

# Lightworks

Busta Rhymes

This is Bendix, the tomorrow people (Today)  
What is the magic that makes one's eyes  
Sparkle and gleam, light up the skies  
The name of the game is lightworks  
(J Dilla, Kweli, Q-Tip, ayo, ayo, ayo, ayo)

Blast from the past, yo, I'm back from the get go  
Let's go, let's go, rap is special  
Ya'll dudes gas like snaps on the petro  
Flashy, like the gun blast in the ghetto  
Sparkling like fireworks when we light up the sky  
We independent like the 4th of July. Why?  
We ask a question that you forced to reply to  
Shine through the night, through the orange, sky blue  
Rhyme for survival, [?]  
Like Big Jay or Skyzoo, fly with the haikus  
A pro with the pro's, still worse with the verse  
Dispersin' the hurt to rappers gotta work with the nurse  
Made it through first thank Q-Tip for taking a verse  
See how they all up in my mug like they takin' a purse  
Now that's hard, like the population of Rikers  
This here easy, it's lightwork

The shine effect sparkle and gleam  
Light up the skies  
The name of the game is lightworks  
Light up the spliffs  
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Dilla still in here, Kweli he still in here  
Abstract on the track for filming fulfillment's here  
Watch ya back, boys, there's culture vultures everywhere  
Walking the calm streets thinking that theirs peace in there  
Draow, they blind sided up in they creepin' in  
After the rush I'm drinking ice quarter waters to sustain  
For the long haul advice is a order  
My vertical up that no way on the way back  
Competition, I eat that I'll get sneaker contract  
I'll mary a vixon, she'll come with the tricks and  
She'll take all my mansions and all of my riches  
And leave me with the flatscreen and my new game device  
And my little black book, my boys and my brand new life  
Now I'm playing on my TV screen  
Beating niggas down looking Bruce Banner green  
Lookin' at the high score, do you want more?

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Check, niggas say my flow is bananas  
Yes, flow's sicker then another nigga  
Looking up another man's ass  
Yes, you can have the mayonaise  
Bust your head and bang bitches

Up they cope and cabanas  
And leave with yo bitch  
My niggas will lay you out on a canvas  
My clique consists of red and blue flags  
We full of bandanas  
Thorough like desperados, Antonio Banderas  
My D crash floors, diamonds, them shits  
As clear as a sunny day not a cloud in a sky  
My nigga, whereas, yours look like  
"Da da da, skippity boop" period  
I'm so serious, flows makin hoes delirious  
You wanna find out?  
Bitch jump on my dick if you curious  
J Dilla the godfather of the funk dubious  
While you niggas think you the cell  
I be the cell nucleus  
You's the stupidest  
If you think that you can ever contest the kid  
Get outta here with ya groupie ass

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