

Roots, The

"Push Up Ya Lighter"

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[Black Thought]

Yeahh..

To all my peoples on the planet stimulatn 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
To all my peoples on the planet stimulatn 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 - 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 ----- 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 shifted 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 -----
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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