

# L.O.X., Goin' Be Some Shit

I think it's time I start feelin bitchy  
I've been too nice, too muthafuckin long  
Yeah, it's definately time I get nasty  
(Goin' be some shit)

[Sheek:]

Yeah, yo, well if I can't talk less squall finish streets like the westerns  
Ten paces, turn around and squeeze at unfamiliar faces  
First y'all industry niggas shut the fuck up  
Swear you know a nigga's shit by readin the Vibe  
Well some faggit-ass reporter don, wrote in your life  
I stop the presses, don't let this be your last interview you do  
I say it straight, print it straight to avoid this bullet wound boo  
And y'all niggas kill me with that Windy Williams shit  
Well see a playa [?], swear a nigga Puff jerkin niggas money  
Something ain't right, them niggas ain't got no whips  
Where they rolley's at, but fuck y'all we got more chips  
Shit y'all doin nothin, I can buy a [?] for a bitch  
Now let me see what else, oh yeah these hoes act like we married  
We ain't engaged, don't be mad if I don't take you backstage  
Yo, if I hit that I hit that, why don't you leave it at that  
Instead you try to star sixty-nine my bitches on jacks  
That's why you get smacked, cause y'all hoes ain't never gon' learn  
That's why many of these younger brothers don't go on that turn  
As for y'all MC's, whoever write your rhymes  
Might as well hold your microphone, thats how I feel if it ain't your own  
But we spit as indivually writ, why you paid sixteen stars to write your  
sixteen balls  
Bought like sixteen cars and ain't like none of them yours  
Y'all niggas lucked up and made it through these doors, shut the fuck up

[Chorus:]

Shut the fuck up  
(Hot damn)  
(Goin be some shit)

[Sheek:]

Yo, yo, yo, ayyo I pump up, get big walk through the party jig  
Hat back, tattoos thats straight to the bar, kid  
No weed, healthy as an ox the big man from Lox  
You see solo in some spots, no crew just blocks  
The freaky one, mom said I was soon to be done  
Because I sexed more, and my career's yet to begun  
But I can't help that, you bless me with they looks and pops with the yanks  
So now the dimes gimme brain, and spot me faster in his hand  
Sheek baby, my style been rough until Puff showed me the better things in life  
And how to live phat like Biggie, so I present my shit like that  
Half rough half jiggy, this part time college nigga, part time job  
Had to taste the cake one time and decided to rob, and buy drugs  
Caught slippin almost got Sheek plugged, Jack Daniel, dog  
Shorty rushed the buildin with the pump out, he spit around I'm like, whoa!  
I guess it was God that pushed my head down, cause I ain't know, word yo  
And since then neither religious or christian, but I keep the faith in Him  
Plus the desert eagle clan, so if niggas click they know by now they better  
[?], wha

[Chrous]

[Sheek:]

Yo, ayyo, my whole click been ConAir, everytime we fly but we don't jack shit  
We play it cool when in doubt no cash, platic, gats plastic  
Now thats sweet, unditected, so when I walk through the scanners it don't beep  
I hear fuck Sheek, fuck the Lox, Styles, and Jay, so what they signed to Bad  
Boy

Puff jerkin them anyway, but the difference is if i'm gettin jerked I'm still  
seein noise  
Push the big boy toys that fly by like zooms  
So I sit and [?] like a bitch, Lox in Cancun  
Up in daddios fuckin wild hoes, the groupy chicas  
So fuck y'all, we paid y'all [..?..], we train hard continuously, cause we  
smart  
I rock you ran up them stairs, we run up charts and won't stop til one of us  
depart  
With one through the heart, but even then that won't stop us  
Cause or spirit gon' guide us, till we rich and old, hand worn down from  
arthritis  
In the hall of fame, we killed this game in your website like spiders  
Old and gray we're still the same Lox you can't divide us, wha

[chorus]