

Lighters Up

Lil' Kim

I come from Bed-Stuy
Where niggaz either do or they gone die
Gotta keep the Ratchett close by
Someone murdered
Nobody seen, nobody heard it
Just another funeral service
Niggaz will get at you
Come through shinin', they yap you
In broad daylight kidnap you
Best get clap through
Police stay on us like tattoos
Niggaz only grind 'cuz we have to
Money is power
Sling crack, weed and powder
Fiends come through every hour
It's all about that dollar
And we no deal with cowards
Weak lamb get devoured
By the lion in the concrete jungle
The strong stand and rumble
The weak fold and crumble
It's the land of trouble
Brooklyn home of the greatest rappers
BIG comes first then the queen comes after
Now put your lighters up, Bed-Stuy
Put your lighters up, New York
Put your lighters up, D.C.
Keep putting your lighters up, Philadelphia
Put your lighters up, Detroit
Put your lighters up, Chi-town
Keep putting them lighters up
No matter where you from, put your lighters up
Now, let me give you a walk through
Show you what to do and you don't do
Where its not safe to go to
Them boys approach you
Better say quick who you close to
Don't come through if niggaz don't know you
'Cuz people is talking

The streets is watching
The G's is lurking
Stash the nine in the garbage
The life of a hustla
The life of a gambler
Dice game, kill more niggaz than cancer
You know who you fuck with
Brooklyn don't run, we run shit
Roll up and just bumrush shit
We don't play that
Out in Bk, not at all
For a pound leave your face on the wall
R.I.P in memory of
Never show thy enemies love
We get it on where we live
You better have a pass when you cross that bridge
Welcome to Brooklyn
Put your lighters up, LA
Put your lighters up, VA
Put your lighters up, Texas
Keep putting your lighters up, New Orleans
Put your lighters up, St. Louis
Put your lighters up, A-T-L
Keep putting them lighters up
No matter where you from, put your lighters up
Damn homie, I'm so tore
And I don't think I'm ever gone smoke no more
And I don't think I'm ever gone drink no more
But fuck it, bartender, you can give me one more
We in the club like
(Damn homie, I'm so tore)
Lighting the dutch like
(And I don't think I'm ever gone smoke no more)
Passing the bub like
(And I don't think I'm ever gone smoke no more)
Back at the bar like
(Fuck it, bartender, you can give me one more)
See, BIG done told you
I'm the hottest bitch on the planet
Biggest sex symbol, since Janet
There's a Nolte bandit
Laying in the cut like a bandage
Come through Fulton St. in the vanquish
Doing them damage
And if you don't understand it

Then let me give it to you in Spanish
Soy la señorita mas Linda del
Barrios y lo es abo tu eres despacio
Still over in Brazil, sipping Mescotto
You must of forgot though
So I'mma take you back to the block yo
Put you on to how we rock yo
Some are boosting
12-year olds prostituting
Hit-men hired for execution, there's no solution
Niggaz, still piss in the hallways
Fiends get high on em' all day
The youth them bang at the cops off the roof
If you don't know my town is the truth
Welcome to Brooklyn
Now put your lighters up, New Jersey
Put your lighters up, Boston
Put your lighters up, B-More
Keep putting your lighters up, Miami
Put your lighters up, Puerto Rico
Put your lighters up, Kingston, Jamaica
Keep putting them lighters up
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