

XTC

"Purple"

Visit "[Purple](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Light it, uhh
Light it up, uhh

[Nas]
The whole, city is mine, prettiest Don
I don't like the way P. Diddy did Shyne with different
lawyers
Why it's mentioned in my rhymes? Fuck it, it's just an
intro
Hate it or love it, like it bump it or dump it
Writing, across the stomach spell GOD son
Life is like a jungle black it's like the habitat of Tarzan
Matter of fact, it's harder than most can imagine
Most of my niggaz packed in correctional facilities
Half of them passed on, mack strong, couple of shots
May the ghost leave a body, now they hauntin the block
Where they used to stand at, somebody's takin they
place
A younger man perhaps, hand slaps, can't understand
that
Same walk, same talk, I wonder can that be possible
A thug dies, another step inside his shoes
And they will hurt you, layin low with a bottle
I'm blowin circles, my state of mind purple

Light it, light it, uhh
Yeah.. light it up, light it up, uhh

Y'all just wanna deal with drama
Talk about niggaz who got things, y'all ready to kill his
momma
Everything you went to is underworld related
You sell your man out, not even your girl is sacred
You don't trust a soul, hold up, you moldin soldiers
to pull guns quick and always look behind the shoulder
Think of how many dudes died tryin to be down with
you
Everybody's under six feet of ground but you
Still standin, still roamin through the streets, that's real
You a survivor, knowin all the beef is ill
You got a bunch of thugs witchu even now that's ready

Trustin your judgment, quick to put it down, they
deadly
The hood love you but behind your back they pray for
the day
A bullet hit your heart and ambulances take you away
That ain't love it's hate, think of all the mothers at
wakes
whose sons you killed, and you ain't got a cut on your
face?
Unmarked police cars roam the streets hard, the heat
is God
Somebody tell these shorties reach for the stars
Instead they tell 'em how to reach through the bars,
holdin a mirror
Lookin down a tear in jail, makin weapons to kill ya
We smoke three tokes nigga pour more Henny
He sighs with eyes that seen a war too many
Cold-blooded murderers, universal
Hood to hood, blowin smoke, state of mind is purple

Light it up, light it up light it up, uhh
Light it up.. light it up, light it up, uhh
Uhh.. uhh, uhh, light it, light it, uhh

These hot-headed youngsters, always get into trouble
Reactin before thinkin, they easily irritated
And murder's premeditated, it's a fact that we sinkin
when we should be climbin, in a nutshell, it's just jail
Drug sales, liquor and diamonds, niggaz rewindin
instead of movin forward, to blow up so what's the
science?
People shoutin, police pushin the crowd
And on the ground's a young soldier, with meat hangin
out him
Am I hallucinatin off the hazin?
Or did I just see a nigga shoot another nigga's face in
It's a ugly nation, cops circle the block with mug shots
Photograph pictures of, suspect faces
It's usually, two or three niggaz who innocent
But if they lock the wrong ones up, then someone'll
snitch
A divide and fall strategy, they aren't fair
I dig in my bag of weed that's covered with orange hair
This Color Purple'll make Whoopi give me the pussy
(?) Oprah and Danny Glover gots to feel me
This is how I escape the madness, too much of
anything'll hurt you
So, my state of mind's all purple

