

## The Roots "Push up Ya Lighter"

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featuring Bahamadia  
[Black Thought]

Yeahh..

To all my peoples on the planet stimulat'in the mind  
All my peoples that be knowin the time; c'mon  
and push up ya lighter, up ya lighter  
Up ya lighter, 'fore we spark the fire  
To all my peoples on the planet stimulat'in the mind  
All my peoples that be knowin the time; c'mon  
and push up ya lighter, up ya lighter  
Up ya lighter, 'fore we spark - check it out

Verse One: Black Thought

Southeast to Pennsylvania, Transportation Authority  
is what I'm probably on, if I ain't whippin a Land  
throughout ya sec-tion, my mind's in traum'  
Nine times out of time I rhymes upon the L Train  
Within my brain, foun-tains over rugged moun-tains  
of my terrain, diggit I came too far to front  
Stepped off at City Hall into the rain;  
So I'm meditatin on how to maintain  
and ran into my nigga named Dane - I mean Hakeem  
And we was buildin on how we could organize the team  
for this capital gain bein that we in the rap game  
It's time to have it all, he said he figured he same  
We realized this a planet of CREAM, to obtain  
when the predominant rap, conglomerate rap spark the  
flame  
He dropped me off within the streets of South Phil'  
Hark the name, The Fifth from the Ill-Power Hill at that  
Where niggaz think that killing's living real  
Shorties is getting wetted, fulfilling their fantasies to  
set it  
We don't sweat it, by The Fifth you get beheaded  
I pivot through my borough givin pounds to the  
dreaded  
At the lye spots I got credit; could run em down  
Yo, I'm livin life within a labryinth of nonsense  
in alphabetic-al order it's sorta pathetic  
This is a consequence of being Philly residents

Tryin to get it on, the rhythm gettin shitted on  
The exquisite I exhibit to shine, yo

[Black Thought]

C'mon..

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All my peoples that be know in the time; c'mon

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and push up ya lighter, up ya lighter

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Verse Two: Malik B

I walk through this field with 'iminals

Hard-headed rugged captains, walkin head on through  
action

Ill die-hard soldiers, try to make it to-wards the  
generals

Turnkeys on the closed caption

I bring the skills of wizardry

Treat MC's with bigotry, so now you see the picture  
vividly

Seduce your brain from the temple over instrumentals

The Fifth chant, you see the exhaust out

the swift camp -- mannerism is to scan your vision

You see the light, you can't eclipse the sun

We call back the young, but still they'll strap a gun

to shoot caps that spook cats and rappers hung

Now you might tube across from the diners where you  
find em lost

Niggaz hearts so cold, they sport frost

You're now a victim of reality, my personality

The M-the-illi-tant, the Bad Lieutenant kill your camp

afflicted, for three to five if convicted

Illicit, because most cats will live corrupted

It ain't no pity in this inner city niggaz fuckin

Exquisite I exhibit the shine now check it out

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Verse Three: Bahamadia

Inclined to rap about facts, I never fake jacks

Shit is Real like E packs, forty-fifty-sixes  
Trims and gimmicks, couldn't faze the true heartache  
when I first started, but then few remember this  
Anti-Gangsta Bitch, sporting new jew-als  
Plain Jane styles internal, to the naked eye  
Derived from mindstates of Cold Crush tapes  
and beat breaks seduced by means to elevate  
Equates my views with the passing  
Those matching this intellect identify, for like minds  
We exquisite I exhibit the shine, ahhh  
Intertwine one thought in uni-son

[Black Thought]

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