

Joe Dolce

"Lights Out"

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Rock city nigga
Yeah
Mic's up, lights out (Lights out, lights out...)
Yo, yo

[Verse 1]

You think I call myself King just cuz I want love
Like it's easy to blow a whole city that once was
It wouldn't even be a midwest without Bone Thugs
Try to knock me off my square, nigga I won't budge
Born from broke, I speak in a street for coins
I keep heat in a jeep, you can't beat Detroit
Try that strong arm shit and you get buried alive
All ya'll niggaz is big, but none ya'll is ready to die
It's a freak mind game we play when we smart
You say it's a art, blame nothin' you say in your heart
It's a sixth sense that real niggaz got
Yo, we know, just know, if you a hoe, or not
If I could filter out the game, I would
I'll speak niggaz name, Imma bet they got the same
opinions about me
It's like a two way street, with two cars racin' each other
On the right track and goin' the wrong way on the other
Yeah

[Chorus]

Mic's up, lights out (Lights out, light out)
Real niggaz on the prowl
Still drink if it ain't mines
Real niggaz throw up drinks like gang signs
Mic's up, lights out (Lights out, light out)
Real niggaz on the prowl
Still drink if it ain't mines
Real niggaz throw up drinks like gang signs

[Verse 2]

Yeah, I robbed a nigga before, but do that make me a
thug?
Was stupid and young
Things niggaz can do with a gun
You never put fear in my heart

Talkin' all loud and obnoxious
What most of you do when you pop shit
I'm payin' the price now, cuz it cost to shine
And whoever thought that I lost it done lost his mind,
nigga
Look into the eyes of this nigga before you judge him
You better be prepared to die for this nigga before you
love him
My shit is real, cuz I'm the realest
So fuck Ill, you can be the illest
See how many real niggaz feel it
I don't ever plan to go back to the streets, it's cold
Back to work with a mother fuckin' week in a hole
Lost with blind motivation, I ain't a thug
I'd rather be Royce five-apostrophe, nine-quotation
So how you love that nigga, the game done changed
You got a problem on your hands and this a nigga with
brains
Yeah

[Chorus]

Mic's up, lights out (Lights out, light out)
Real niggaz on the prowl
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{*DJ scratching*}

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