power, nigga

Needle hit ya nerve, make millions on the curb  
We live like gangs, rich and famous  
Rock star tints black, duckin' cages  
Yellow diamonds on me like a baby ducky  
I just want your head, like a fuckin' monkey  
I tried to make her ass look fat and poked the back out  
See me walk up in the spot, hundred racks out  
My driveway cost a couple million just in cars  
That loud weight, I just drop some chicken in that hole  
Fly by you in that brand new Tesla like a shark  
Ménagin', I just had a threesome with your broad  
I got to the show, ayy and I know they want me to rock out  
I was tryna listen to your problem, marijuana  
I'ma wash my jewelry, all my rocks are ready to pop y'all, ayy  
Fuck the baddest bitch, make 'em  
tap out  
Woke up in the spot, two hundred racks out  
Still got millions in the trap house  
Mixing pills with and liquor 'til we black out  
I got to the show, ayy and I know they want me to rock out  
I was tryna listen to your problem, marijuana  
I'ma wash my jewelry, all my rocks are ready to pop y'all, ayy

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