

# Blackout

AK

Front page shit don't impress me (no)  
Always making paper like the press be (woah)  
Got ya own lane  
Making money with the gang  
Come kick it let me show you where the best be (low)

Few zips smoke big packs now  
Few bucks count big racks now  
VIP Pasto Henny  
Whole team turnt  
We go blackout (Black Out)

Big Bag Bring big cash out (cash out)  
Drip drip got that splash now (splash now)  
Turn this up til that bass boom  
Watch this freak bitch shake that ass now (ass now)

Pull up on me shawty don't waste time  
Deep throat that's a different type of FaceTime  
You buss it open all you gotta do is taste wine  
I'm in the jungle so I heard it through the grape vine (grape vine)

Blackout blackout blackout homie  
10 toes you can count them on me  
Know my team is counting on me  
Smell like I got ounces on me

Blackout blackout blackout wavey  
Paid attention now they pay me  
Ak got them going crazy  
Like them needles in the 80's

Cook up this that crack now (crack now)  
Stay calm please don't act out (act out)  
Foreign and them models pulling up  
But we will back out (back out)

Don't know how to act now  
Wen we pull up ain't no pat down  
Got my shootas on the front line  
And my shootas in the background (background)

Yeah I'm up next no hold up  
Say they want smoke so roll up  
Niggas out here chatting  
Never knowing what we holdin  
Leave em like a backwood  
All swoll up, froze up

Money to be made then we show up (show up)  
Hennything could happen nigga pour up (pour up)  
Big Gas  
Propane  
Gang Gang  
Go Up Go Up

Black Out (blackout)

Black Out (blackout)  
Black Out (blackout)  
Woah  
Pull Up  
Don't Act out or we  
Back out, black out, back out

Black Out (blackout)  
Back Out (blackout)  
Black Out (blackout)  
Woah  
Back Out (blackout)  
Black Out (blackout)  
Back Out (blackout)  
Huh

Designer Bringing drama  
I don't need a baby momma  
I'm the kinda  
Man to worry bout the grammer  
Making commas  
In a sonna I'm a cool breeze  
Clips like the movies  
Hands will handle money catch these kicks bitch I be Bruce-lee  
Let her hit that tussie  
Then she gone seduce me  
She don't kiss and tell she get shenell  
Yeah that's them 2 C's

Bad Bitches in orbit  
Better yet Rotation  
Touch down they enjoy it  
My rocket ship they tasting  
Blow jobs I employ it  
Promotion if you patient  
No time for petty static I just fuckin change the station

See that bass boom in the rear view  
I'm really up now  
I ain't up next  
I touch down  
Get the buss down  
They moving suss now  
Cause they upset

I done elevated, while they meditated  
They was sleeping like I don't remember  
I done demonstrated, why I been the greatest  
Drop the ball like the end of December  
No

Front page shit don't impress me (no)  
Always making paper like the press be (woah)  
Got ya own lane  
Makin money with the gang  
Come kick it lemme show u where the best be (low)