

# Light Speed

## Yung Redd

Hey, yo whassup?  
My name is Dre  
Can I blaze some chronic witchu?  
Nigga what? Fo' sho'  
Roll that shit up  
Hell yeah, still 'Always into somethin', heart still in Compton  
The comp can't oppose, dope Cali platinum classicals  
Introduced you to my dogs, that don't love hoes and firm fiascoes  
Assholes, fucked you up with my last video, tuxed up doin' a Tango  
And cash, always in my grasp  
Came up in the game wearin' khakis not kangols, stranglin' hoes  
When asked about it in most interviews I just laugh  
Now I vacate with hoes with a gang of ass  
One feed me mangoes, the other lightin' my hash  
Rap tabloids write Dre's light in the ass  
Came home uptight, ready to mash, like a gas pedal  
Get on that sixty-four chevy level, AK-47 heavy metal  
Who say Dre ain't ghetto? Just whistle like a tea kettle  
I throw three at you, tell me if you see devils  
'Cause we rebels over here, I smell chronic in the air  
That means we takin' over this year, you hear?  
Chronic, two-thousand  
That means we takin' over this year, ya hear?  
Light speed, blazin' chronic through the galaxy  
Hydro, doja, chocolate thai weed  
Or we might be sippin' on gin or Hennessey  
Fuck that, where that new shit, the chronic iced teas?  
I hang among hustlers, I slang and hoo-bang Bronson  
When bustaz roll through, can't fuck with my bold crew  
We will hold you captive and bust 'cause gangbangin' is the active  
Activity, where I be livin' B, there ain't no Liberty Statue  
Hope you got your gat, don't let them catch you  
Slippin', without yours, it's warfare outdoors  
Ambulance, violent uproars  
Trash niggaz takin' out like chores I meet whores on tours  
Jeans hot as pepper so I sip, champagne on stormy shores  
We on some hardcore, pornographic  
Totin Austrian firearms that's made out of plastic  
In these drastic surroundings, it be sounding like

Lebanon, makin' fools retreat like Megatron and Starscream  
Oh yeah, I scream-on-stars that get  
Loot and crossover like Kareem Abdul Jabbar  
Get out your car son, that's how I came to bougie niggaz  
Act bad one, it's either that or make front page stardom  
I'm the golden child, chased by Sodom  
Newenze gots my bulletproof, it's hard to shoot me you hear?  
By the time you see him  
That means it's real fuckin' hard to shoot me, you hear?  
Light Speed, blazin' chronic through the galaxy  
Hydro, doja, chocolate thai weed  
Or we might be sippin' on gin or Hennessey  
Fuck that, where that new shit, the chronic iced teas?

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