

The Lox, You Told Me

(Sheek ad libbing)

(Sheek)

Now you can quote me on this

I bust my gun

Also quote me on this

I handle my biz

I knew it was my house when Run was sayin it was his

I aint lyin

Aint no cords or no steam in this iron

But it is a permanent press

Have these 38 shells spray starch your chest

Leave you stiff

Coroners make ashes of you

In rap I'm like God nigga forever above you

If I don't do it all I just dial my phone

And you get sprayed through your clothes like you put on cologne

If it's not violence or drugs I have nothing to spit

I be lyin if I talk some spiritual shit

Like Kirk Franklin and them

Y'all just aint me

I can't tell you about God but I can tell you about a key

And what I'll do to God's children if they jerk me

Hurt me , never , that'll be a sin

I'ma put the Bible to your head and shoot through Matthew verse 10

What

C'mon niggas

What

CHORUS 2X:

(Eve and Jadakiss)

You told me you would bust your guns for me

(Yeah bust your gun dog)

You said you'd always sling your pounds

(Sling the hydro green)

Now you're away and you're all that I need

(You're all that I need baby)

But L-O-X will hold it down

(You know the LOX gonna hold it)

(Jadakiss)

I'm back in the game

I still ride the back of the train

And sit right next to Jake with a package of caine

Niggas say he realer than me you call him a liar

I got the outtie T T the same color as fire

You just gettin a name

Puttin shit in the game

Stop fakin

I have your doorag lookin Jamaican

Holey as the water in the front of the church

Then find you with no back plus one in your earth

I can't wait for the day you get murt

'cause I'ma throw a free party at the Tunnel and give out work

I love myself , my family , and love my son

Love my niggas and love white Air Force Ones

And besides that I'm open off the dro and the guns

And the head you could get from a hoe in the slums

Niggas always act silly till you show em the milly

Then they got the nerve to ask you why you wanna kill me

Uhh

CHORUS 2X

(Styles)

I know it aint right
For me to swear to God
But I swear to God that I'll murder you dog
And I know it aint right
For me to sell dope
Rob stores but I still gotta run from the law
Twenty niggas in the clique
How all of us pour
In a three room apartment and we all on the floor
I reflect to the days I thought of bustin the whip
Now I come through the scene and niggas cuffin they bitch
Feel good to see Kiss spend a buck on his wrists
Or Sheek frontin on a jet ski with a Puerto Rican chick
I dont rock no jewels
But I pops my tools
And I work my coupe to do a buck 68
P hit you in the head like a dutch to the face
Or a cup full of liquor
Come and f**k with you nigga
'cause I make drug money
Gotta take blood from me
If you wanna prove a point pull a joint shoot dummies

CHORUS 3X