

Blackout

Ghostface Killah

Yo, Kane, let's get 'em
I'm talking blackout
Put lives to a name, fuck a tapout
All in together, we gon' wipe 'em
Wax in revenge mode, time for some action

Yeah, relentless, murderous intentions
The henchmen's garments is all black, that's the way to pimp this
Caught up in my spell, smell exotic, blunt from different trees
Black gloves, bullet's will fly when the 9's squeezed
Ghost and these, robbing the whole globe
Black polo, hooded, with Gucci wheels with a nice grip
So when the blood hit the floor, I won't slip
Dynamic with my dial-up, you faggots is hog meat
Crack your cranium like crab does if you cross me
Raging bullet of the bull, Mr. Kane is so raunchy

Death Row shit, fuck the lethal injection
Execute him and chop up his body in sections
Clean cut butcher knives
X they're eyes out
Nail 'em to a billboard
Let 'em dry out

Let me a show you a crime about 'em blowing your minds out
If you ain't ready to throat a nigga then sign out
Nickel plated 40's are blowing your spine out
Old school Caddies with coke, come take a line out
Stingin' niggas for they're jewels in they're stash house
Snatch a nigga up by his butterfly, sing him a lullaby
Closed casket, make sure his mother cry
You fuckin' with grimy guys, tunes are suicidal
And now we ain't homies, they call us the homicidal
Get ready for the mayhem, just call it my arrival

Bash him with a disco ball, it's the 70's
Drop a set of the Daily News so they remember these
Black bastards, ruthless killers

Watch me thrill ya
Party killers, we won't die
Hard body bitch made cats is gonna fry
Solidify we're champions, youngens we're bonafide
Wanna swim with the sharks, be my guest, go take a dive
The name of the game is Blood Sport
You won't make it out alive
I see what you trying for so give it up
We terrorize shit, Kane and Ghost, lit it up