

Lights Out

Kardinal Offishall

Again, again, again, again, again
Yo! This is Kardinal on the past two
Yeah, uhh you all know how we go
Mastermind tape five 0
T dot 0 Oh start to the bricks
Kardinal and Rah Digga with the shit
Yeah, yeah! Ha Yeah
You know its gotta be the Circle
and Flipmode Squad, damn breaking all odds
You know how I mean, watch out
Yo, yo its a big solider in this rap shit
I'm cappin' bad ass
I be motion style and take 2 stripes off you adidas
Pass the mic while you got the chance, fast
The master of the class
That you cant surpass
When night come be in the ninetys (You cant last)
I'm fresh-ahh, contact you necksta
Can when I begin to mash out like M.O.P.
Thats what the memo be
Retaliate and find hos in your Gu-o-chi
Listen to me, I'm the phat track filler
Rhyme killer when I combine with Rah Digga (word)
The styles mad flashy, the flow is insane
Instead of tryin' to fuck with me, try to abstain (uhh)
Its a "Trival Pursuit" and I dont play the game
I roll dice with you life, you get trude like sugarcane (nigga)
I'm ten times better than you will every be
You are what you eat and I'm the best emcee, no doubt

Now my niggas up north, dirty cats down south
Kardinal and Rah Digga will
(Puts your lights out)
Flyin by emcees all the wrong bouts
Circle and Flipmode will
(Puts your lights out)
Talk a lot niggas getting tapped in their mouth
Better watch what you say for me
(Puts your lights out)

Ladies and gentlemen

(Live from the bricks) Rah Digga uh huh
Check it out now
Very first to spit, nigga I'm put 2 in
You might get lucky like Knicks without Ewing
I'm come with the shoe in, bring the 3 hearts
and I'm back to the bench, then I hit hI'm with a peace card!
Raw diva gonna spit the crazy type
Known for spillin' the ill, thats not so lady like
+How High+ Bitches going to bounce the ride
Pullin' over coppers watch taking pisses outside
With her highney, on the parkway haulin' ass
Getting pulled over giving cops my autograph
Little bity thing weighing buck and change
I'm frontin' emcees like they weren't playin' tame
Come on everybody sing along if you heard it

Heard it for free now gettin' Gs to reword it
Seed and the weed be my pride and joy
Holdin down for my thugs screamin' nobody would

Ya love, Yo I'm the mic thug +UR Ghetto When+
Rap veteran, paper bag around the over proof birds pedaling
Gettin' cheddarin', more type cheddar type fella
If I cant afford sample clearance, rock and acapella

Uhh, legit mas to hide the mini scandles
Cross them semi handles to match my 50s sandles
Floss like sicked and a blind AIDS patient
O.Dn' off good ass weed and PlayStation

Yo, yo I run with peeps who break in the back door
Rush in urbs sellin', smokin' weed off the floor
Gun finger in the air, on some hard nigga shit
Mastermind Volume 50 thats it, Rah Dig

Comin' hardcore as I swing in the north
And I mostly do the drugs but I say no to pork
So when I say Master- You say -mind
My God bless the child that write their own rhymes