

# Push Up Ya Lighter

The Roots

(feat. Bahamadia)

[Black Thought]

Yeahh..

To all my peoples on the planet stimulatın the mind

All my peoples that be knowin the time; c'mon

and push up ya lighter, up ya lighter

Up ya lighter, 'fore we spark the fire

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All my peoples that be knowin the time; c'mon

and push up ya lighter, up ya lighter

Up ya lighter, 'fore we spark - check it out

[Verse One: Black Thought]

Southeast to Pennsylvania, Transporation Authority

is what I'm probably on, if I ain't whippin a Land

throughout ya sec-tion, my mind's in traum'

Nine times out of time I rhymes upon the L Train

Within my brain, foun-tains over rugged moun-tains

of my terrain, diggit I came too far to front

So I'm meditatin on how to maintain

Stepped off at City Hall into the rain;

and ran into my nigga named Dane - I mean Hakeem

And we was buildin on how we could organize the team

for this capital gain bein that we in the rap game

It's time to have it all, he said he figured he same

We realized this a planet of CREAM, to obtain

when the predominant rap, conglomerate rap spark the flame

Hark the name, The Fifth from the Ill-Power Hill at that

He dropped me off within the streets of South Phil'

Where niggaz think that killing's living real

Shorties is getting wetted, fulfilling their fantasies to set it

We don't sweat it, by The Fifth you get beheaded

I pivot through my borough givin pounds to the dreaded

At the lye spots I got credit; could run em down

in alphabetic-al order it's sorta pathetic

Yo, I'm livin life within a labryinth of nonsense

This is a consequence of being Philly residents

Tryin to get it on, the rhythm gettin shitted on

The exquisite I exhibit to shine, yo

[Black Thought]

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[Verse Two: Malik B]

I walk through this field with 'iminals

Ill die-hard soldiers, try to make it to-wards the generals

Hard-headed rugged captains, walkin head on through action

Turnkeys on the closed caption

I bring the skills of wizardry

Treat MC's with bigotry, so now you see the picture vividly

Seduce your brain from the temple over instrumentals

The Fifth chant, you see the exhaust out

the swift camp -- mannerism is to scan your vision  
You see the light, you can't eclipse the sun  
We call back the young, but still they'll strap a gun  
to shoot caps that spook cats and rappers hung  
Now you might tube across from the diners where you find em lost  
Niggaz hearts so cold, they sport frost  
The M-the-Illi-tant, the Bad Lieutenant kill your camp  
You're now a victim of reality, my personality  
afflicted, for three to five if convicted  
Illicit, because most cats will live corrupted  
It ain't no pity in this inner city niggaz fuckin  
Exquisite I exhibit the shine now check it out  
[Black Thought]

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[Verse Three: Bahamadia]

Inclined to rap about facts, I never fake jacks  
Shit is Real like E packs, forty-fifty-sixes  
Trims and gimmicks, couldn't faze the true heartache  
when I first started, but then few remember this  
Anti-Gangsta Bitch, sporting new jew-als  
Plain Jane styles internal, to the naked eye  
Derived from mindstates of Cold Crush tapes  
and beat breaks seduced by means to elevate  
Equates my views with the passing  
Those matching this intellect identify, for like minds  
Intertwine one thought in uni-son  
We exquisite I exhibit the shine, ahhh  
[Black Thought]

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