## **Light Shit Up**

Yeah, true story know what I'm sayin' We got the Duck Down family keepin' it motherfuckin' real (Wha, what, what) (This is what you get when you get this shit) (This is what you get when you, smo-kin' it) (This is what you get when you, to-kin' it) (Wha, what, Buckshot that nigga Kurupt) (Deuce is wild motherfucka)

Raise the roof up, You hear the truth from Buck Fuck chuck, my nigga to the end is Kurupt Bee bee eyed Buck does it all, I make your gun jam Wid shells from my gun, Feels like a body slam God damn, elemental styles get exposed Flows from blow slow ya roll, Sit back and crash the Mo' And If I gotta bash the hoe I'ma back slap her throat

What, raise the roof up, Fuck chuck, Kurupt and Buck Wid Gail luck lightin' shit up, Nort and Roscoe, K.G., the solo Incognito, spittin' like motherfuckin' torpedos Tornados, compose, compositions equivalent to collisons, Or contusions, incisions, illusions, glocks The bomb pop bomb rocks serve all blocks Or you get all bombed drop Where ya pistol punk?, Dump, get slumped, slapped and wrapped pack ramsacked Shot blazed burned scorched to a crisp, Then stripped ah all ya shit Bust it's penetrated Detonated and invaded then I'm out punk No doubt nigga, I'm fuckin' out nigga Survivin' a drought nigga It's like that Buck and Kurupt

Fuckin' wid the Buck and Kurupt Ya might get kurupted then get bucked That's whats up, nigga what We about to tear shit up Nigga what, we about to light shit up

You bitch you motherfuckin' hoe ass nigga You nuthin' ass wanna be somethin' ass busta ass Quick as I can get my hands on my Mausberg Sure, rollin' wid a half ah bird G'd up, D-P-G-C'd up, O-G-C'd up original gun clappin' No captains, no officials, Nuthin' but niggas and pistols Don't cock just pop, let it go nigga Pop the pistol,

## Kurupt

Launch the missile Let is whistle Let it blow nigga Let these niggas know nigga

Tear 'em up, gotta let 'em know We about to tear shit up It's two shots the deuce is wild

As the clouded smoke, fill up the air Buck wid the red eye stare, Should I stare, Hell motherfuckin' yeah Almost got blinded by a glare Hollow tips made the metal flare You better beware, or get, Hit in ya waist for, wastin' time Aggravate ya body when it twist and grind Metal to the bone, crack ya bone Travel up ya spine up to ya dome Follow me home, On a mission where we bone, Sick niggas wear ski masks Duck when we blast Old school shit smoke grass, Fill up the glass and the shit splash, On my hand then I flcik the ash, on the concrete, Take it to the swap meet, cock heat, Drop top two seat You can keep the jeep while I creep Kurupt the King pinned you on the floor One two three nigga

I'm gettin' dusted, In the back of a six hundred Like, fuck it, life's a bitch and I love it All I want's my cash, and my bundles Rock me a show in New York at the tunnel In Philly respect, Gotham motherfucka You talkin' bout money, do you got some motherfucka? Hit the form then rock, Bitches in flocks Watch in the cut Buckshot and Kurupt

Fuckin' wid the Buck and Kurupt, Ya might get kurupted then get bucked That's whats up, nigga what We about to tear shit up Nigga what, we about to light shit up

Walk the wrong side of the block Face the right side of the glock Nigga shit don't stop Nigga what, we about to light shit up Nigga what, we about to tear shit up

Tear shit up nigga what We about to light shit Nigga what (Buckshot) Tear shit up (Shoot 'em down) We about to light shit up (Valentino) Young Gotti (Kurupt) (Buckshot), the bee bee eyed Nigga what you got? You fake ass motherfuckas Nah what I'm sayin' Broke niggas, Buckshot the bee bee eyed and Kurupt One thing about us and you know what we got in common is umm, We two CEOs wid motherfuckin' leaky flows Makin' plenty dough, slow ya motherfuckin' roll