

**Bibi Johns & Die Starlets****"Light it Up"**

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[Chocs] Like...

[Jully] Turn it on, light it up, we gon set this.. on fire

[Chocs] Yeea, yeea, ha ha

[Chocs] We in the plane, floatin through the cloud,  
right

[Jully] Turn it on, light it up

[Chocs] From the inside turn down the lights right

[Jully] ..on fire

[Jully] Hit the trees, or hook the breeze, get your  
second plate for free

[Chocclair]

Sit back, relax, inhale the 'dro watch clouds take shape

Then exhale slow.. you know!

Now you in the right mode, to float and fly

Hop in the ride, '81 Mustang, the T ditto side

The ride don't matter, flatter who?

It's all about we and the crew

And at 2 o' clock the girls'll pass through

That Suave Dawg game, and it's more than a few

The G-shorts and the tank tops'll do

With they hands on they boo - you know how we do

You know how these Canadians do

West Indian's, Asian, Latino's do

Holla at the birdy that be smilin at you

Even though your with the misses, she thinks your  
delicious

It's something that this blue sky does

Green grass, enough Bud, it's summer-time love

[Chorus 2x: Jully Black]

Turn it on, turn it on, light it up

We gon set this.. on fire

Hit the trees, or hook the breeze

Get your second plate for free

[Chocclair]

Excuse me miss, don't mean to be rude but...

Damn, you looking good like food

Pumpin it so high feel like a candle

Your a coming to ride, this is what we gon do

Skip off your drawer, swim by Jamal's  
And later on maybe you can work your drawers  
I know sometimes I might get a little raw, but  
Your candy eyes is I, candy an I, a  
Can't even lie, I, let's see your thigh  
I've been sizing you girl for quite some time  
Don't got a lot of money so riches I can't buy  
But ah, get with this vibe we can soar real high (high)  
In the Century Sam, give a damn if they don't  
understand  
Bald, heavy head high is the scribe  
Look like we walk like we on high rise  
At least in the minds, so we walk as such, yeah

[Chorus]

[Chocclair]

Funk you up, we get down  
You funkng with the Suave Dawg chap, with ill dawg  
sounds  
Funk you up, we get down  
And when you mind right, you'll see  
It's just family, clubs you don't need  
So chill from the scene  
About every hour puff the Al Green  
Hop in the car, drive the 3-D  
Blow down the windows, raise the P-B's  
Parents, they roll up, don't understand we  
I neck-snappin, hard, they can't catch the beat  
It's just a Suave Dawg steeze  
Not even thinking twice  
Just feeling nice, riiight

[Chorus]

[Outro: Chocclair]

If you chilling in the mind - light it up  
If you all up in the back - light it up  
Pockets on stand - light it up  
Your pockets just flat - light it up  
If you came to get down - light it up  
If you make a loud sound - light it up  
T dot get down - light it up

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