

## DJ DMD "25 Lighters"

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I got 25 lighter for my 25 foes bout to break the mic  
then break 25 hoes bout

to rip the track with bout 25 floss then I'm dippin like  
the mac with bout 25

hoes 25 5 karats diamonds in my ring 25 12's in the  
trunk with the bang

make moves to make a quick mil so I come up and  
knock big nanas for real got

to take bout 25 yellow bones home do em bad then  
make them 25 phone home call

daddy tell him 25 gotta go, DMD done put it down 25  
out the door, htting the

highway doing 25 shows, 25 the most, slammin 25  
doors, representing for those

holding 25 screws, in the sh\*t I'm wreck and rip 25  
screws

(chorus) 25 lighters on my dresser, yes sir, I gots to get  
paid, I got 25

lighters on my dresser, yes sir I gots to get paid  
(repeat 2x's)

I jumps early, and I yawn and stretch another day,  
another dollar, another case

to catch, I takes my time and re!

alize that the game is for real, I gots my mind on bar,  
but I'm swangin

barbagrill, gots to act real bad when i close red doors,  
I'm shoting spiders out

my rims, cause I'm riding on fours and niggas don't

understand we be sipping

denard, never trust broads lil frauds, on the broad is  
where I'm from where I'm

claiming my name, back in the game, Hershey Wood  
takes regain, it's the '98 and

I'm jumping in the mix, rocks on my wrist and got hatas  
on my list, how you

like me know, cause Im real, comin down piece of chain  
four shiny grills, got to

bring het, wet them boys a\$\$ first, to break the mic it's  
that boy Fat Pat

(chorus) repeat 2x's

I'm so throwed in the game, South Side players  
screwed up click man, with the

bonus hit, we conveyed the smooth as of yet, comin  
through this sh\*t man, hold

up, it's lit some nigga act like they gonna pull the gat,  
but they betta

watch out for that boy PAT, ask teh muther f\*ckin hatas  
can

they see me, cause I be so throwed in the game, comin  
down we gonna swang, rip

wood grain, on the shirt I leave a stain, cause you tried  
to jack a real true

gee, comin down te boulevard can you see me, swing  
and I swing, and I swing to

the left, pop my trunk then say yep, yep, yep, nigga  
betta see a nigga star

stylin, I'm rollin on eighty fours, it's that nigga PAT  
representing the click,

right up in the fold, in a whole lot of sh\*t, you better  
watch out cause you

might be standing, I'm say hold up and scream got  
darnmit, cause I'm let the gat

on grip, and go take a trip, and if she empties the clip  
then throw it off the

ship, cause that's that PAT where them hatas at, where  
them hatas at man

(chorus) repeat 2x's

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