

DJ Kay Slay f/ AZ, Ghostface Killah, Raekwon

"See the Light"

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[Intro: DJ Kay Slay] More Than Just a DJ, hip hop ain't dead Some of you niggas ears is just fucked up AZ, Raekwon, Ghostface Killah [Chorus 2X: Ghostface Killah "Fast Cars" sample] I will take my time in the bushes, right Pay the people no mind like I'm crooked, right Shoot a nigga on down, do him something right He on the floor, tell his grams, yo, I see the light [AZ] You know the redirect, top teir predicate Stare, so whatever, shit, nigga, I'm a delicate Do it for the hell of it, Brooklyn is the heritage Home of the thoroughest, fully autos never miss Call me the mellowest, murdering, verbalist Ride through the turbulence, with la on the purple scent G posture, bum rocker, gun cocker Without the skully, I'm gully, sonny, a young Hoffa Come papa, a kid left stunting Homicide is nothing, I'm E.F. Hutton Graze, gutter the grunting, days slayed are slumping Twin K's, either wake of pie, today's is dumping Cuffed up, or something, the buck of C's and bumping This Drama King thing, while you ding-a-lings is munching Rae, Ghost & A, Street Sweepers'll slay BK, Staten Island, Manhattan, but hey [Chorus 2X] [Raekwon] Straight out the bushes, yo, from Lefrac to Bushwick Blowing kush, catch him in buildings, sting him like cushion High powered eagles, circulate through spots like needles Bumping and grinding, and jetting the diesel E-classes, feeding the masses, so much hash on my land I had to power down and cop three tractors Living luxurious, glorious, super deluxe hustlers This is why we stay notorious The emperor, call me a kings mentor, spent off the real Money's real estate, now repent war Crime, taxes and axes and bulletproof pens I'm bout to get an ice glove like M. Jackson Alpine, gooseneck systems, Calv Klein Build blast '88 niggas who kill fast I represent the planet of real masters Park Hillian flashers, kill you for the will or to build action [Chorus 2X] [Ghostface Killah] Take me to paralyze her, drag him to Carolina If he don't talk, stuff his mouth with the pacifier Put his brains on his cali', make him feel the fire Flame broil his lips, guns is lows for the appetizer Honey roast his nuts, throat cut, leave that faggot dick like a broke

dutch Look like he woke up, bang him a cal, hanging
him now These semi autos almost took off half of his
head, yo, this is Staten Island Stay smiling, cake piling,
watching our glucose Repping forty's and brown bags,
dipping from blue coats Catch the G-Unit on a new
boat, flicking it up With new ropes, choppers banging,
banging new Ghost Applying the pressure, I bet you the
K and the A will stretch ya Leave your host, something
holy like Mecca This is real talk, blood sport, battery
action Mixed with rat poison, you punk faggots hurt,
hand me your fucking package [Chorus 2X]

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