

# 25 Lighters

**DJ DMD**

Love it man

25 lighters on my dresser yessir I gots to get paid

25 lighters on my dresser yessir I gots to get paid

I got 25 lighters for my 25 folks

Bout to break the mic then break 25 mo'

Bout to rip the track wit bout 25 flows

And I'm pimpin like a mac wit bout 25 hoes

25 fly carat diamonds in my ring

25 twelves in the trunk got to bang

Make moves to make a quick 25 mill

Come up so I can knock off big nine-nine Seville

Bout to take me bout 25 yellow bones home

Doin bad to make them 25 phone home

Call daddy sayin 25 got to go get 'em, get 'em

DMD done put it down 25 out the door

Hittin the highway doin 25 shows

25 Lil Mo's slammin 25 doors

Representin fo' those holdin 25 screws in they deck

I'ma wreck and rip 25 crews quick

25 lighters on my dressa yessir, I gots to get paid

We got 25 lighters on the dresser yessir gots to get paid

25 lighters on my dressa yessir, I gots to get paid

We got 25 lighters on the dresser yessir gots to get paid

[Lil' Keke]

I jumps up early and I yawns and stretch

Anotha day another dolla, 'nother case to get

I take my time and realize that this game is real

I got my mind on firearms, but I'm swanging barbe grill

Gots to act real bad when I close red doors

I'm shootin spidas off my rims 'cause I'm ridin on fours

And niggaz don't understand that we be drinkin the norm

Never trust broads they're frauds

On the 'vard is where I sling when I claim my name

Back in the game Hershallwood, Texas regained

It's the nine-eight and I'm jumpin in the mix

Rocks up on my wrists and got haters on my list

How ya like me now cause I'm real

Comin down piece and chain four shiny grills

Gots to bring havack where them boys at

Fixin to break the mic now is that Fat Pat?

25 lighters on my dressa yessir, I gots to get paid

We got 25 lighters on the dresser yessir gots to get paid

25 lighters on my dressa yessir, I gots to get paid

We got 25 lighters on the dresser yessir gots to get paid

[Fat Pat]

I'm so throwed in the game

Southside Playas, Skrewed Up click mayne

Wit the finest set you can bet them smoove ass event

Comin through this motherfucker man, hold up and set

Some niggaz catch me high like dat

And some niggaz act like they want to pull a gat

But they betta watch out for the boy PAT

That's them motherfuckin haters can they handle me

Cause I be so throwed in this game

Comin down on the swing

Grip wood grain on the shirt I leave a stain

Cause you try to jack a real true G

Comin down the boulevard

Can they see me swangin swangin swang till we live

Pop my trunk and give give give

Niggaz betta see a nigga roll

Starched down and I'm rollin on eighty fours

If the nigga FAT represent the click

Right up in the bowl and a whole lotta shit

Betta look around cause they don't understand it

I'ma say, "Hold up!" and scream, "God dammit!"

Cause I'ma let the cat gone grip and gone take a trip

And it's the empty clip just throw it off the ship

Cause it's a throwaway gat

It's that Fat Pat, where them haters at where them haterss at

Man love it man

25 lighters on my dressa yessir, I gots to get paid

We got 25 lighters on the dresser yessir gots to get paid

25 lighters on my dressa yessir, I gots to get paid

We got 25 lighters on the dresser yessir gots to get paid

Love it man

That's how we do it, DMD, Keke, Fat Pat

G's in PA G's in tha city G's in the South so real  
G's in PA G's in tha city G's in the South so real

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by West, Kyle Albert / Brown Iii, Albert Joseph / Dorsey, Dorie Lee

Lyrics © EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>