

Light Em Up (RIP Doe B)

T.I.

You was supposed to make it
You was supposed to make it
You was supposed to make it Tell me why it is now that we live only for the moment
Erybody going deeper to the dark
Point of no return, following the evil, running from the Lord
Hatred in the heart
Poison ? a nigga use to play and trade toys with a nigga
Now you gotta go to war with a nigga
Just because you got more than a nigga
Motherfucker Kamikaze you, they rather die then see you live fly
Crabs in a barrel, in ghetto America
Man, we just lucky that we make it out
See so much potential, lost some reputation, you would think eventually we will get it
They say you got it, they don't even want it
It just hurt so much for them to see you with it
What I know 'bout Satan, he patiently wait
To rob and steal and kill off greatness in the making
What we put together never let 'em take it
Goddamn shawty you were 'pose to make it You was supposed to make it
You was supposed to make it
You was supposed to make it
You was supposed to make it
Lighters up, lighters up
Lighters up, lighters up
Lighters up, lighters up
Lighters up, lighters up
You was supposed to make it
You was supposed to make it
Lighters up, lighters up
Get your lighters up, lighters up You know when I met you, sitting in the car
Buck head in the mall, you was something special
He was just a young nigga,
Still he never got excited,
It was hard to overwhelm a fat nigga with a eye patch, swingin' hard
Reppin' role tide Alabama
You can tell he was kickin' too much flavour on a country nigga made 'em wanna kill him
Still to see him smiling shawty, he be chillin'
Nigga wish him dead, he ain't even feel it
At your video, I could feel the ?

We was at the club, nigga couldn't get it in, they was stuck outside
Start to look at you, and as you should you looked like "fuck I 'posed to do?"
Asked you 'bout it then, said "ay brah you cool?"
You said "I ain't worry 'bout the lil dude"
Get they feelings hurt, got a attitude,
They'll come around in a year or two
Made you Hustle Gang, let you in the family
Said "I get you rich" you said "you want a Grammy"
Showed you how to mix the Actavis
Candy, doin' 160 with me, he ain't panic
Called me yesterday, I say "lil bro what's happening?"
Working with Pharell, chillin' in Miami"
All you said was "run it, book the flight I'm coming
'Fore I leave though, I gotta handle something"
I just said "ok" I hung up the phone
Couple hours later, damn my nigga gone You was suppose to make it
You was suppose to make it
You was suppose to make it
You was suppose to make it Devil's business, my brother gone
Supposed to be a living legend
Hating nigga sent you home
But when we see that guy, we gon' treat him like the sky
On the 4th of July
And light him up Lighters up, lighters up
Lighters up, lighters up
Lighters up, lighters up
Lighters up, lighters up
You was supposed to make it
You was supposed to make it
Lighters up, lighters up
Get your lighters up, lighters up

Songwriters

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