

# 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 senorita 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  
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  
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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)

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