

L.O.X., Y'All Fucked Up Now

Yeah

Two guns up motherfucker

Uh huh

Yeah

Niggaz runnin around yappin with dicks in they mouth

My Niggaz

Shit is serious L.O.X.

Couldn't even put three niggaz togethther and come up

With this combination (faggot)

Shit is fo' real

Yo

[Styles]

I pack a 4 5

Puff a blunt and get high

Don't give a fuck if I die cuz my son is alive

I grew up doing dumb shit that made me wise

Could of died ten times

That made me live

Sell my soul

Not for no cars and gold

I been through it cuz my scars is old

Remember the time

I used to puff dimes

And think Allah was cold

Back then when my mom played my father's role

Now I'm a man

Runnin with a gun in the vest

It feel good with my son on my chest

I wanna quit

But I'm one of the best

Fuck around I might run to the west

Lay low and get blunted to death

Niggaz is wack

I can't say it plainer than that

Dog you shine in the front but it rain in the back

Fuck the middle

Cuz the middle do alot and a little

Stuck in between but y'all niggaz won't see the riddle

Settle for less

A general but don't meddle my chest

Die for my niggas nevertheless

Can't find a nigga better than S, 'Kiss, and the Luch'

Every man ahead of the group, regretting the coup

Y'all niggas want the red in my boots

Hole in my shirt

Twist a nigga wig and leave me dead in the dirt

I see the rolie not move but the shit still work

Motherfucker that'll make you a jerk, cocksucker

[CHORUS:]

Ay yo what y'all gon do now

Y'all fucked up now

Niggas

How deep is your crew now

Y'all fucked up now

Don't make us heat you down (you know what I'm sayin ?diego?)

Y'all fucked up now (This aint no fuckin joke niggas is hungry)

We the nicest niggas around (Fuck is wrong)

Y'all fucked up now (yeah yeah ay yo ay yo ay yo)

[Sheek]

I pay off blue suits thats Sucio

And I put drugs in my girl koochie yo

A bad bitch that kill
So when you put the dogs on her you smell Massengill Summer's Eve
Puttin drugs in coffee hip to the D's
I play smarter
That's why my flights now be charter
Ten seater
What you know about a Porsche at a meter
Next to koochie freak those
Tickets keep those
And you can mail to my postbox down in Melrose
I aint the nigga that you see
Posted on cop walls
I'm that eighteen and up
Mamis on my balls
Y'all can't figure the great one
Sheek be Jason
Not cops
But that legendary nigga my pops
I bust shots like bums at a bar but far
From a lush
Everything about this cat be plush
And I'm quick to do dirt since I'm through your shirt
Like nothing
Lift a arm I hit those under your wing
Yo why you following this cat
Hey he about to get pushed back
You could poke your chest out in the street
That's cool
But in a bing this fool
Was like Louis Rich meat
We don't run from y'all
We scatter for guns on y'all
What you know about two 380's inside a basketball
And when it's beef
Store on his side with burners on Coronas
We the best that ever did it
If you need us telephone us
What the fuck nigga

[CHORUS]

[Jadakiss]

Yo
A nigga wanna go to war with Kiss
Find him a ditch
Old school niggas tell me I remind of rich
Cuz I take the kids shopping and send em on bus trips
Hoppin out a rough six
With sweats and scuffed kicks
I supply all the dealers and tell em to stuff nix
I done signed every autograph and took every flick
I'm quite sure that I coulda hit
Every chick
But I didn't ones that I did gave em heavy dick
All day
The LOX flow hotter than Broadway
Election time tryin na cop blow in the hallway
And their aint enough plates for y'all to eat with me
Stingy nigga but I share my slugs equally
I put half where your waist at
And half where your face at
Yo we in from a new spot let somebody taste that
From your street rappin's only one of my plans
I got dirty south niggas payin a hundred a gram
And I could care less how much you shift the scan

However you get it you supposed to hit your man
But we don't hold the grudges
We control the budgets
And do whatever the fuck we wanna do nigga fuck it

[CHORUS]