

King Gordy

"Pass Me a Lighter"

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[Verse 1]

I got to be bout the meanest ever
You defeat me never
I was born dead!
Fat nigga with horns in his head
Calls himself the east side King! He breathes lightning!
You can see electrical currents when he's rhyiming
Skin made of Teflon, he don't need no vest on
He proceeds to get blown, when he bleeds the shits
chrome!
He ain't a human being. Wait till you see him
He's a true demon
he uses trees
to defecate on loose-leaf
A ghetto legend came out the womb at 11
With the face of a felon, but a face like a meteor hit him
A Detroit icon!
With a stomach made of pistols, eye of tiger, heart of
lion
The ghetto messiah! It's on forever
1877, more calm then ya!
Never knew the east side, he would have to run
Calm like a thief in the night with a mask and a gun

[Chorus]

Ohh... somebody pass me a lighter (Well)
Oh wont you please light this blunt up for me (Tell 'em
why!)
So I can get high and start spittin the fire (Aw, Gordy!)
Let these niggaz know why they call you 'siah

[Verse 2]

Lyrics comin with the strength of ten men
Not even with titanium bones, I'll end them
I'm stopping his men, now he's breathin slowly
I hope he don't pee
on himself when I'm rhymin his legs and break one
knee
A verbal arsonist, my verse it too hot to spit
Burning off all your skin, murder your ligaments
Why do they call me King? I ain't self proclaimed

These eyes saw a whole lot of niggaz die cause they
felt the flame
Think I'm talkin just to hear my motherfucking self talk?
I am to the east side what Biggie was to New York
Hope I'm lyrically uplifting ya when I'm dropping this
Stay humble, never arrogant. Just confident
I just want Detroit to love me, oh I cry for you
I looked out yelling your name, ready to die for you
I just want to puff a blunt, oh just for you
Oh Detroit, I love you so (Oh! Well....)

[Chorus]

Ohh... somebody pass me a lighter
Oh wont you please light this blunt up for me. (Tell 'em
why!)
So I can get high and start spittin the fire. (Aw, Gordy!)
Let these niggaz know why they call you 'siah

[Verse 3]

I got the scripture of a king, paint the perfect picture
A worthless nigga
Peseants, bow down to my presence
With these two braids sticking up
In case you were wondering "Why in the fuck
does he have the two braids sticking up?"
Drinkin gin outta a a tenth-century English cup
Fuck shootin - tou cross me, your head's bein cut (Off
wit his head!)
My cape is from an African lion eye, from a sacred
African tribe
They'll prasie me after I die!
Forty eight frames made from an elephant's tusk
Motor gauges on like the president or something
Old people lookin like, I know he said something
But go and let him do his thing
He's the east side's king
Please don't try to do it people, boy this guys out of it
Please don't try to do it people, oh this guys out of it!
Well, don't try to interview him, oh this guys out of it!
Only thing he's gonna scream is (well, well, well, well)

[Chorus]

Ohh... somebody pass me a lighter
Oh wont you please light this blunt up for me (Tell 'em
why!)
So I can get high and start spittin the fire (Aw, Gordy!)
Let these niggaz know why they call you 'siah

