

Rasco

"Lightin it Up"

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[Rasco]

Turn my headphones up a little bit
Yeah

[Chorus 2X: Rasco]

We be lighting it up, if it gets loose tighten it up
These niggaz out fightin for what
On the frontline, get 'em one time
On mine they will never see the sunshine

[Rasco]

Yo, this is what it's about
I can shoot shots straight in your house
Have 45's straighten you our
Left hook land straight to your mouth
Crack your teeth, bring niggaz stacks of beef
Heat your grill, brothers got beats for real
Man it don't make sense you too cheap to kill
(Ha ha) Get a bird for the cheapest thrill
Prophylac' then I beat the gills, it's all part of the game
Me and X still out of your range
High-tech, my set will stop your whole threat nigga
Set your sights, you lookin at the best in life
Will swing it from the left to right and keep movin

[Chorus]

[Rasco]

Look, I expose your clique
Man you cats ain't as cold as this
Just as good as it's supposed to get
Hone your skills, you lookin for the wrong appeal
Check the file, respect the style
Let the bloodhounds loose, make 'em run for miles
{*barking*} Get your sound right, that don't even
sound tight (what)
Spittin the shit that only get your town hype
We do it worldwide, you should let your girl ride
Roll with us, too cold to bust
I told you once, brothers ain't the ones to trust
Watch your back, do it by myself to stack

Polyhedron tracks, how real is that? Yeah

[Chorus]

[Rasco]

Go, better lace your boots

I be look for a place to shoot

Make your whole clique face the truth

Bow down when I grace the booth

Spark the flame, finish when I start to aim

Take your crown, still have to take you down

Snuffed out where you cats won't make a sound

Make your rounds, earthquake shake the ground

On the hunt still lookin for the beats that pound, yeah

[Chorus]

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