

# The Lox, Who Did You Expect

(Jadakiss)

Yo even if I just cooked up, if money's comin give you it moist  
And don't be scared to die, I aint give you a choice  
Niggas'll try to kill you 'cause of what they think you got  
And the ambulance'll take longer if they think you shot  
Nigga f\*\*k the bullshit, Kiss keep a full clip  
In front of the store rockin gauze in the woolrich  
Blowin sticky green grass, that'll sit me on my ass  
Wit a mean sports coupe with 160 on the dash  
So what I got a Rollie, and it got alotta ice  
I pull my gun out, and bet I get another one tonight  
Your brother died, bet your mother lose another son tonight  
I'm clever, only time we party, when we beat a body  
Or when they free Gotti, so that means never  
To my niggas in they cell wit a hour of rec  
Or K.L., for beatin a coward to death  
I feel y'all, so feel me, even if y'all guilty  
Time y'all niggas come home, the god'll be filthy  
Even though by then these faggots probably be done killed me  
I tell my son, keep it real, give y'all niggas each a bill  
So what's the deal, niggas y'all know the deal, uh

CHORUS: Jadakiss

Who did you expect, what, L O X to the death  
And we go hard dog, everytime, nothing less  
Catch us at the dice game, blowin a thou  
Never go in to trial, coppin out, holdin it down  
We could get it on, any way shape or form  
Any day of the week, Styles, Jada, and Sheek  
It aint hot 'less we are niggas we are the heat  
\*We Are The Streets\* and we makin it hard to eat

(Sheek)

Ayo, you say f\*\*k me, I feel the same way about you bitch  
Niggas made you rich and now you act like this  
Who them thuggest niggas on your team, guns to the triple beam  
Without rap my nickles gleam, drug money make it seem  
Fast, niggas puff hydro and hash like it's nicotine  
Fake niggas, rid o theem, who flip from wealth

You want space, I give your whole hospital room to yourself  
I got doctors who make housecalls when niggas get hit  
That way the press and the cops run shit, feel me kid  
When it comes to thuggin it, nigga that's my sport  
I even pick up your shells so you won't get caught  
Dumb dumbs, niggas camouflaged playin as bums  
Pop up, shoot through the liquor bottle, straighten your lungs  
Take the bum clothes off, buy a paper at the newsstand  
Walk by me, scream out, "Somebody help this man"  
Not even life insurance helpin your fam, I'm takin that  
I'm from Yonkers motherf\*\*ker, where the murderers at  
Murderous gat, we bloodline no cur in our pack  
You owe us dough, have it as that, I leave it at that, faggots

CHORUS

(Styles)

Spittin to live, two bullets hittin your ribs  
You christen your kids, I let my son listen to B.I.G.  
I won't stop til a thousand niggas fit in my crib  
I won't be happy til my last nigga finish his bid  
All on the top, yeah you could ball in a drop  
I'd rather, ball in a yacht, no callin the cops

In the middle of the ocean, lettin my nine pop  
Givin a dime cock, blowin away  
Baggin the yae, tryin to get a wagon a day  
Pick up a quarter, and still throw my chain in the water  
Watch on the floor, bitch I'll put my glock in your jaw  
Niggas think they own a label, just signed a deal  
You poppin that bullshit they might find you killed  
Slum throwin the highway, behind the wheel  
Or you could do it my way, relax and chill  
You could worship SP sell cracks and peels  
Bitch I smack your mouth while you smoke in the field  
Run up in your house, then alarmin your grill  
Drama for real, you never seen honor and will  
Til you wake up in the mornin and your mama is killed

CHORUS