

Light Shit Up

Kurupt

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, smokin' it)
(This is what you get when you, tokin' it)
(What, what, Buckshot that nigga Kurupt)
(Deuce is wild motherfucka)
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
Wid shells from my gun, feels like a body slam
Goddamn, elemental styles get exposed
Flows from blow slow ya roll sit back and crash the Mo'
And If I gotta bash the hoe, I'ma back slap her throat
What, raise the roof up, fuck chuck, Kurupt and Buck
Wid Gail luck lightin' shit up, Nort and Roscoe, K.G., the solo
Incognito, spittin' like motherfuckin' torpedoes
Tornadoes, compose, compositions equivalent to collisions
Or contusions, incisions, illusions, glocks
The bomb pop bomb rocks serve all blocks
Or you get all bombed drop where ya pistol punk?
Dump, get slumped, slapped and wrapped pack ram sacked
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
Fuckin' wid the Buck and Kurupt
Ya might get kurupted then get bucked
That's whats up, nigga what we about to tear shit up
Nigga what, we about to light shit up
You bitch you motherfuckin' hoe ass nigga
You nuthin' ass wanna be somethin' ass busta ass
Quick as I can get my hands on my Mausberg
Sure, rollin' wid a half ah bird
G'd up, D P G C'd up, O G C'd up original gun clappin'
No captains, no officials, nuthin' but niggas and pistols
Don't cock just pop, let it go nigga pop the pistol
Launch the missile, let is whistle, let it blow nigga

Let these niggas know nigga
Tear 'em up, gotta let 'em know
We about to tear shit up
It's two shots the deuce is wild

As the clouded smoke, fill up the air Buck wid the red eye stare
Should I stare, hell motherfuckin' yeah almost got blinded by a glare
Hollow tips made the metal flare you better beware
Or get hit in ya waist for, wastin' time
Aggravate 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 flick the ash, on the concrete
Take it to the swap meet, cock heat
Drop top two seat
You can keep the jeep while I creep
Kurupt the King pinned you on the floor
One two three nigga
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 is my cash and my bundles
Rock 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
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
Walk the wrong side of the block
Face the right side of the glock
Nigga shit don't stop
Nigga what, we about to light shit up
Nigga what, we about to tear shit up
Tear shit up nigga what we about to light shit nigga what
(Buckshot, shoot 'em down)
Tear shit up, we about to light shit up Young Gotti
(Valentino, Kurupt, Buckshot)
The bee bee eyed nigga what you got?
You fake ass motherfuckas ah 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, mm
We two CEOs wid motherfuckin' leaky flows
Makin' plenty dough, slow ya motherfuckin' roll

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