

Lighters

Bad Meets Evil

[Bruno Mars:]

This one's for you and me, living out our dreams
We're all right where we should be
with my arms out wide I open my eyes
And now all I wanna see
Is a sky full of lighters
A sky full of lighters

[Eminem:]

By the time you hear this I will have already spiralled up
I would never do nothing to let you cowards fuck my world up
If I was you I would duck, or get struck, like lightning,
Fighters keep fighting, put your lighters up, point em' skyward uh
Had a dream, I was king, I woke up, still king
This rap game's nipple is mine for the milking,
Till nobody else even fucking feels me, till' it kills me
I swear to God I'll be the fucking illest in this music
There is or there ever will be, disagree?
Feel free, but from now on I'm refusing to ever give up
Only thing I ever gave up using's no more excuses
Excuse me if my head is too big for this building
And pardon me if I'm a cocky prick but you cocks are slick
Popping shit on how you flipped ya life around, crock-o-shit
Who you dicks tryna kid, flipped dick, you did opposite
You stayed the same, cause cock backwards is still cock you pricks
I love it when I tell em shove it
Cause it wasn't that, long ago when Marshall sat, flustered lack, lustered
Cause he couldn't cut mustard, muster up, nothing
Brain fuzzy, cause he's buzzin', woke up from that buzzin'
Now you wonder why he does it, how he does it
Wasn't cause he had buzzards circlin' around his head
Waiting for him to drop dead, was it?
Or was it cause them bitches wrote him off
Little hussy ass, scuzzes, fuck it, guess it doesn't matter now, does it
What difference it make?
What it take to get it through your thick skulls
That this ain't some bullshit
People don't usually come back this way
From a place that was dark as I was in
Just to get to this place
Now let these words be like a switch blade to a haters rib cage
And let it be known that from this day forward
I wanna just say thanks cause your hate is what gave me the strength
So let em bic's raise cause I came with 5'9" but I feel like I'm 6'8"!

[Bruno Mars:]

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[Royce Da 5'9":]

By the time you hear this I'll probably already be outtie
I advance like going from toting iron to going and buying 4 or 5 of the homi
es the iron man Audi

My daddy told me slow down, boy, you goin' to blow it
And I ain't gotta stop the beat a minute
To tell Shady I love him the same way that he did, Dr. Dre on the Chronic
Tell him how real he is or how high I am
Or how I would kill for him for him to know it
I cried plenty tears, my daddy got a bad back
So it's only right that I write till he can march right into that post office
and tell em to hang it up
Now his career's LeBron's jersey in 20 years
I'll stop when I'm at the very top
You shitted on me on your way up
It's 'bout to be a scary drop
Cause what goes up, must come down
You going down on something you don't wanna see, like a hairy box
Every hour, happy hour now
Life is wacky now
Used to have to eat the cat to get the pussy
Now I'm just the cats meooww, ow
Classic cow, always down for the catch weight like Pacquiao
Ya'll are doomed
I remember when T-Pain ain't wanna work with me
My car starts itself, parks itself and autotunes
Cause now I'm in the Aston
I went from having my city locked up
To getting treated like Kwame Kilpatrick
And now I'm fantastic
Compared to a weed high
And y'all niggas just gossipin' like bitches on a radio and TV
See me, we fly
Y'all bugging out like Wendy Williams staring at a bee-hive
And how real is that
I remember signing my first deal and now I'm the second best, I can deal with that
Now Bruno can show his ass, without the MTV awards gag...

[Bruno Mars:]

You and I know what it's like to be kicked down
Forced to fight
But tonight, we're alright
So hold up your lights
Let it shine
Cause, this one's for you and me, living out our dreams
We're all right where we should be
With my arms out wide, I open my eyes
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