

Little Boots

"Light It Up"

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[Intro]

Uh...check me out baby
Ayo, I be the one phonte..
Representin little brother..
From now, never be another..
It's phonte poo and 9th wonder..
And my man big dough that's undiscovered..
Gettin' freaky wit them broads undercover..
Take it way back like Mr. Lover Lover..
Ayo, we keep it runnin like this
From the top of the dome light it up with a kiss
Kubanot jada phonte the style playa
Party ghost peace out niggaz I'll cya lata
Phonte coming through just like dic-tator
Off the top of the dome through in the playground
Because it's just like "yo I didn't say that"
Loot it up wherever my nigga lay at, lets light it up...

girl singing in background

[Verse 1 - Big Poo]

The most magnificent
Poo speak the unlipatent
For the rhyme impatent
Complicate plenty circumtants
I got enough friends to last my life
Fuck your feelings and your home town rice
The stage is mine if I rocked the mic
Lead a love up the path of light
It's due time to set a couple niggaz straight
And get this beef off my chest plate
Bitch niggaz tryin to frustrate, dap you up on the low
really hate
Is that the price of cats being to great?
Can I live without you all in my face? and ya hands high
See that's the shit that I be talking about
Behind your back faggots runnin' they mouth, just stick
a dick in it
And have a seat homie, let us step to the floor front

Made you display, all up in your store front
That's what the people want
The champs back in here
Lets shout the name out loud and clear, we light it
up....(echos)

[Chorus]

girl singing in background

[Verse - Phonte]

Yo

Te ready to assassinate

Rockin a goldin gatrell with seven buttons, still I
fascinate

This politics shit'll ruin kids

Niggaz be thinking just because they tight that mean
they music is

That aint the way it work dog, go exam your roots

Look niggaz dead in they eyes, start demanding the
truth

Produce are not properly commanding his loops

I aint saying it wack, that shit'll win a grammie or mute

I'm like that half crazed man on the roof

The ex-vietnam vet with no heart pan-handling loot

With a mack 10 raised to shoot ya

Phonte's a big dog, betta get ya bitches sprayed or
neutered (cat growl)

Last year been praised and tutored

Radioheads downloading my shit, the OK compute it

Got plans to shine, style 3x's dope on eastern standard
time

And I'm gon handle mine lets light it up baby...(echo)

[Chorus]

Phonte talking in background

girl singing in background

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