

Method Man "City Lights"

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"City Lights"

(feat. Bun B)

[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

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