

# Lights Out

Kardinal Offishall

Again, again, agian, again, again  
Yo! This is Kardinal on the past two  
Yeah, uhh you all know how we go  
Mastermind tape five 0  
T dot O Oh start to the bricks  
Kardinal and Rah Digga with the shit  
Yeah, yeah! Ha Yeah  
You know its gotta be the Circle  
and Flipmode Squad, damn breaking all odds  
You know how I mean, watch out  
Yo, yo its a big solider in this rap shit  
I'm cappin' bad ass  
I be motion style and take 2 stripes off you adidas  
Pass the mic while you got the chance, fast  
The master of the class  
That you cant surpass  
When night come be in the ninetys (You cant last)  
I'm fresh-ahh, contact you necksta  
Can when I begin to mash out like M.O.P.  
Thats what the memo be  
Retaliate and find hos in your Gu-o-chi  
Listen to me, I'm the phat track filler  
Rhyme killer when I combine with Rah Digga (word)  
The styles mad flashy, the flow is insane  
Instead of tryin' to fuck with me, try to abstain (uhh)  
Its a "Trival Pursuit" and I dont play the game  
I roll dice with you life, you get trude like sugarcane (nigga)  
I'm ten times better than you will every be  
You are what you eat and I'm the best emcee, no doubt

Now my niggas up north, dirty cats down south  
Kardinal and Rah Digga will  
(Puts your lights out)  
Flyin by emcees all the wrong bouts  
Circle and Flipmode will  
(Puts your lights out)  
Talk a lot niggas getting tapped in their mouth  
Better watch what you say for me  
(Puts your lights out)

Ladies and gentlemen

(Live from the bricks) Rah Digga uh huh  
Check it out now  
Very first to spit, nigga I'm put 2 in  
You might get lucky like Knicks without Ewing  
I'm come with the shoe in, bring the 3 hearts  
and I'm back to the bench, then I hit hi'm with a peace card!  
Raw diva gonna spit the crazy type  
Known for spillin' the ill, thats not so lady like  
+How High+ Bitches going to bounce the ride  
Pullin' over coppers watch taking pisses outside  
With her highney, on the parkway haulin' ass  
Getting pulled over giving cops my autograph  
Little bity thing weighing buck and change  
I'm frontin' emcees like they weren't playin' tame  
Come on everybody sing along if you heard it

Heard it for free now gettin' Gs to reword it  
Seed and the weed be my pride and joy  
Holdin down for my thugs screamin' nobody would

Ya love, Yo I'm the mic thug +UR Ghetto When+  
Rap veteren, paper bag around the over proof birds pedalining  
Gettin' chedderin', more type chedder type fellas  
If I cant afford sample clearance, rock and acapella

Uhh, legit mas to hide the mini scandles  
Cross them semi handles to match my 50s sandles  
Floss like sicked and a blind AIDS patient  
O.Dn' off good ass weed and PlayStation

Yo, yo I run with peeps who break in the back door  
Rush in urbs sellin', smokin' weed off the floor  
Gun finger in the air, on some hard nigga shit  
Mastermind Volume 50 thats it, Rah Dig

Comin' hardcore as I swing in the north  
And I mostly do the drugs but I say no to pork  
So when I say Master- You say -mind  
My God bless the child that write their own rhymes