

Method Man & Redman "City Lights"

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I get tore, I get tore up under city lights

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Tore up under city lights, I get tore up under city lights
I get tore, I get tore up under city lights
Tore up under city lights, I'm tore up under city lights

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Yo, I'm rollin' 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 blinkin', 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 lyin', I'm back, boy, you hit the backboard
I'm all swish, make a memo on your blackboard

This class here, nigga, is for the underground
UGK, Doc and Meth, lockin' the summer down
And I ain't playin' games, homey, so get it right
'Cause I 'get tore, I get tore up' under city lights

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Yo, yo, I dropped to 95, now I'm on 95
South and the dirty been ridin' 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
wearin' ponies
And them older niggas was snappin' 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 nothin' hold me, I fucks with UGK
Some dudes is more like Kobe, I'm more like Rudy Ray
You either in it pimpin' or you just in the way
I love this life that I'm livin', 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 playin' games wit ya, so get it right
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For the king of the trill is up in this bitch
He dropped the top but I get the switch
You see my level, he's tucked 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, hoe, so don't play with my bread
Man, I be tryin' to stop the violence nowadays so it's
dead
I'm poppin' that trunk and grabbin' that chopper
Puttin' that K to ya head
I'd rather be layin' up in the bed with your baby and me
gettin' head

Yeah, my Cadillac car is candy painted, drippin' like

Bernadette

My steerin' wheel is woodgrain, I grip it and turn it
quick

I'm ridin' bowls, black with yellow stripes, like a Steeler
And as far as the rims go, I'm an '84 dealer

A slam peeler when I mash out in the Caddy
Lean it back up on the leather, man, and smokin' on a
fatty

This UGK for life, if you ain't know you better get it right
Why? I get tore, I get tore up' under city lights

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UGK, Redman, Method Man in the fuckin' building,
bitch
This is DJ Say What, comin' to you live from WKYA radio
It's about 95 degrees outside
So I know a lot of ass and toes are showin'

But right about now you're checkin' out
The new Red and Meth album
This is BO2, bitch

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