

# 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 I'm 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