

Method Man & Redman f/ Bun B

"City Lights"

Visit "[City Lights](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus 2X: Pimp C sample] I get tore up, I get tore up
under city lights Tore up every city, I get tore up under
city lights I get tore up, I get tore up under city lights
Tore up under city lights, tore up under city lights
[Redman] Yo, I'm rolling in my ride, my eyes real
chinky Hit 145, buy like 12 twinkies Today a good day, I
know, don't jinx it I 'will' keep a 'smith', just like Jada
Pinkett Baby, without blinking, I do it my way I shit on
folks, the opposite of R. K. I'm rude, pardon me, I'm too
hood Doc on your mind all the time, like New E.R.A. Who
am I? That nigga too fly My mama gave birth on
Continental Airlines I ain't lying, I'm back, boy, you hit
the backboard I'm all swish, make a memo on your
black board This class here, nigga, is for the
underground UGK, Doc and Meth, locking the summer
down And I ain't playing games, homey, so get it right
Cuz I 'get tore, I get tore up' under city lights [Chorus]
[Method Man] I dropped to 95, now I'm on 95 South and
the dirty been riding dirty since Dirty died I gets it
early, my nigga, heard me, I'm certified And when I
ride, I'm with Reggie Noble, New Jersey Drive I make it
happen, homey, I take you back when I was wearing
ponies And them older niggas was snapping on me
How many rappers know me? I know what cash own
Face it, this game I take it, in holy matrimony And now
can't nothing hold me, I fucks with UGK Some dudes is
more like Kobe, I'm more like Rudy Ray You either in it
pimping, or you just in the way I love this life that I'm
living, your shit can end today Two things to know
about me, I guess I'll never change And keep this
money like Southern Cali, and never rain And I ain't
playing games wit ya, so get it right And I 'get tore, I
get tore up' under city lights [Chorus] [Bun B] For the
king of the trill is up in this bitch Drop the top, but I get
the switch You see my level, he tuck the stitch Texas,
nigga, we getting rich Fuck a hater, man, fuck a snitch
G-Code nigga, we don't love the po-po No more swag,
now pass the dough dough We keep it super tight like
pants in SoHo I'm bout my dough, ho, so don't play with
my bread Man, I be trying to stop the violence
nowadays so it's dead I'm popping that trunk and

grabbing that chopper, putting that K to ya head I'd
rather be laying up in the bed with your baby and may
getting head Yeah, my Cadillac car is candy painted,
dripping like Bernadette My steering wheel is
woodgrain, I grip it and turn it quick I'm riding bowls,
black with yellow stripes, like a Steeler And as far as
the rims go, I'm an 84 dealer A smile peeler when I
mash out in the Cady Lean it back up on the leather,
man, and smoking on a fatty This UGK 4 Life, if you
ain't know you better get it right Why, 'I get tore, I get
tore up' under city lights [Outro: Redman] UGK,
Redman, Method Man, in the fucking building, bitch

Visit [Method Man & Redman f/ Bun B](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.