

## Light 'Em Up (RIP Doe B)

T.I.

You was supposed to make it  
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Tell me why it is now that we live only for the moment  
Erybody going deeper to the dark  
Point of no return, following the evil, running from the Lord  
Hatred in the heart  
Poison [?] a nigga use to play and trade toys with a nigga  
Now you gotta go to war with a nigga  
Just because you got more than a nigga  
Motherfucker Kamikaze you, they rather die then see you live fly  
Crabs in a barrel, in ghetto America  
Man, we just lucky that we make it out  
See so much potential, lost some reputation, you would think eventually we w  
ill get it  
They say you got it, they don't even want it  
It just hurt so much for them to see you with it  
What I know 'bout Satan, he patiently wait  
To rob and steal and kill off greatness in the making  
What we put together never let 'em take it  
Goddamn shawty you were 'pose to make it

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Get your lighters up, lighters up

You know when I met you, sitting in the car  
Buck head in the mall, you was something special  
He was just a young nigga,  
Still he never got excited,  
It was hard to overwhelm a fat nigga with a eye patch, swingin' hard  
Reppin' role tide Alabama  
You can tell he was kickin' too much flavour on a country nigga made 'em wan  
na kill him  
Still to see him smiling shawty, he be chillin'  
Nigga wish him dead, he ain't even feel it  
At your video, I could feel the [?]  
We was at the club, nigga couldn't get it in, they was stuck outside  
Start to look at you, and as you should you looked like "fuck I 'posed to do  
?"  
Asked you 'bout it then, said "ay brah you cool?"  
You said "I ain't worry 'bout the lil dude"  
Get they feelings hurt, got a attitude,  
They'll come around in a year or two  
Made you Hustle Gang, let you in the family  
Said "I get you rich" you said "you want a Grammy"  
Showed you how to mix the Actavis

Candy, doin' 160 with me, he ain't panic  
Called me yesterday, I say "lil bro what's happening?  
Working with Pharell, chillin' in Miami"  
All you said was "run it, book the flight I'm coming  
'Fore I leave though, I gotta handle something"  
I just said "ok" I hung up the phone  
Couple hours later, damn my nigga gone

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Devil's business, my brother gone  
Supposed to be a living legend  
Hating nigga sent you home  
But when we see that guy, we gon' treat him like the sky  
On the 4th of July  
And light him up

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