

The Lox, Go Head

(Styles)

Ruff Ryder Nigga, Volume 2

We show niggas the meaning of ryde or die

So all that bullshit you talking, go head nigga

(Jadakiss)

You don't gotta slap me five or give me a hug

And it hurts when you gotta kill a nigga you love

But I'm gone deal wit my enemies sooner

Cause I got'em looking for my solo album like Kennedy Jr.

F**k crush ice, go head and get your shine on

I'm bout to cop rocks that y'all niggas can climb on

Don't worry bout why I ain't got mine on

I want some new shit, I don't want nothing that you can tell time on

Things ain't all good right now

Cause some more niggas die an turn all you in the hood right now

Y'all can stop acting like that nigga J gone squeeze

Cause all I got is misdeameanors and some ACD's

Y'all gon make me lay something down I promise

And Puff wear scarvas and listen to Carl Thomas

F**k runnin and hidin, we copping more guns

An we coming outside cause somebody gotta die

(Chorus)

Go head you know we getting plenty of Dough

Go head you know we lighting plenty of dro

Go head you know we coming from Y-O

Go head truly though Go head really though

Go Head you know we hitting plenty of hos

Go head you know we ripping plenty of shows

Go head you know we coming from Y-O

Go head truly though Go head really though

(Sheek)

Now I warned y'all niggas that Sheek was the one

Now I'm warning y'all niggas that I got my gun

Read' to kill, don't worry bout no doctor bill

It ain't gone be one of those, just yo' casket closed

LOX, nah you rather f**k wit the cops

cause I'll pop and turn y'all like the optimum box

Mo pay-per-view, this trey-eight will do

some'in ugly and let the morgue zip up your crew

Wanna hope on our dicks and go Willie yo bikes

and wear Ruff Ryder tees, motherf**ker please

You a Pocanos nigga, why don't you stick to the skis

And I don't hear a nigga raps no more

So I don't bother to go in the store an cop y'all shit

Only time I cop y'all shit if Lox on it

I shoot you in yo mouth ain't no calling the cops

I want my shit back like Castro and Elian's pop

Chorus

(Styles)

I'm always that, I'm always this

But the floor stay nasty like hallway piss

If you here the P spitting it's a deep ass song

When I die mama bury me wit street clothes on

Cause drama be the threapy, the beef goes on

should've been speaking out of it makes it a lot

But I was f**king wit the savages, kicking the drop

Live for the money, die for my niggas, run from the law

Catch me smoking my weed or f**king your whore
Push my whip to the limit kind of hoping it flip
Throw my clip to the tip kind of hoping you flip
I feel sorry for the crackheads, but happy for myself
So I got mixed feelings about this hussling shit
I keep saying I'm gone quit after a couple of bricks
But I can't stop building and I don't pop children
But I got no problem kidnapping a bitch

Chorus 2x