

Snypaz, Sit Up Get Lit Up

[Intro: talking]
Sit up get lit up
Sit up get lit up
Sit up

[Verse 1]

Sit up get lit up like a candle, here comes the vandal
Straight from the Chi, kickin my scandal
The dirt I handle, no need to lie
If its on well den its on, I ain't no punk
I'm feelin stoned get in the zone and pop da trunk
What bout yo homies them niggas phoney
So fuck em all, and they don't kno me they try to hold me
Dont make me fall if I do well den its on
Niggas up dat gat put it on yo dome, dem bullets roam yo shit is gone
I'ma trigga happy nigga wit a bullet
The price to loose dat ass hope you can pullit
Wit my nigga L-I-L C wit tha crew da S-N-Y-P-A-da Z
I thought you knew, cause up in Chi beat boys die
This ain't New York I'm sick of niggas sellin out
Like its a Sports Day Grill das what they say
But still flipp-in like flap jacks
Thas why I'm down fo the set trip

[Chorus]

Sit up and get lit up like a candle you betta back up
See its a westside scandel so nigga scrap up
Sit up and get lit up like a candle its Chilla
And Filla wit dat shit that you can hand

[Verse 2]

These niggas claimin they got juice where da deuce be
I'ma killa when I got that trigga
Introduce my self get the boots my self Lil Chilla (Snypa nigga)
I'ma take his cash and scans ho ass before I start blastin 'em
Trippin while I'm gaffin 'em, get up you know whas happenin
Get my props from poppin at cops and urkin fools that bigga
I got my scraps from doin jack, and respect from checkin niggas
Sed he caught yo bitch up suckin dick
wanna chill wit the nigga she fuckin wit
But see umm, plenty a buck dat vic, and buck dat bitch fo the fuck of it
Checkit I'ma up that Nina and aim it at this nigga head
Squeeze that itchy trigga finga sting em (leave dat nigga fo dead)
den I'm outie get up wit my homie love niggas (love black)
Playin Mortal Kombat smokin on a dub sac
Livin at the crib but the spot is steady boomin
Teck blast too many bitches off they feets (Oh thas why they be boomin?)
Call me rough or call me tough or call me the Chi-Town cap peela
Call me up never call my bluff call me Lil Chilla da killa nigga

[Chorus]

Sit up and get lit up like a candle you betta back up
See its a westside scandel so nigga scrap up
Sit up and get lit up like a candle its Chilla
And Filla wit dat shit that you can handle

[Verse 3]

Straight from the Chi, no need to lie
Cuz in a heartbeat yo life get snatched away
just like a thief caught at a robbery
Homies on the corner pourin blu out to they soul
You need a long start just to get one drop of it bro
Shoulda been thinkin 'bout the consequences if that nigga scrowl
Cuz they didnt break the mold when they sold you the gown

now you gotta pay the price from jeans to some ice
Boom boom to ya chest no bets thas yo life nigga
But niggas I kno don't trip or love fo another foe dat duck don't fly
Bodies bouncin like a ball to the concrete
where they meet they motherfuckin maker
War ain't nothin but a word if ya wanna go I'll take ya
Should I make ya mo comfortable while you in hell
Gank the chain off whats left of yo neck cause it might melt you don't need it
Pickin the papers out yo pocket while you bleed
Aint no misleadin, no picture obituaries is what they readin

[Chorus]

Sit up and get lit up like a candle you betta back up
See its a westside scandel so nigga scrap up
Sit up and get lit up like a candle its Chilla
And Filla wit dat shit that you can handle nigga

[Verse 4]

My life is straight fucked up, my mind is stuck on psychotic shit
Maybe thas that feelin when I'm trippin off dem chronic splits
And Kickin it wit snypaz they kno when it time to wreck dat shit
Just got the bubbles on so now we on some high tech shit
I gotta lick up trigga finga caught the hiccups bicka
But can get that shit up quicka lay down its a stick up nigga
I told my homie to start the car up as I load the (Who you runnin wit nigga?) clip
I'm runnin wit a mob of killa niggas thas straight known to trip
They call em Snypaz, roughest niggas that you eva herd of
Why come back fo da cops cause its bout to be a murdah
Up that thang want straight stuck up I'm straight pop they ass
Bust blast bang boom buck bick up fo them cops that pass
I'ma bust his bubble watch him crumble like a cracka
Everyday I'm strapped up, livin like a jacka
still a nigga from da hood still a 'caine slanga
Still a sweet vic killa and Chilla still a gang banga
If I up that thang to ya face would you say
cold panic from this trigga you was talkin all loud
Runnin off at the mouth now where you want franic nigga
I got ya tremblin' goofy give that shit up silly bitch
You besta duck cause if you sit up you gets lit up nigga

[Chorus]

Sit up and get lit up like a candle you betta back up
See its a westside scandel so nigga scrap up
Sit up and get lit up like a candle its Chilla
And Filla wit dat shit that you can handle (handle nigga)

[talking]

Sit up and get lit up
From the Monroe block
One time wit tha glock
2 F-I-double L-A my nigg C-H-I-double L-A