

Light Shit Up

Kurupt

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,

Launch the missile
Let it 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 flick 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 what's 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