

# Light Shit Up (feat. Buckshot)

## Kurupt

[Kurupt (Buckshot)]  
Yeah, true story know what I'm sayin'  
We got the Duck Down family keepin' it motherfuckin' real(What, what, what)  
(This is what you get when you get this shit)  
(This is what you get when you, smo-kin' it)  
(This is what you get when you, to-kin' it)  
(Wha, what, Buckshot that nigga Kurupt)  
(Deuce is wild motherfucka)[Some mixed up talking][Verse 1: Buckshot & Kurupt]  
Raise the roof up,  
You hear the truth from Buck  
Fuck chuck, my nigga to the end is Kurupt  
Bee bee eyed Buck does it all,I make your gun jam  
With shells from my gun,  
Feels like a body slam  
God damn, elemental styles get exposedFlows from blow slow ya roll,  
Sit back and crash the Mo'  
And If I gotta bash the hoe  
I'm a back slap her throat[Kurupt]  
What, raise the roof up,  
Fuck chuck, Kurupt and Buck  
Wid Gail luck lightin' shit up,  
Nort and Roscoe, K.G., the soloIncognito, spittin' like motherfuckin' torpedoes  
Tornados, compose, compositions equivalent to collisons,  
Or contusions, incisions, illusions, glocks  
The bomb pop bomb rocks serve all blocksOr you get all bombed drop  
Where ya pistol punk?,  
Dump, get slumped, slapped and wrapped pack ramsacked  
Shot blazed burned scorched to a crisp,Then stripped ah all ya shit  
Bust it's penetrated  
Detonated and invaded then I'm out punk  
No doubt nigga,I'm fuckin' out nigga  
Survivin' a drought nigga  
It's like that Buck and Kurupt[Hook: Buckshot]  
Fuckin' wid the Buck and Kurupt  
Ya might get kurupted then get bucked  
That's what's up, nigga what  
We about to tear shit up  
Nigga what, we about to light shit up[Verse 2: Kurupt & Buckshot]  
You bitch you motherfuckin' hoe ass nigga

You nuthin' ass want to be somethin' ass busta ass  
Quick as I can get my hands on my Mausberg  
Sure, rollin' wid a half ah birdG'd up, D-P-G-see'd up, O-G-see'd up original gun clappin'  
No captains, no officials,  
Nuthin' but niggas and pistols  
Don't cock just pop, let it go niggaPop the pistol,  
Launch the missile  
Let is whistle  
Let it blow nigga  
Let these niggas know nigga[Buckshot talking]  
Tear 'em up, gotta let 'em know  
We about to tear shit up  
It's two shots the deuce is wild[Buckshot]  
As the clouded smoke, fill up the air  
Buck with the red eye stare,  
Should I stare,  
Hell motherfuckin' yeahAlmost got blinded by a glare  
Hollow tips made the metal flare  
You better beware, or get,  
Hit in ya waist for, wastin' timeAggravate ya body when it twist and grind  
Metal to the bone, crack ya bone  
Travel up ya spine up to ya dome  
Follow me home,On a mission where we bone,  
Sick niggas wear ski masks  
Duck when we blast  
Old school shit smoke grass,Fill up the glass and the shit splash,  
On my hand then I flicik the ash, on the concrete,  
Take it to the swap meet, cock heat,  
Drop top two seatYou can keep the jeep while I creep  
Kurupt the King pinned you on the floor  
One two three nigga[Kurupt]  
I'm gettin' dusted,  
In the back of a six hundred  
Like, fuck it, life's a bitch and I love it  
All I want's my cash, and my bundlesRock me a show in New York at the tunnel  
In Philly respect, Gotham motherfucka  
You talkin' bout money, do you got some motherfucka?  
Hit the form then rock,Bitches in flocks  
Watch in the cut  
Buckshot and Kurupt[Hook: Buckshot]  
Fuckin' wid the Buck and Kurupt,  
Ya might get kurupted then get bucked  
That's what's up, nigga what  
We about to tear shit upNigga what, we about to light shit up  
Walk the wrong side of the block

Face the right side of the glock  
Nigga shit don't stopNigga what, we about to light shit up  
Nigga what, we about to tear shit up[Outro: Buckshot (Kurupt)]  
Tear shit up nigga what  
We about to light shit  
Nigga what (Buckshot)Tear shit up (Shoot 'em down)  
We about to light shit up  
(Valentino)  
Young Gotti (Kurupt)(Buckshot), the bee bee eyed  
Nigga what you got?  
You fake ass motherfuckas  
Nah what I'm sayin'  
Broke niggas,Buckshot the bee bee eyed and Kurupt  
One thing about us and you know what we got in common is umm,  
We two CEOs wid motherfuckin' leaky flows  
Makin' plenty dough, slow ya motherfuckin' roll

Songwriters

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