

Brother Beyond

"25 Lighters"

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Love it man

25 lighters on my dresser yessir I gots to get paid
25 lighters on my dresser yessir I gots to get paid
I got 25 lighters for my 25 folks
Bout to break the mic then break 25 mo'
Bout to rip the track wit bout 25 flows
and I'm pimpin like a mac wit bout 25 hoes
25 fly carat diamonds in my ring
25 twelves in the trunk got to bang
Make moves to make a quick 25 mill
Come up so I can knock off big nine-nine Seville
Bout to take me bout 25 yellow bones home
Doin bad to make them 25 phone home
Call daddy sayin 25 got to go get 'em, get 'em
DMD done put it down 25 out the door
Hittin the highway doin 25 shows
25 Lil Mo's slammin 25 doors
Representin fo' those holdin 25 screws in they deck
I'ma wreck and rip 25 crews quick

25 lighters on my dressa yessir, I gots to get paid
We got 25 lighters on the dresser yessir gots to get
paid (2x)

[Lil' Keke]

I jumps up early and I yawns and stretch
Anotha day another dolla, 'nother case to get
I take my time and realize that this game is real
I got my mind on firearms, but I'm swanging barbe grill
Gots to act real bad when i close red doors
I'm shootin spidas off my rims cuz I'm ridin on fours
And niggaz don't understand that we be drinkin the
norm
Never trust broads they're frauds
On the 'vard is where I sling when I claim my name
Back in the game Hershallowood, Texas regained
It's the nine-eight and I'm jumpin in the mix
Rocks up on my wrists and got haters on my list
How ya like me now cause I'm real
Comin down piece and chain four shiny grills

gots to bring havack where them boys at
Fixin to break the mic now is that Fat Pat?

(chorus 2x)

[Fat Pat]

I'm so throwed in the game
Southside Playas, Skrewed Up click mayne
wit the finest set you can bet them smooove ass event
comin through this motherfucker man, hold up and set
Some niggaz catch me high like dat
and some niggaz act like they wanna pull a gat
but they betta watch out for the boy PAT
that's them motherfuckin haters can they handle me
cause I be so throwed in this game
comin down on the swing
Grip wood grain on the shirt I leave a stain
Cause you try to jack a real true G
comin down the boulevard
can they see me swangin swangin swang till we live
Pop my trunk and give give give
Niggaz betta see a nigga roll
starched down and I'm rollin on eighty fours
If the nigga FAT represent the click
right up in the bowl and a whole lotta shit
Betta look around cause they don't understand it
I'ma say, "Hold up!" and scream, "God dammit!"
Cause I'ma let the cat gone grip and gone take a trip
and it's the empty clip just throw it off the ship
cause it's a throwaway gat
It's that Fat Pat, where them haters at where them
haterss at
man love it man

(chorus)

love it man

That's how we do it, DMD, Keke, Fat Pat
G's in PA G's in tha city G's in the South so real (2X)

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