

# Blackout

Brooke Candy

Hot, hot  
Hot, hot  
Hot, hot  
(Brooke Candy)  
Hot...

I wanna blackout  
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I wanna  
I wanna

In a drop top, drop my top off for you  
And my jaw lock 'cause I tick-tock into  
In the backseat, bent-town point-of-view  
Boy, bite my neck, give me a new tattoo  
Give it to me, daddy, fuck me with your eyes  
Give it to me, honey, fuck me 'til I cry

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Oh, no  
Thirty inches, jet black with a part, bitch  
New money in the bank, I'm a star, bitch  
Been a diva, see the titties so don't start shit  
I got the heat and now you're dearly departed  
When he want it he blindfolds me  
Then I get sexy on him, get sexy on him  
Put the flexin' on him, [?] on him  
Put the hexin' on him, then I exit on him

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He blew my back out  
Now I'm going back out  
And I'm bumping the track out  
I need to blackout

Well, you look so tough with a finger up your butt  
In a couple of hours I might have to cut  
You're a manly man, this is just for fun  
And you take it like a champ, I won't tell anyone

And no telling lies, I can play pretend  
Keep your dirty little secret like we're best friends  
And if anybody asks "Who's that about?"  
"I can't even tell you. Think I blacked out."  
I wanna blackout

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