

# Sparks In the Dark, Pt. 1

Sparks

Yeah A we gone do this up son

Yo we from Hempstead as close to the shacks as Parkside

Chorus:

My whole team is out for the gusto

Internally blood drip through ya body slow

We on the go but yo time is still limited

Unlimited type style and we be rippin shit

My whole team is out for the gusto

Internally blood drip through ya body slow

We on the go but yo time is still limited

Unlimited type style

A:

Welcome to the PSG I represent

The littlest in the crew but first one to get up in em

I straight up skin em like wolves

I wish you would have been

Fakin jack and get ya whole hood hit

But it's all good

We do the things y'all wish y'all could

And play the bat yo and watch the brothas bark like wood

So knock on it

Go head you want it

Nobody want it

You turned in for it pulled nine stingers like a brown hornet

While y'all was droppin I was underground shadowboxin

Layin low puttin final touches on the flow

So here we go, tryin to snatch that dough

Got niggaz breakin camp like Dre from Death Row

From the streets to the jail, I represent well

Touch a nigga like brail, jacks are hotter than the third rail

Scale to tip in my favor, the livest save

Grade up in the U.S. now lets get this paper

Chorus:

Prodigy:

I'm yawnin while I wake up to the early morning gun-fire

Another day another scar to acquire

Jumped out my bed tried to break my alarm

Took a shower and then I strapped on my firearm

Grab my Pelle Pelle cuz I wanna look fly when I die

But it ain't my turn to say goodbye

How do I know? Some people call it instincts

I like to call it my luck who gives a fuck

Im stuck, in this environment can't depart from it

And if I try I always end up back where I started

Plan A square one there's no escapin

So I pun and realize my too

I'm tryin to live a full life before my time is through

Clock's tickin, so I don't got no time for you

As I head outside amongst the rest of the animals

Where I feel relaxed and safe and I can stand it

(To all my kiko's)

It's sort of like a family brawl

We gather up all the soldiers and form into a invincible

Swarm of kids, now it's on again

Drinkin straight from the bottle warm gin drippin down my chin

For the crippled children you can't win

Against 25 niggaz bent up with mac-10's

Semi-automatic, fully addicted crime addict  
So long as there's cash involved I gotta have it  
There's many different levels of the criminal mind  
Either you're in it for the gusto or Im wastin your time

Chorus:

A:

Now is you ready for men, cuz they your peeps that you saw  
You probably heard about me and my crew doin what we do  
For my nigga True and Smif-n-Wessun  
Cuz I be wreckin mic-checkin fools that come around second-guessin  
I sparks in the dark like stars in the sky  
Spiritually, lyrically, since knee-high  
The cradle, I represent my peoples and my label  
Cause when you take a ride through Parkside it's fatal  
What's my time to shine my design you can't define  
It only takes a line and a rhyme to blow that mind  
To have you buggin, niggaz got they tapes dubbin  
Where ain't no line for me to kick a rhyme pushin and shovin  
Now it's over, walkin like a soldier I told ya  
Shorty droppin bombs and shit, like Oklahoma  
Kinda soul, comin wit that bomb for sure  
Run for shelter little brotha when it rain it pour

Chorus:

Prodigy:

First of all the foundation  
Money is the root of all evil  
The cream'll have you shittin on your people  
Livin like lotto, everything is everything  
Ain't nothing change but the clothes that my money bring  
I'm makin figures that I never thought possible  
You try to slow me down you'll find yourself in the hospital  
My crew got the army in techses  
And them Acuras that made you get your cap peeled backwards  
For years, I've been tryin to blow for years  
Gettin bent off Moet spend a G on beers  
Livin life to the fullest, my story ends wit a bullet  
To the chrome-oil drop to the bottom of the pot  
My invincible crew will never stop  
If you're lookin, you can find me risin to the top  
I'm a classic approach my level and get your ass kicked  
Floatin in a river wit yo body rapped in plastic  
I'm tryin to make a half a million triple in size  
Before my eyes, another part of my team dies  
I can still hear his voice while he up in the sky  
While the rest still livin steady tellin me lies  
It's like a bad dream, and I can't wake up  
But at the same time I love it and I can't give it up

Chorus