

# Lighters (feat. Bruno Mars)

## Bad Meets Evil

[Chorus]

This one's for you and me, living out our dreams  
We're all right where we should be  
With my arms out wide I open my eyes  
And now all I wanna see  
Is a sky full of lighters  
A sky full of lighters By the time you hear this I will have already spiraled up  
I would never do nothing to let you cowards fuck my world up  
If I was you, I would duck, or get struck like lightening,  
Fighters keep fighting, put your lighters up, point 'em' skyward uh  
Had a dream I was king, I woke up, still king  
This rap game's nipple is mine for the milking,  
Till nobody else even fucking feels me, till' it kills me  
I swear to god I'll be the fucking illest in this music  
There is or there ever will be, disagree?  
Feel free, but from now on I'm refusing to ever give up  
Only thing I ever gave up's using no more excuses  
Excuse me if my head is too big for this building  
And pardon me if I'm a cocky prick but you cocks are slick  
Poppin' shit on how you flipped ya life around, crock-o-shit  
Who you dicks try to kid, flipped dick, you did the opposite  
You stayed the same, 'cause cock backwards is still cock you pricks  
I love it when I tell 'em shove it  
Cause it wasn't that long ago when Marshall sat, luster lacked, lustered  
'Cause he couldn't cut mustard, muster up nothing  
Brain fuzzy, 'cause he's buzzin', woke up from that buzz  
Now you wonder why he does it, how he does it  
Wasn't 'cause he had buzzards circle around his head  
Waiting for him to drop dead, was it?  
Or was it, 'cause them bitches wrote him off  
Little hussy ass buzzards, fuck it, guess it doesn't matter now, does it  
What difference it make?  
What it take to get it through your thick skulls  
As if this ain't some bullshit  
People don't usually come back this way  
From a place that was dark as I was in  
Just to get to this place  
Now let these words be like a switch blade to a haters rib cage  
And let it be known from this day forward

I wanna just say thanks 'cause your hate is what gave me the strength  
So let 'em bic's raise 'cause I came with five nine  
But I feel like I'm six eight[Chorus]By the time you hear this I'll probably already be outtie  
I advance like going from toting iron  
To going and buying four or five of the homies the iron man Audi  
My daddy told me slow down, boy, you goin' to blow it  
And I ain't gotta stop the beat a minute  
To tell Shady I love him the same way that he did Dr.Dre on the Chronic  
Tell him how real he is or how high I am  
Or how I would kill for him for him to know it  
I cried plenty tears, my daddy got a bad back  
So it's only right that I right  
Till he can march right  
Into that post office and tell 'em to hang it up  
Now his career's LeBron's jersey in twenty years  
I'll stop when I'm at the very top  
You shitted on me on your way up  
It's 'bout to be a scary drop  
Cause what goes up must come down  
You going down on something you don't wanna see like a hairy box  
Every hour, happy hour now  
Life is wacky now  
Used to have to eat the cat to get the pussy  
Now I'm just the cats meow, ow  
Classic cow, always down for the catch weight like Pacquiao  
Y'all are doomed  
I remember when T-Pain ain't wanna work with me  
My car starts itself, parks itself and auto-tunes  
'Cause now I'm in the Aston  
I went from having my city locked up  
To getting treated like Kwame Kilpatrick  
And now I'm fantastic  
Compared to a weed high  
And y'all niggas just gossipin' like bitches on a radio and TV  
See me, we fly  
Y'all buggin' out like Wendy Williams staring at a bee-hive  
And how real is that  
I remember signing my first deal  
And now I'm the second best I can deal with that  
Now Bruno can show his ass, without the MTV awards gag  
You and I know what it's like to be kicked down  
Forced to fight, but tonight we're alright  
So hold up your light, let it shine 'cause[Chorus]

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