

The Lox, If You Want It You Can Get It

STYLES PANIRO

What sense does it make to talk and not listen
shine eye glisten, BMZ 3 automatic ignition
Ice on wrist and
an Armani safari suit, when I'm fishin'
GoodFella tradition, ring the
my thing is the six double o, deep dishin'
You never seen a thug with a salary
trying to get fat like callories, open art galleries
No love lost and, how you think it feels gettin' dumped in the coffin
you'd rather be flossin'
Remember one rule, get the money that's important
share with your people, if you don't, take caution
L.O.X. keeps it real so we share every fortune
all about dinero so make another zero
Runnin' from the cops in the iced out Carrero
Don Styles, good fella Paniro

Chorus: If you want it, we can do it,
take your time, do it right, we can do it baaaby
(We them niggaz that you niggaz be talkin about),
get that money right! 2X

JADAKISS

When it comes to this money niggaz, you can bet I'm all in it
the rocks on my neck be brigquette almond
Always on the job so I never call in
while y'all playa hate I'ma keep ballin'
There's too much cream to be countin'
in the glass house with the Greek fountain, on the mountain
Don't get it twisted, 914 is where I'm listed
the cat with the Corleone Christmas
Iced out wrists'
poppin' the cork, on the Crists' toastin' champagne with my misses
Did you imagine me, in the new E-
class Benz with the laser cut key
Then we leave the gats with the lady down the hall
'cause only real niggaz stash they money in the wall
We here now, so if you love it prepare now
twenty deep up in the club havin' you stared down

Chorus

MA\$E

When you a GoodFella, you get cheddar for your work
rock Versace leather shirts, when you dead a girl it hurts
I flowed around the world with a mean golden girl
throat full of pearls drinkin' Mo' until she hurls
I need a hundred mo' 'cause I got a ton of hoes
that lay up in bungalos with sexy under clothes
This your last waring, remember you've been told
nothin' less than the S Benz when we roll
I rock the latest gators, with the tennis sole
all expensive clothes, suits from Kenneth Cole
Now I'm that GoodFella everybody wanna meet
every girl I meet spends two weeks in boutiques
We can do whatever my whole team got cheddar
fromt the bar to the telly Jaguar with the celly
Suits from Perry Ellis, got niggaz jealous
what they tryin' to tell us, we the GoodFellas

Chorus

SHEEK LUCHION

Can't nothin' come between me from gettin' my cheddar
don't talk me to death, you just a side better
So you ain't gonna talk to me, the way you do
'cause for that paper, we ain't gonna play with you
I know the broke feeling, tryin' to make a million
while Popo watchin' me, my click'll make a killing
'Cause you that type of nigga that don't wanna see me rich
you scared I'm gonna get money and be goin' up in yo bitch
And even when we at the Mirage, I'm on my job
come out the garage dipped out in camoflage
Ready to work, for that cheddar you'll get hurt
layin' face down with your head in the dirt
And for that pasta, who gonna stop us
I'm Sheek Luch the mobster, and not even the coppers can knock us
It's all real, you think not
I'm just another link in the L.O.X. before you blink you'll get dropped.

Chorus